NATIONAL LAMPOON® Songbook

FEATURING MUSIC FROM THE OFF-BROADWAY HIT **LEMMINGS,**
THE NATIONAL LAMPOON RADIO HOUR, THE NATIONAL LAMPOON SHOW,
THE RECORD ALBUMS **RADIO DINNER** AND **GOOD-BYE, POP,** AND
THE COMPLETE SCRIPT, LYRICS, AND MUSIC OF THE MINI-MUSICAL **MOBY!**

ARRANGED FOR VOICE, PIANO & GUITAR

Scanned by DenDanson

NATIONAL LAMPOON® Songbook

EDITED BY SEAN KELLY
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DESIGNED BY PELLEGRINI, KAESTLE & GROSS, INC.

Introduction

It was only natural that the National Lampoon get into music. After all, there are a great many boys and girls out there in teen-land who are functionally illiterate—and the NatLampCo people weren't about to let a little thing like that come between them and the market. "They can hear, can't they?" as the chairman of the board put it to an editorial meeting back in '72, thereby launching the long-playing phonograph record entitled "Radio Dinner" on the famous Blue Thumb label. The album itself seethed, sullenly, just under the heavy five thousand on the charts for weeks—but editor Tony Hendra's obscene imitation of John Lennon and Christopher Guest's Bob Dylan parted enough young American consumers from their allowances that we just knew we had to go on. The rest is history.

Lemmings, an off-Broadway musical and an album (you'll find it racked in between Rusty Warren's "Knockers Up" and "Stan Freberg's Greatest Hits" in the comedy bin at your local album-monger's shop), and the syndicated "National Lampoon Radio Hour" gave even more tunesmiths, lyricists, and musicians the opportunity to be heard making a mockery of music. (The highlights from the "Radio Hour" are enshrined on the Epic album, "Gold Turkey." A collector's item.)

And as this, our songbook, goes to press, yet another disc full of unforgettable skits and ditties ("Good-bye, Pop," also an Epic epic) and yet another stage show (called, creatively, The National Lampoon Show) are tickling a nation's toes and setting their funny bones to tapping.

So here is our long-anticipated, lavishly illustrated songbook. For use around your campfire, or in it. To spice up family hymn-sings in the parlor. To introduce subtly into your successful stage act (always remembering the strict and fair royalty laws that prevail in this great country).

Go, then. Laugh and sing and play. Have a good time. We'll all be dead soon, anyway.

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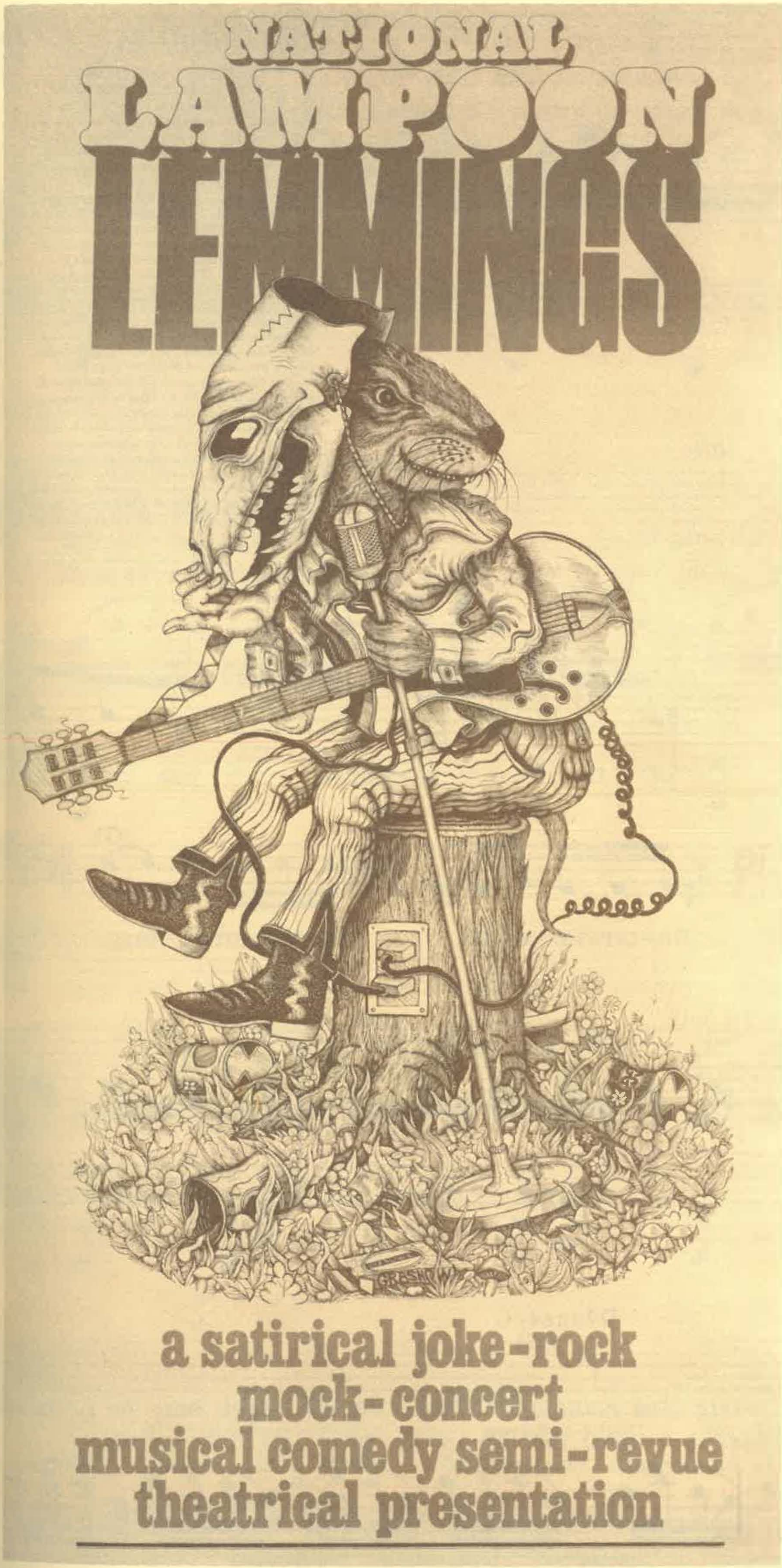


Lemmings

You had to be there. Lemmings was a "festival of peace, love, and death," first staged by the National Lampoon in January of '73 in New York's notorious Greenwich Village. It offended everybody, and of course they loved it. Ceremonies commenced with the ritual recitation of director Tony Hendra's immortal "Deteriorata," paid tribute to the subjects of Vietnam and Watergate (look up these difficult words, and explain their meaning to the class), reached a new low in bad taste with the rock opera "Jackie Christ, Superstar," and then settled down in the mud at Farmer Yasser's place, near Woodshuck, for the music fair and counterculture suicide binge.

Christopher Guest played Bob Dylan ("Positively Wall Street") and James Taylor ("Highway Toes"). When she wasn't Mick Jagger, Alice Playten was Goldie Oldie ("Pizza Man"). Paul Jacobs was Leon Russell and John Belushi was Joe Cocker ("Lonely at the Bottom of the Barrel"). Chevy Chase was John Denver ("Colorado"), and Mary-Jenifer Mitchell was Joan Baez ("Pull the Tregroes"). The entire cast were first Crosby, Stills, Nash, and Young ("Lemmings' Lament"), then a soul group ("Papa Was a Running-Dog Lackey"), and finally a heavy metal glitter band ("Megadeath").

Garry Goodrow played a farmer, a dealer, a Weatherperson, and a saxophone, of sorts. When the show toured, Peter Elbling joined the cast, introducing the daffy Donovan song, "Nirvana Banana."

The U.S. of A. ran out of gas before Lemmings did, and the touring show stopped touring during the first annual fuel crisis. But if you caught it on the road, you will remember the amphetamine-inspired performances of Tony Sheuren, Zal Yanovsky, Nate Herman, Archie Hahn, Bob Hoban, Richard Fire, and Rhonda Coullet.

We Lemmings shall doubtless all meet again in overdose heaven.

Deteriorata

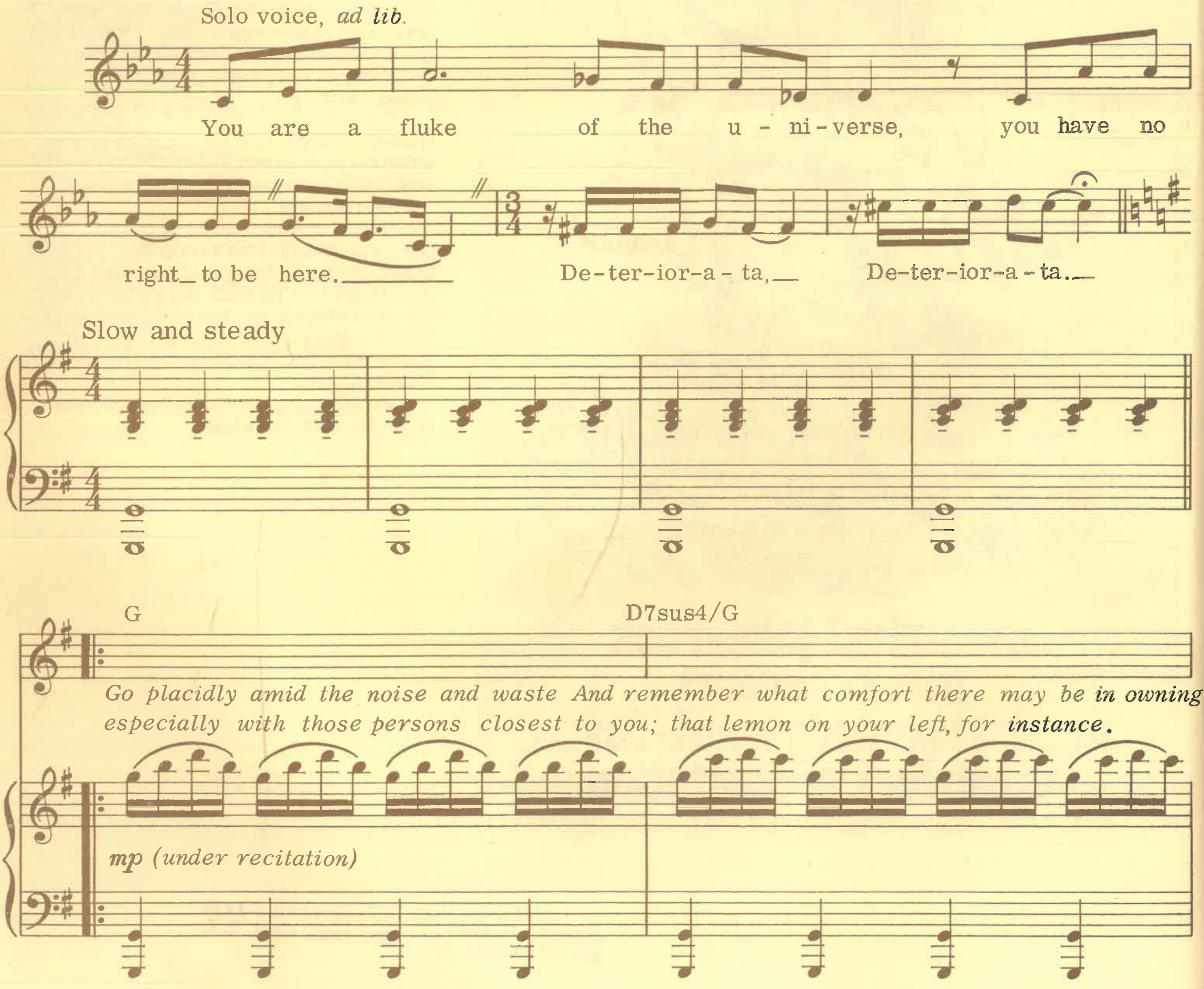
Music by Christopher Guest
Lyrics by Tony Hendra

DETERIORATA

GO PLACIDLY AMID THE NOISE & WASTE, & REMEMBER WHAT COMFORT THERE MAY BE IN OWNING A piece thereof. Avoid quiet & passive persons unless you are in need of sleep. Rotate your tires. ❧ Speak glowingly of those greater than yourself and heed well their advice even though they be turkeys; know what to kiss and when. ❧ Consider that two wrongs never make a right but that three do. Wherever possible, put people on hold. Be comforted that in the face of all aridity & disillusionment and despite the changing fortunes of time, there is always a big fortune in computer maintenance. ❧ Remember the Pueblo. Strive at all times to bend, fold, spindle, & mutilate. Know yourself: if you need help, call the FBI. Exercise caution in your daily affairs, especially with those persons closest to you. That lemon on your left, for instance. Be assured that a walk through the ocean of most souls would scarcely get your feet wet. Fall not in love therefore: it will stick to your face. ❧ Gracefully surrender the things of youth, birds, clean air, tuna, Taiwan; and let not the sands of time get in your lunch. ❧ Hire people with hooks. ❧ For a good time, call 606-4311; ask for Ken. Take heart amid the deepening gloom that your dog is finally getting enough cheese; and reflect that whatever misfortune may be your lot, it could only be worse in Milwaukee. ❧ You are a fluke of the universe; you have no right to be here, and whether you can hear it or not, the universe is laughing behind your back. ❧ Therefore make peace with your God whatever you conceive Him to be: Hairy Thunderer or Cosmic Muffin. ❧ With all its hopes, dreams, promises, & urban renewal, the world continues to deteriorate. ❧ Give up. ❧ ❧

BY TONY HENDRA

FOUND IN AN OLD NATIONAL LAMPOON · DATED 1972



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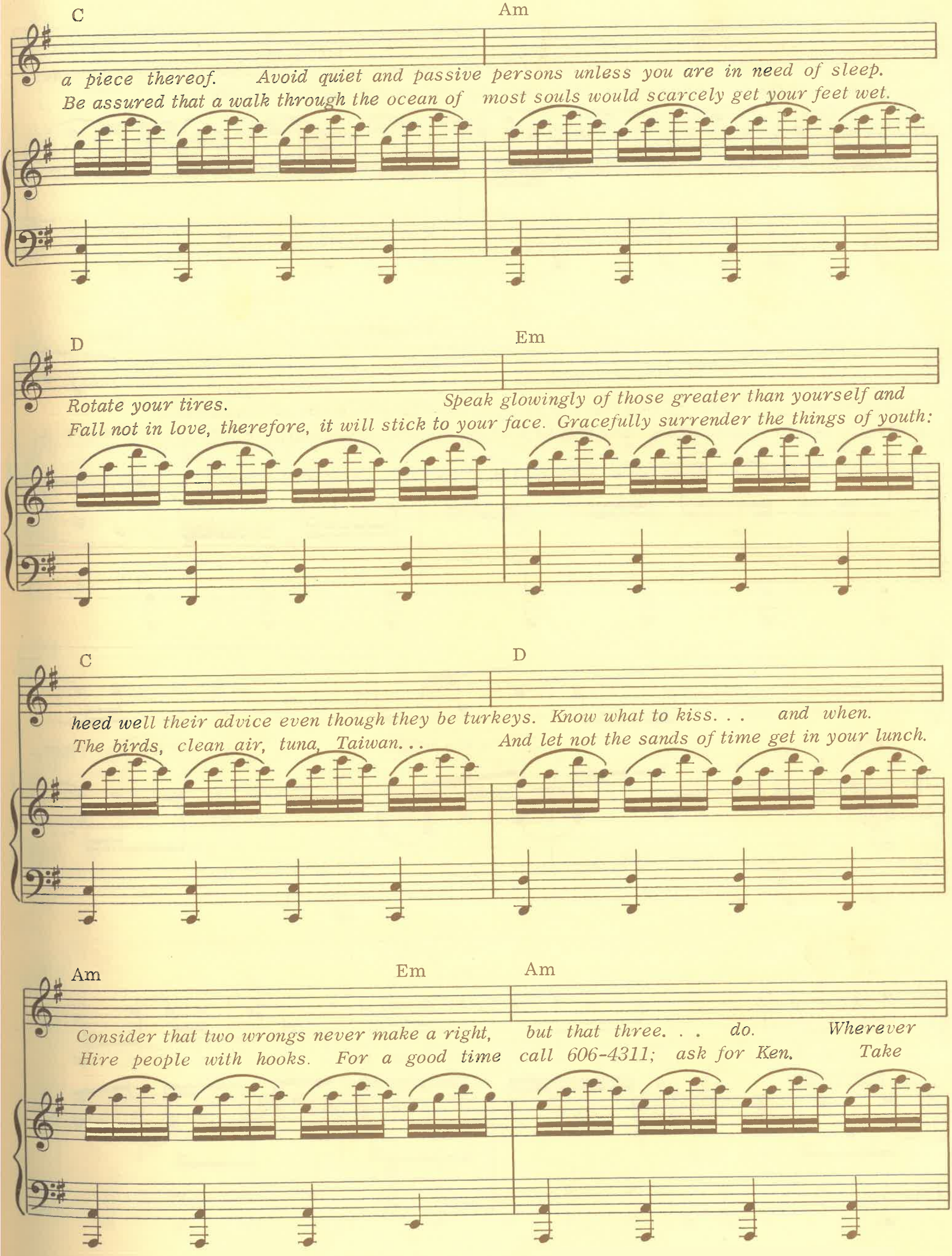
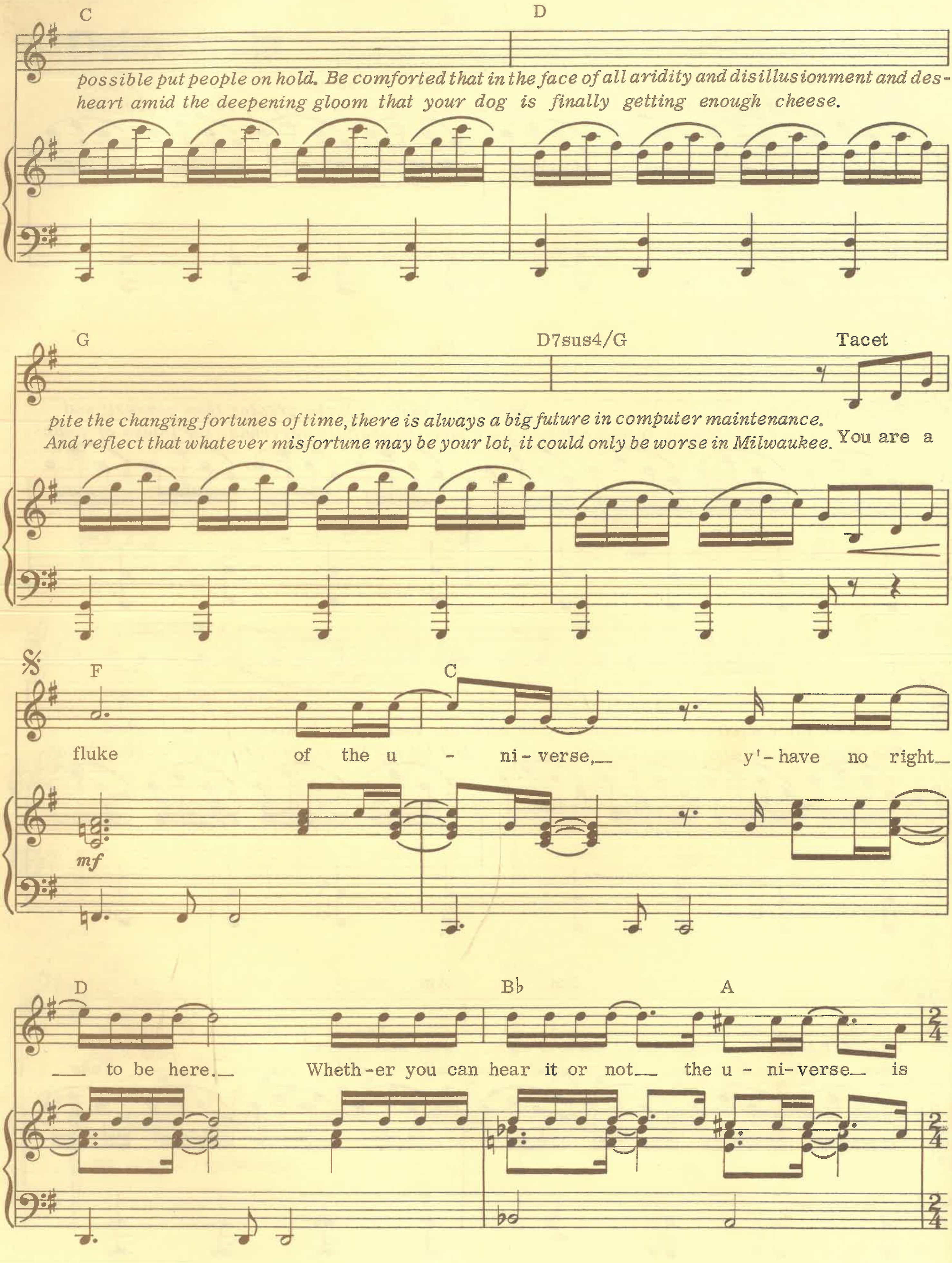
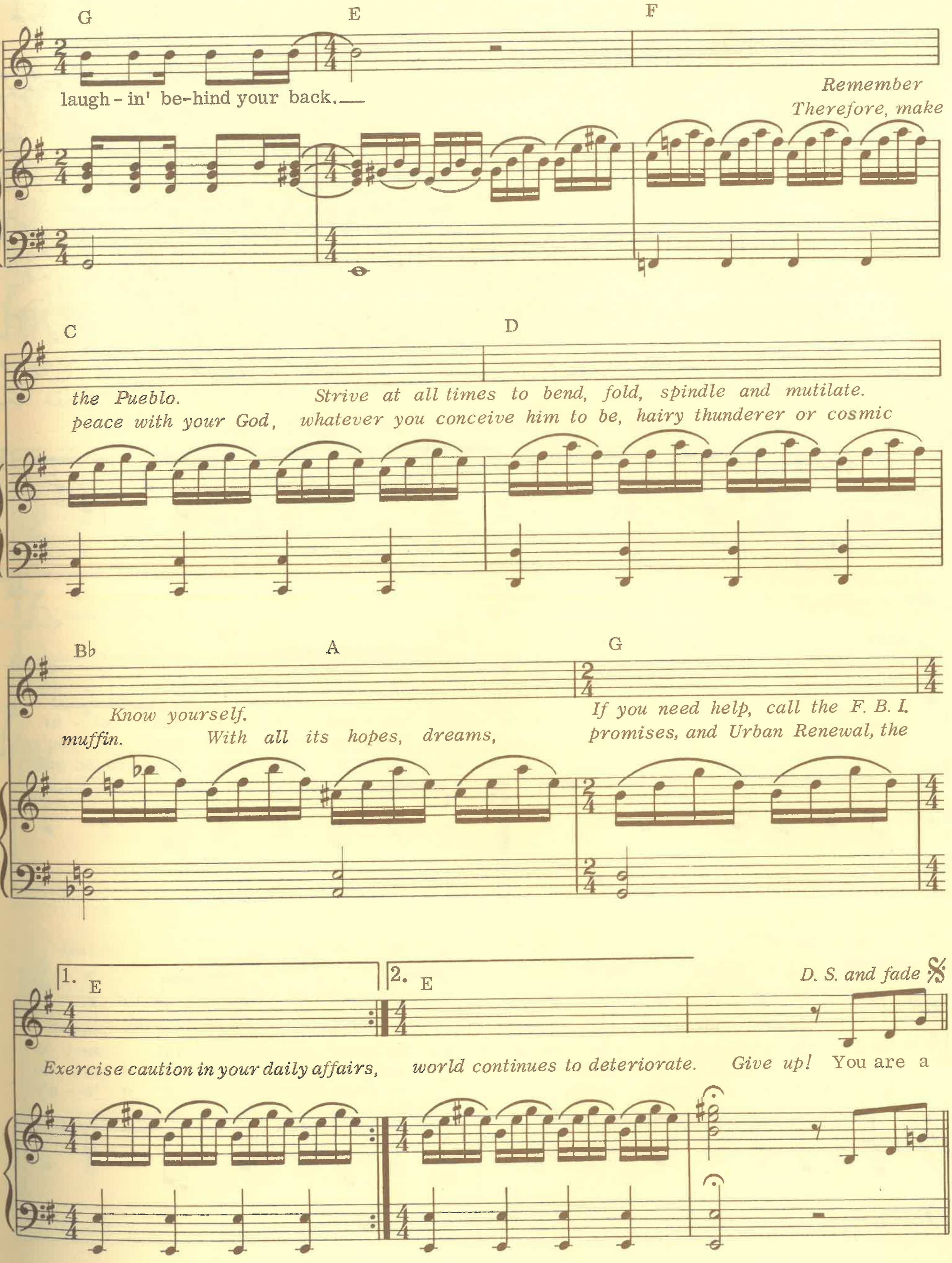
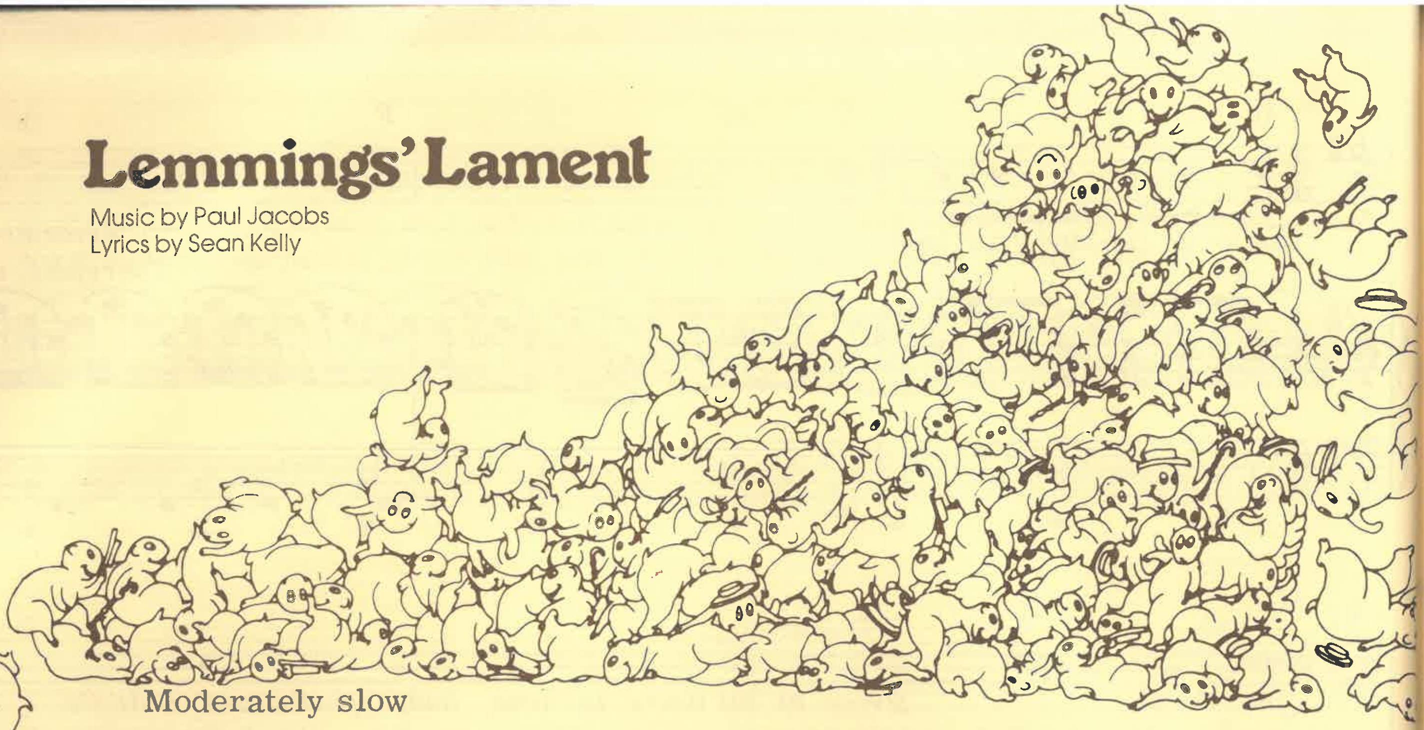

C
Am
a piece thereof. Avoid quiet and passive persons unless you are in need of sleep.
Be assured that a walk through the ocean of most souls would scarcely get your feet wet.
D
Em
Rotate your tires. Speak glowingly of those greater than yourself and
Fall not in love, therefore, it will stick to your face. Gracefully surrender the things of youth:
C
D
heed well their advice even though they be turkeys. Know what to kiss. . . and when.
The birds, clean air, tuna, Taiwan. . . And let not the sands of time get in your lunch.
Am
Em
Am
Consider that two wrongs never make a right, but that three. . . do. Wherever
Hire people with hooks. For a good time call 606-4311; ask for Ken. Take

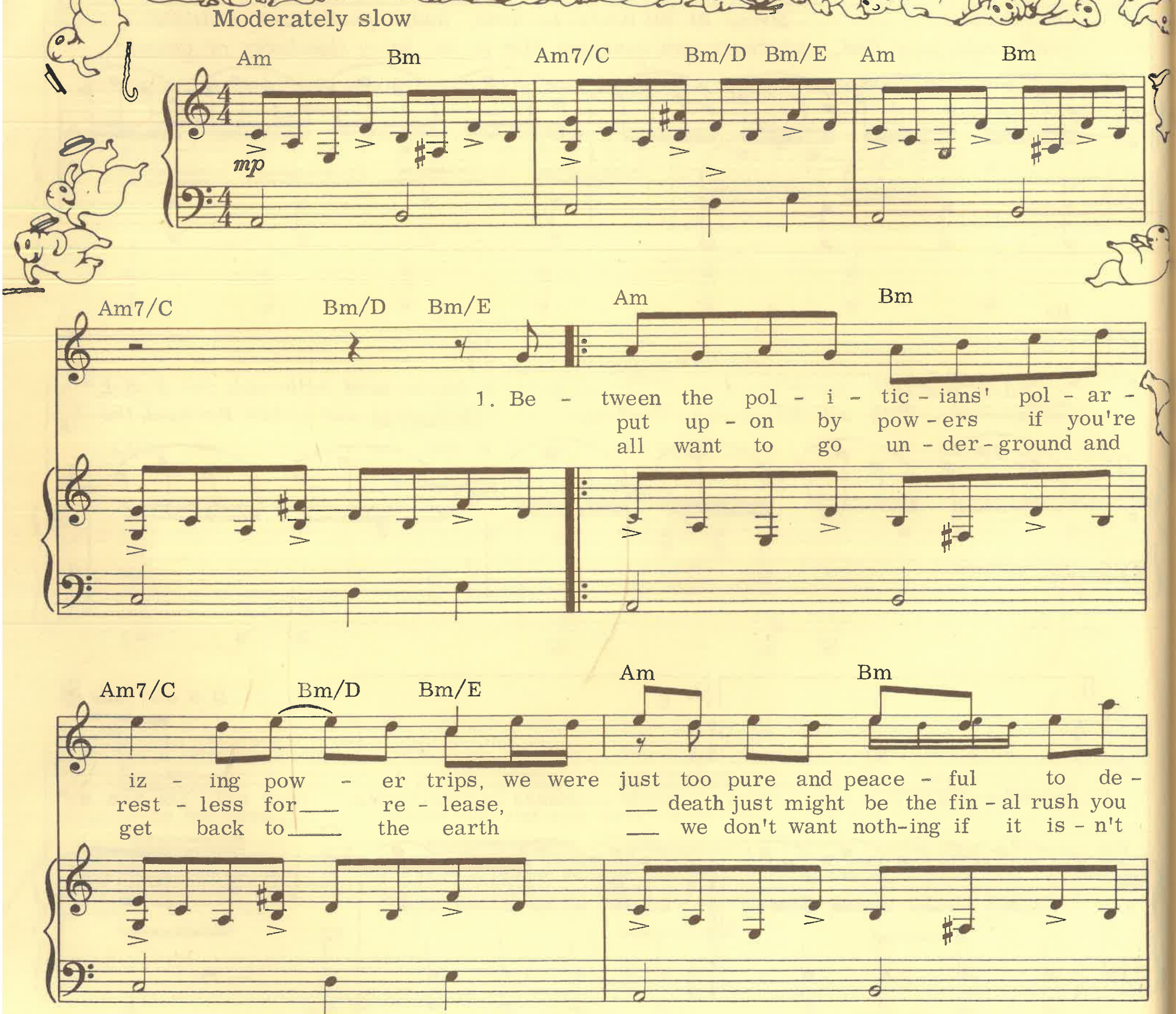

C
D
possible put people on hold. Be comforted that in the face of all aridity and disillusionment and des-
heart amid the deepening gloom that your dog is finally getting enough cheese.
G
D7sus4/G
Tacet
pite the changing fortunes of time, there is always a big future in computer maintenance.
And reflect that whatever misfortune may be your lot, it could only be worse in Milwaukee. You are a
F
C
fluke of the u - ni - verse, y'-have no right
mf
D
Bb
A
to be here. Wheth-er you can hear it or not the u - ni - verse is


G
E
F
laugh - in' be-hind your back.
Remember
Therefore, make
C
D
the Pueblo.
Strive at all times to bend, fold, spindle and mutilate.
peace with your God, whatever you conceive him to be, hairy thunderer or cosmic
B♭
A
G
Know yourself.
If you need help, call the F. B. I.
muffin.
With all its hopes, dreams,
promises, and Urban Renewal, the
1. E
2. E
D. S. and fade
Exercise caution in your daily affairs,
world continues to deteriorate.
Give up!
You are a

Lemmings' Lament

Music by Paul Jacobs
Lyrics by Sean Kelly





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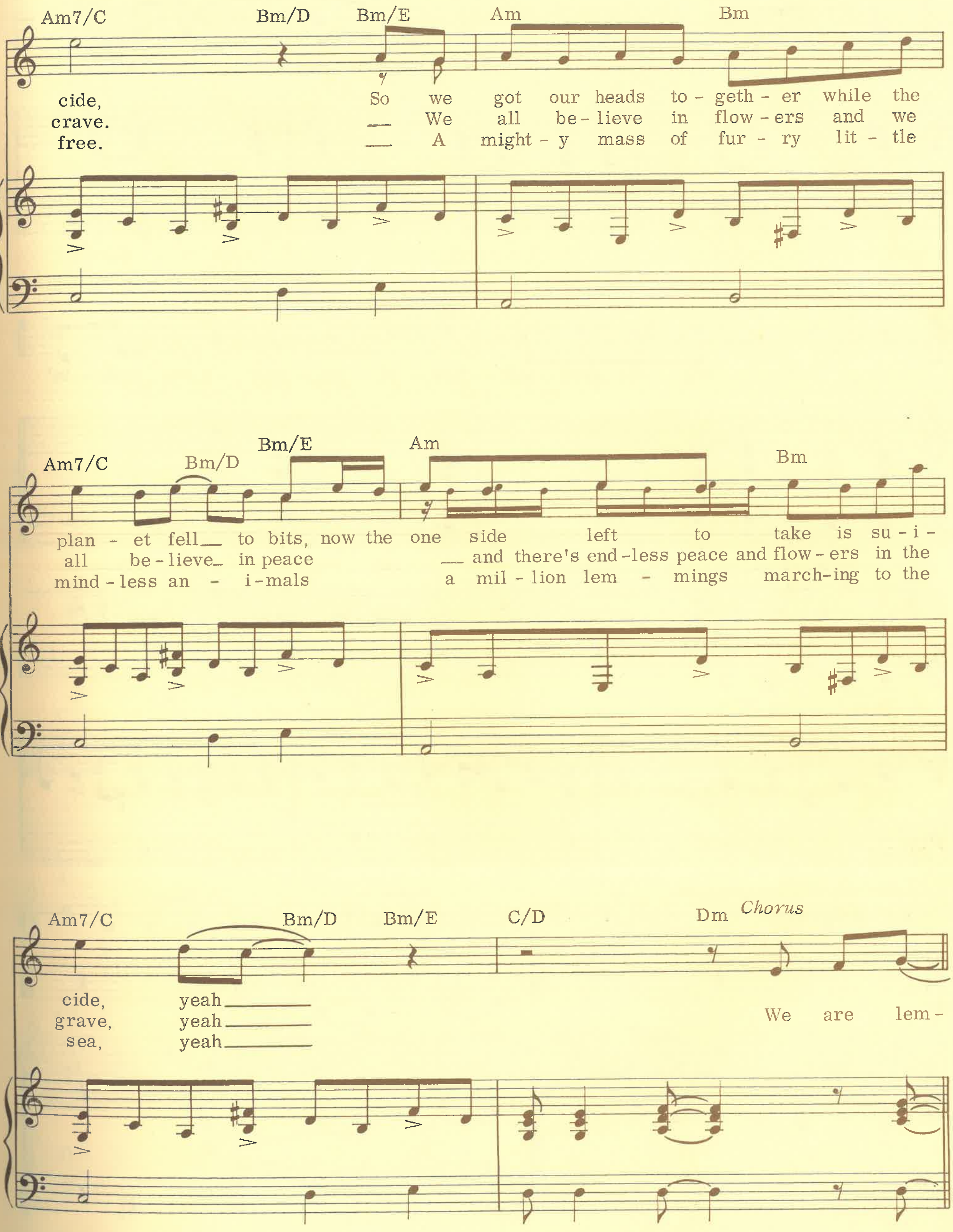
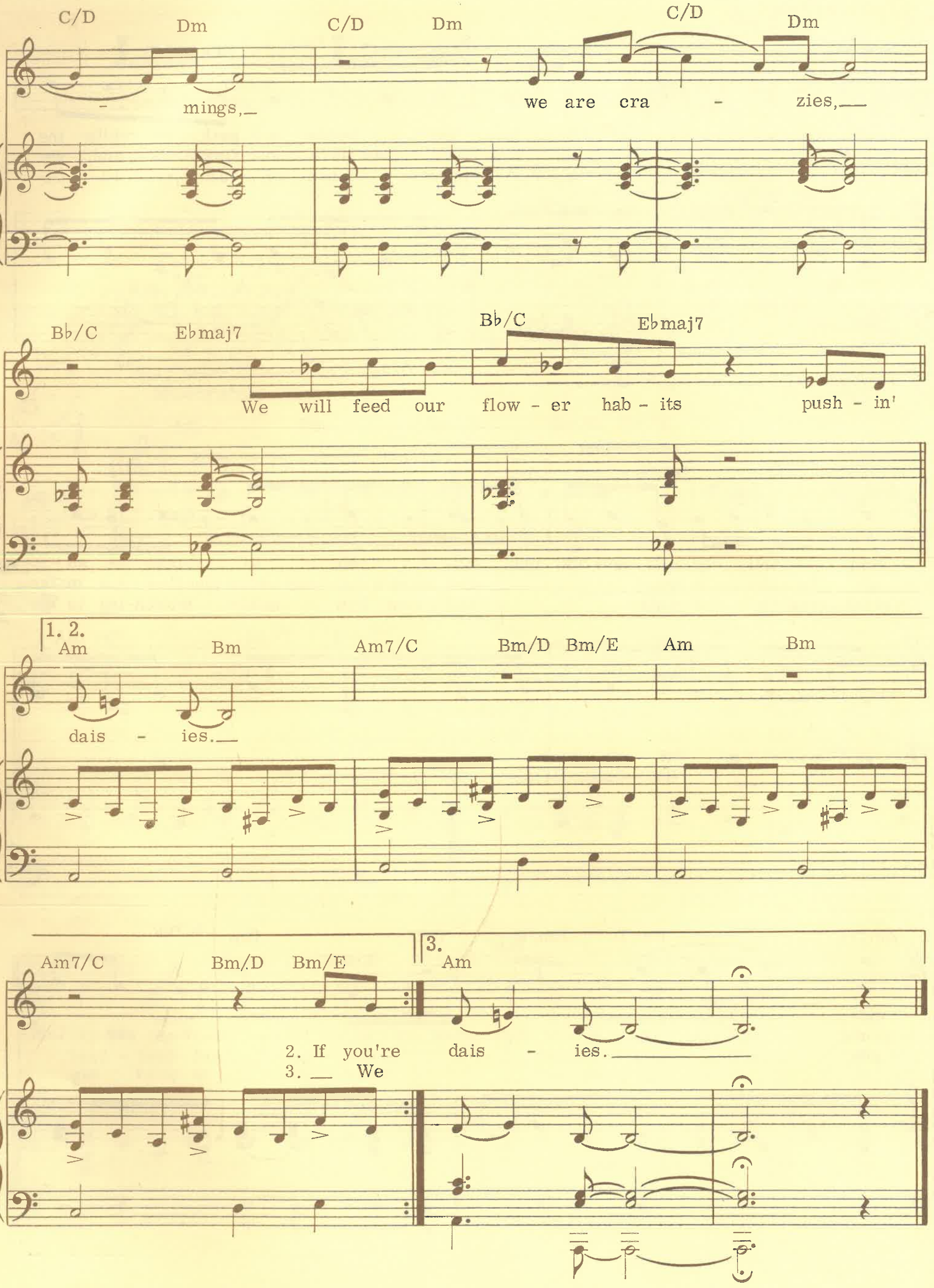
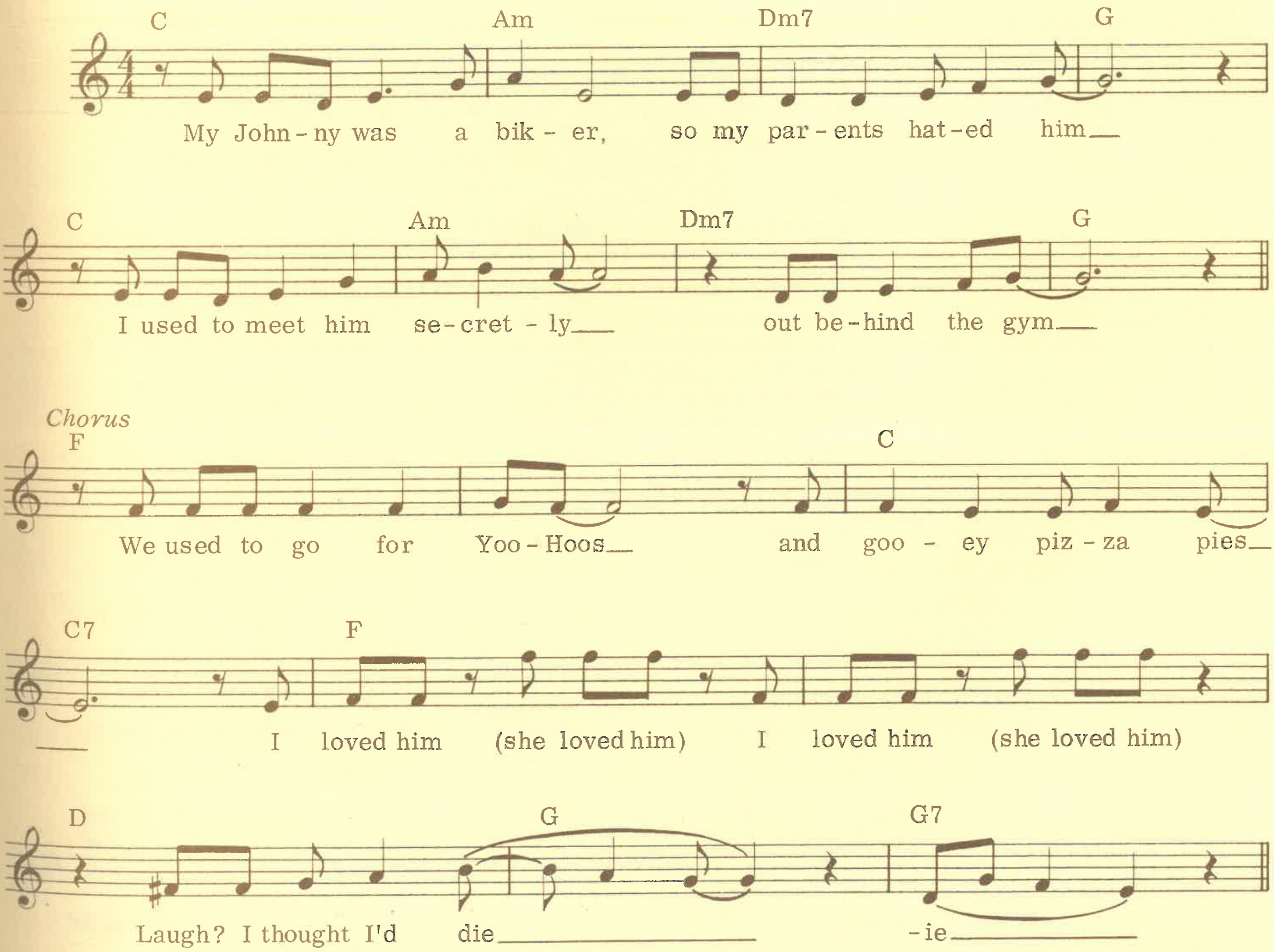


Am7/C
Bm/D
Bm/E
Am
Bm
cide, So we got our heads to - geth - er while the
crave. — We all be - lieve in flow - ers and we
free. — A might - y mass of fur - ry lit - tle
Am7/C
Bm/D
Bm/E
Am
Bm
plan - et fell — to bits, now the one side left to take is su - i -
all be - lieve — in peace — and there's end - less peace and flow - ers in the
mind - less an - i - mals a mil - lion lem - mings march - ing to the
Am7/C
Bm/D
Bm/E
C/D
Dm
Chorus
cide, yeah
grave, yeah
sea, yeah
We are lem -


C/D Dm C/D Dm C/D Dm
- mings, we are cra - zies,
Bb/C Ebmaj7 Bb/C Ebmaj7
We will feed our flow - er hab - its push - in'
1. 2.
Am Bm Am7/C Bm/D Bm/E Am Bm
dais - ies.
Am7/C Bm/D Bm/E
3.
Am
2. If you're dais - ies.
3. We

Pizza Man

Music by Christopher Guest
Lyrics by Tony Hendra and Sean Kelly



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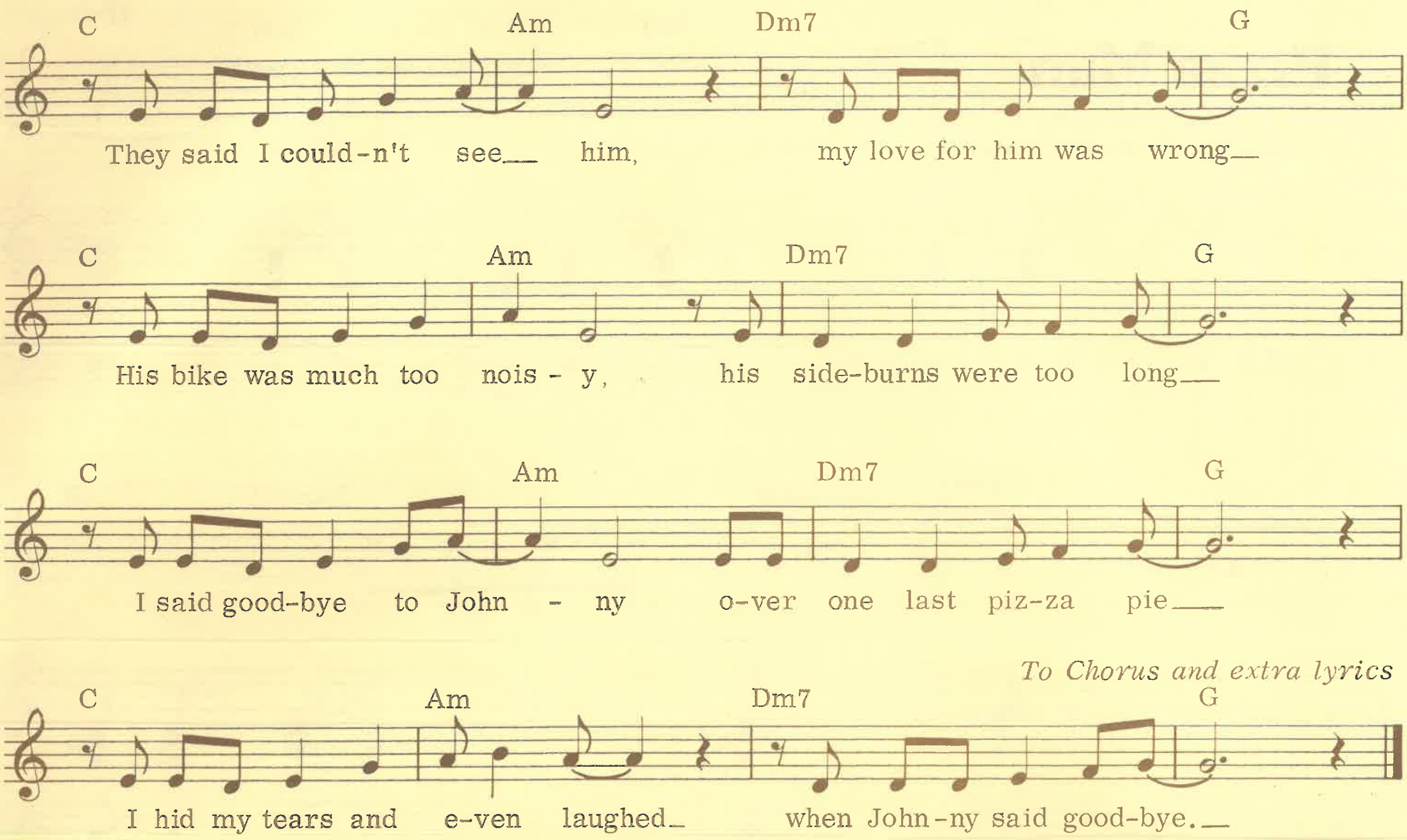
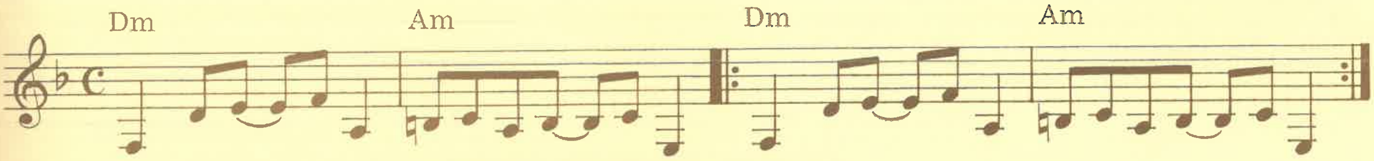


He saw two bike lights up the road
And thought he'd try his luck
He tried to cut between them
He never knew it was a truck
I ran out on the highway
But I couldn't find my guy
Between the diesel headlights
Something looked like pizza pie!

That's why I stay at home now
And don't go out with boys
'Cause when they order pizza
I hear my Johnny's voice.
With mushrooms
Anchovies
Pepperoni
Green peppers
Love it till I die.

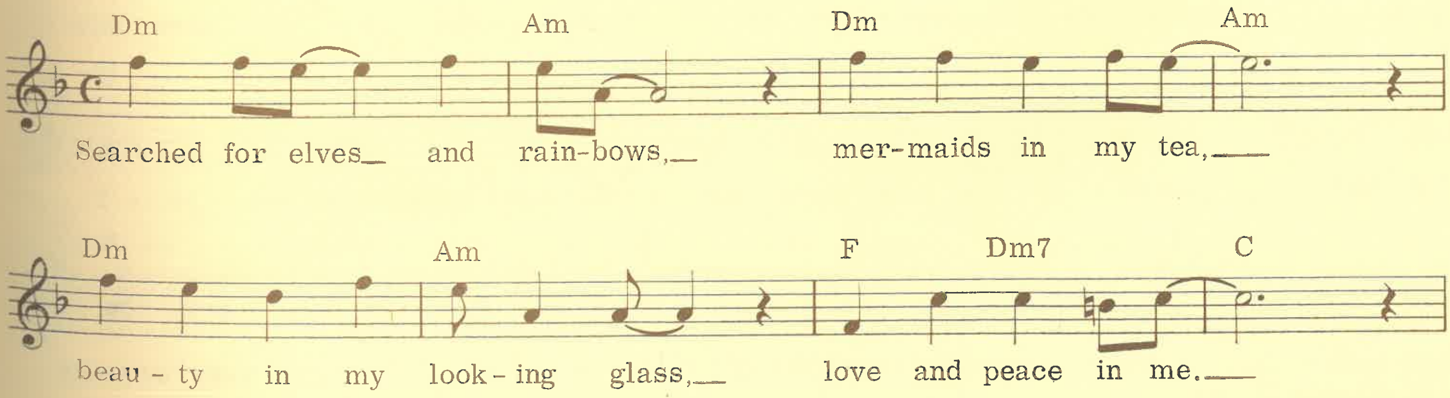
Nirvana Banana

Music by Peter Elbling
Lyrics by Sean Kelly



This vamp is repeated under the following recitation:

Time out of mind when the world was still flat, the all-loving gods blessed the trees with the most sacred of all the fruits of the earth. And still hanging in golden clusters above the sea-washed beaches and in steaming jungles, quick with the screams of brilliant parakeets, they grow and grow, reminding all men that the spirit as well as the body requires the nourishment that is the clear light of the totally empty mind. Om Shanti. Banana Padme Om.



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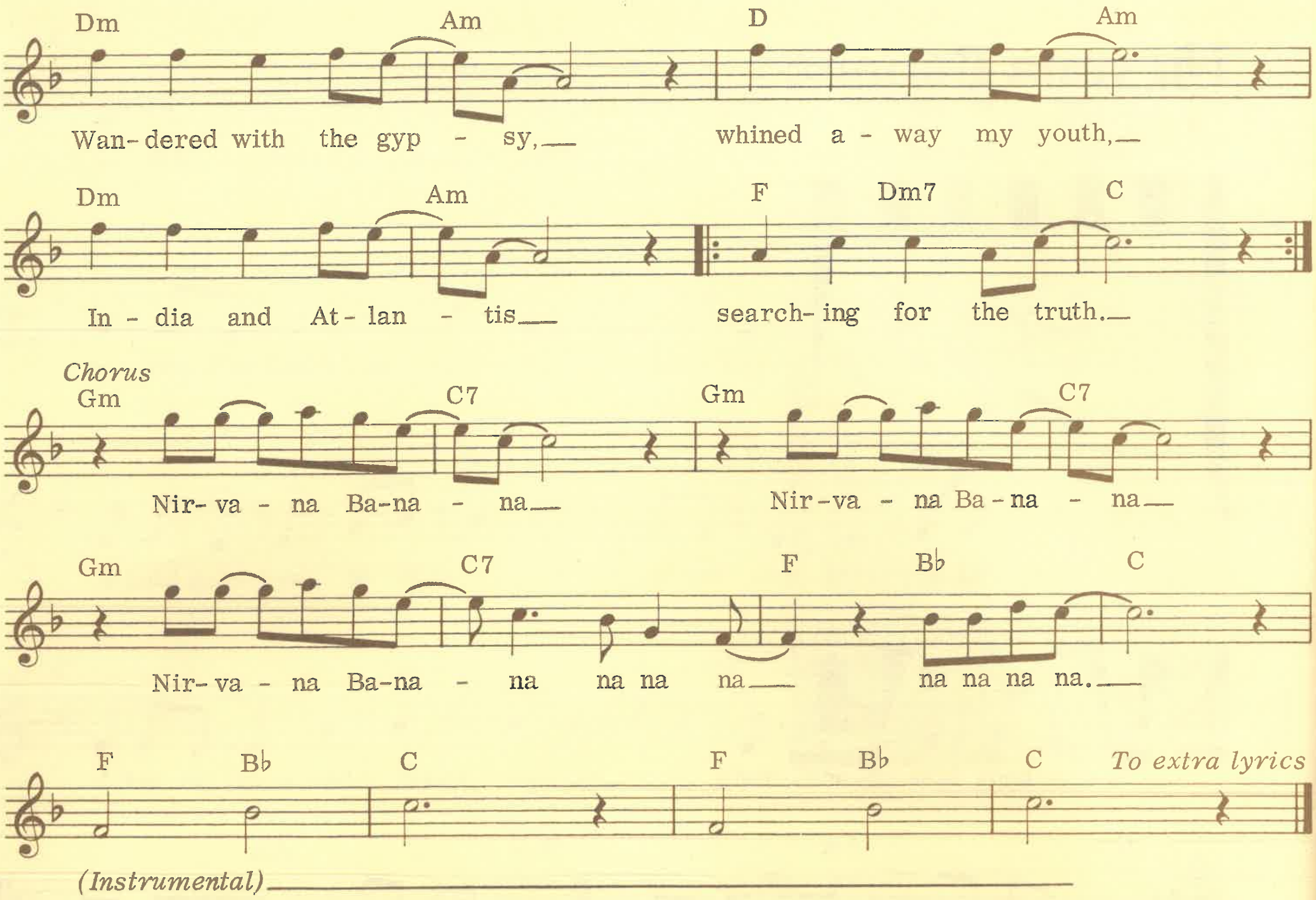
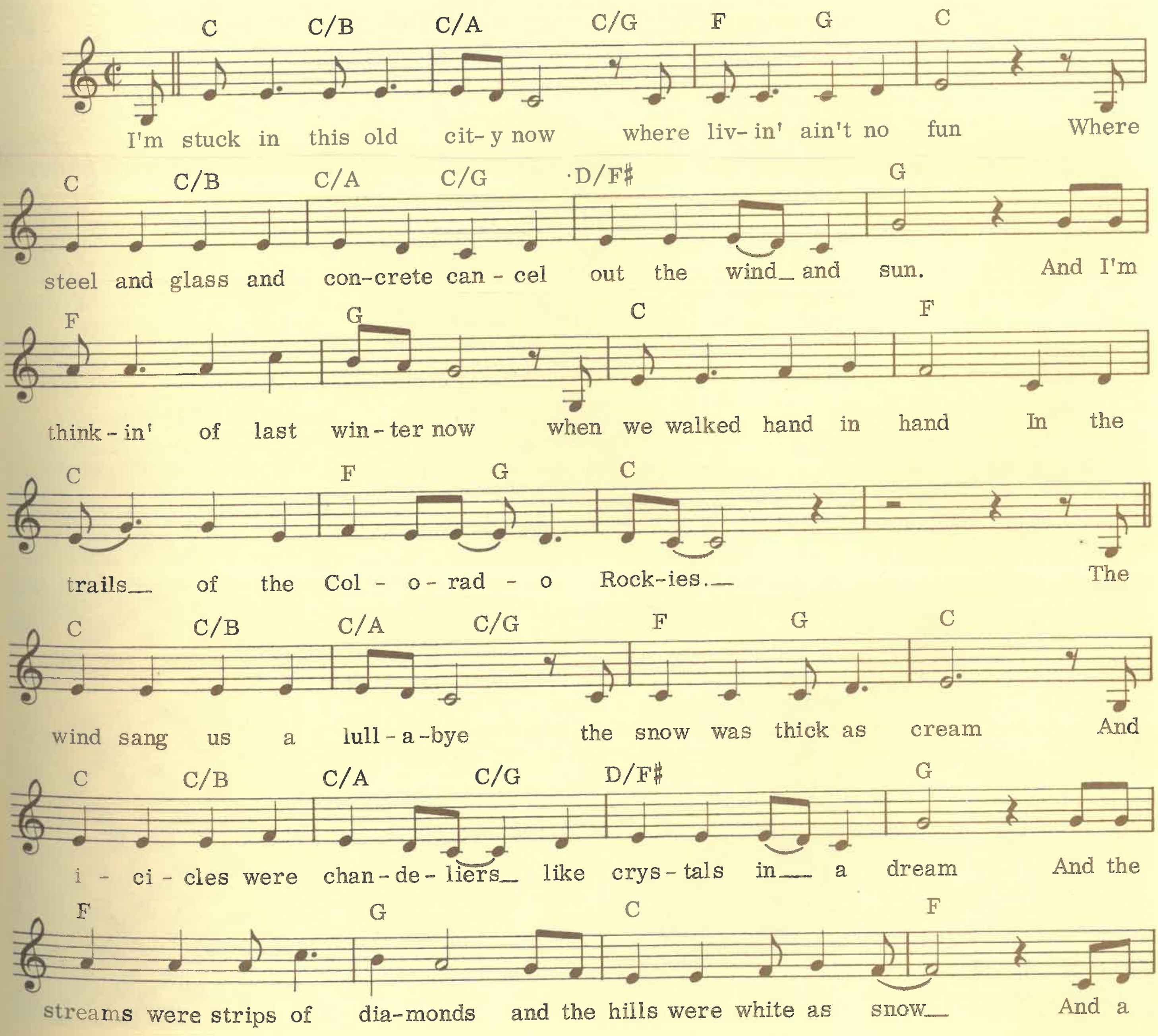


Tripping through the tropics,
Fingering my lute,
In the paisley moonlight
Hung the mystic fruit.

Now my quest is ended,
No more seasalt tears,
Flowers in my raven hair
Bananas in my ears,
Bananas in my ears.

Colorado

Music by Christopher Guest
Lyrics by Tony Hendra and Sean Kelly



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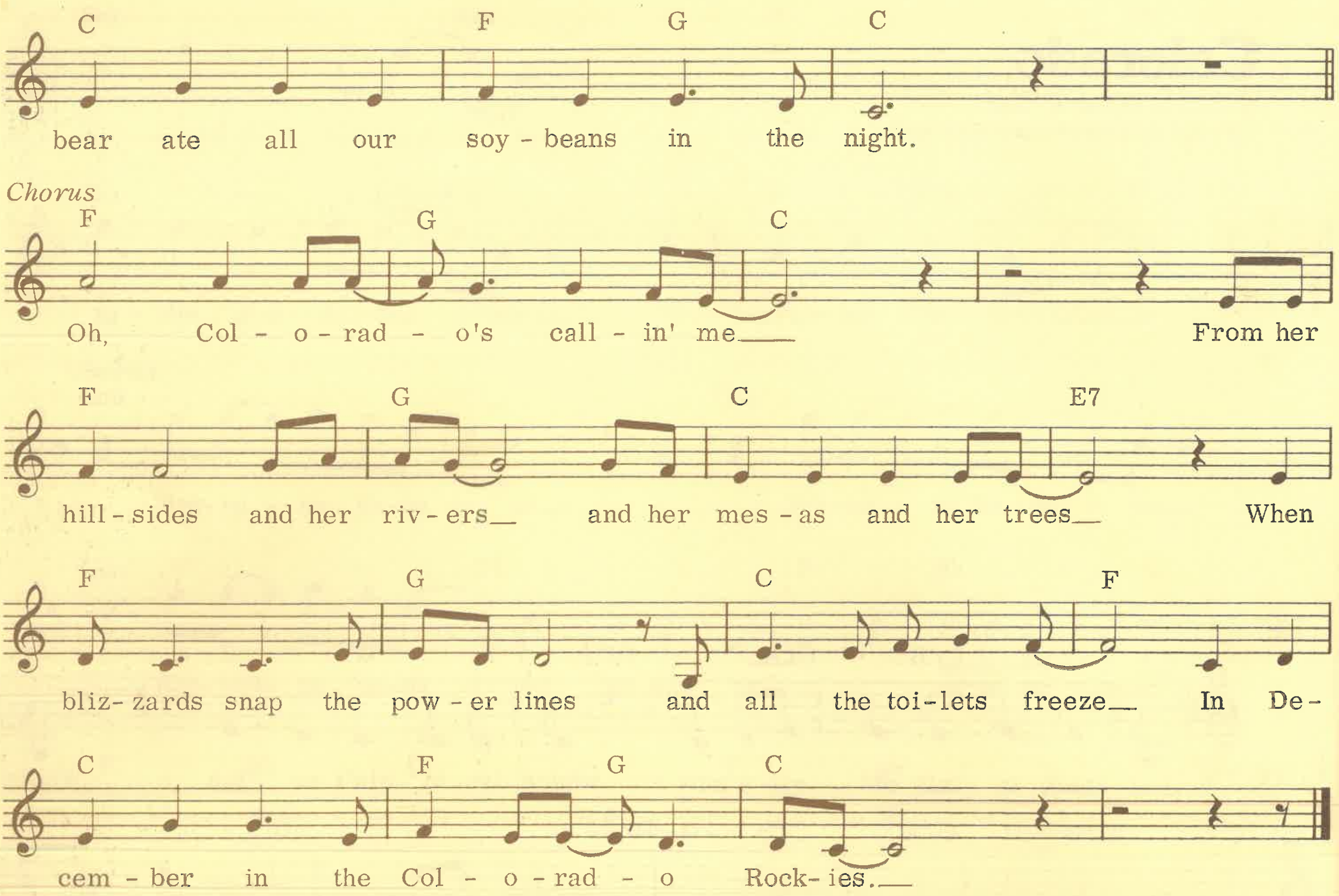


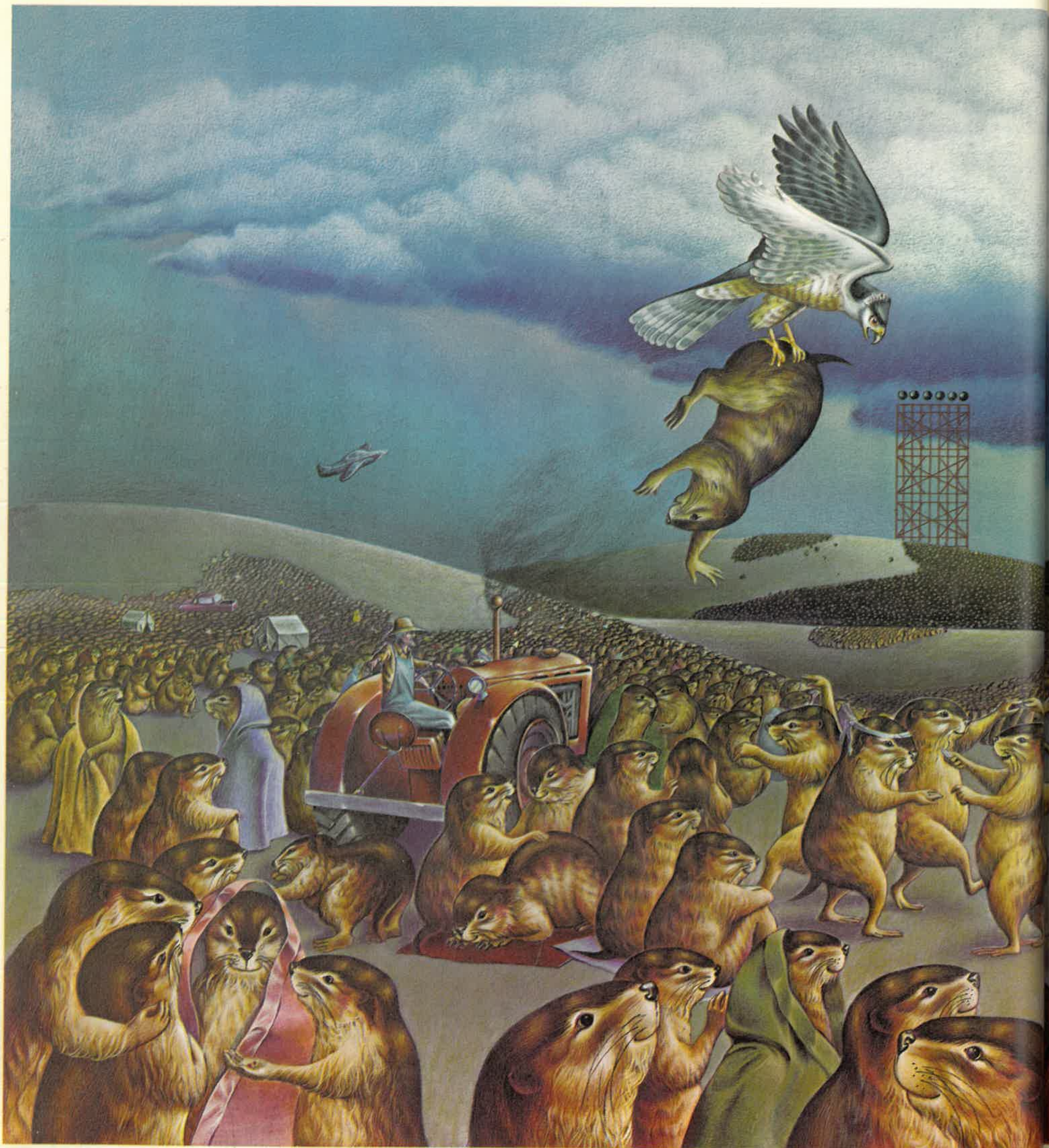
We had time and space and freedom
We had love and peace to spare
Though we ran out of things to smoke
And say and eat and wear.
And the morning of the avalanche
The yeti kidnapped Blanche
And took her to his cave up in the Rockies.

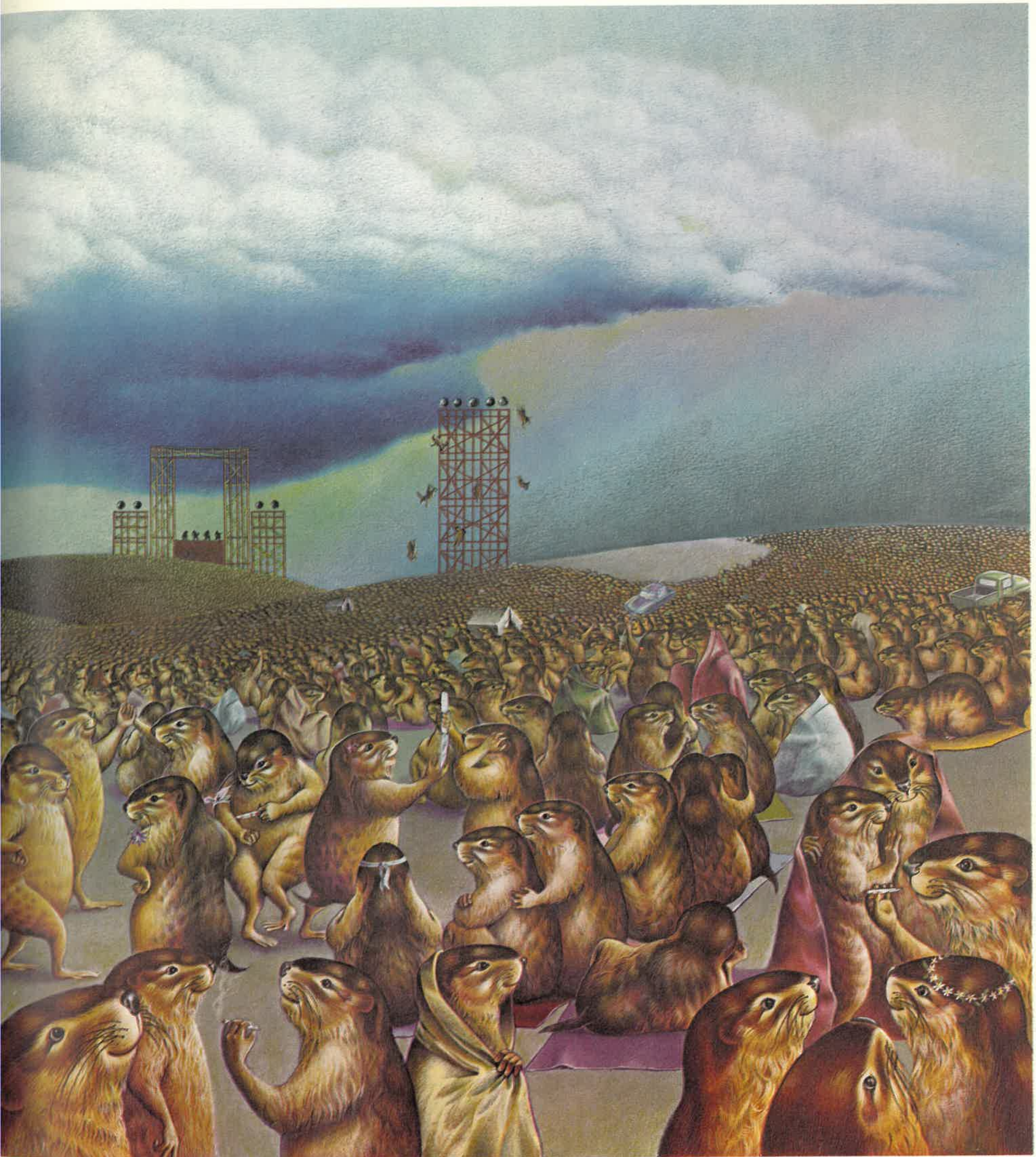
Oh, Colorado's calling me
From her glaciers and her canyons
And her badlands and ravines
And infectious hepatitis
Was all that came to stay
In January in the Colorado Rockies.

The baby didn't die until we'd burned up all our wood
Considering we ate her raw, she tasted pretty good
Then the fascist health inspectors
Dug us out and mailed us home
Except for Blanche who wouldn't leave her mate.

Oh, Colorado's calling me
From her mountains and her rivers
And her meadows and her trees
They tell me I'll be cured soon
Thawed and ready to return
When it's April in the Colorado Rockies.

Rosenblatt





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FEATURING...
GROSS MAN
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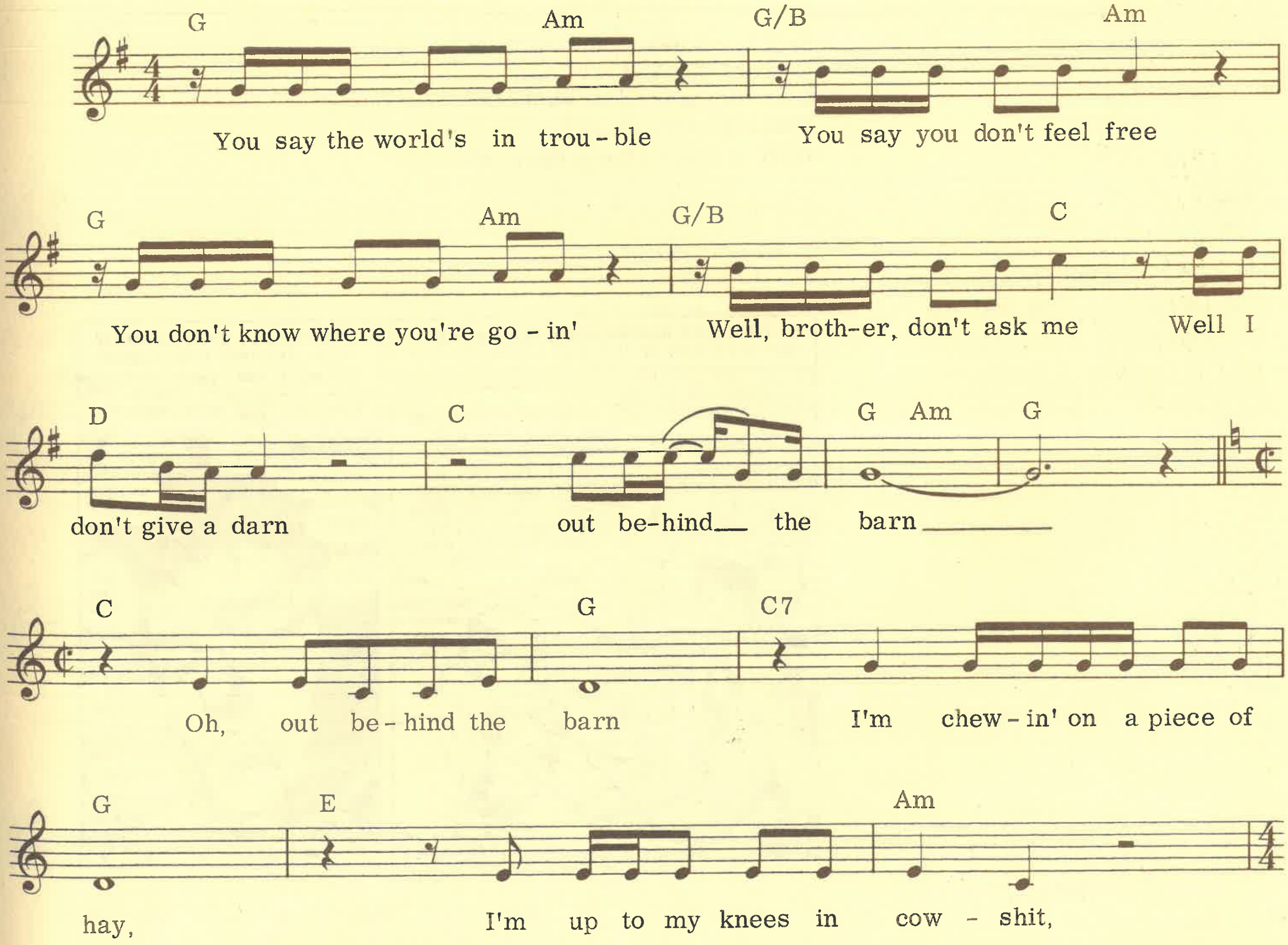
ANDRU + Esposito

Positively Wall Street

Music by Paul Jacobs and Christopher Guest
Lyrics by Sean Kelly



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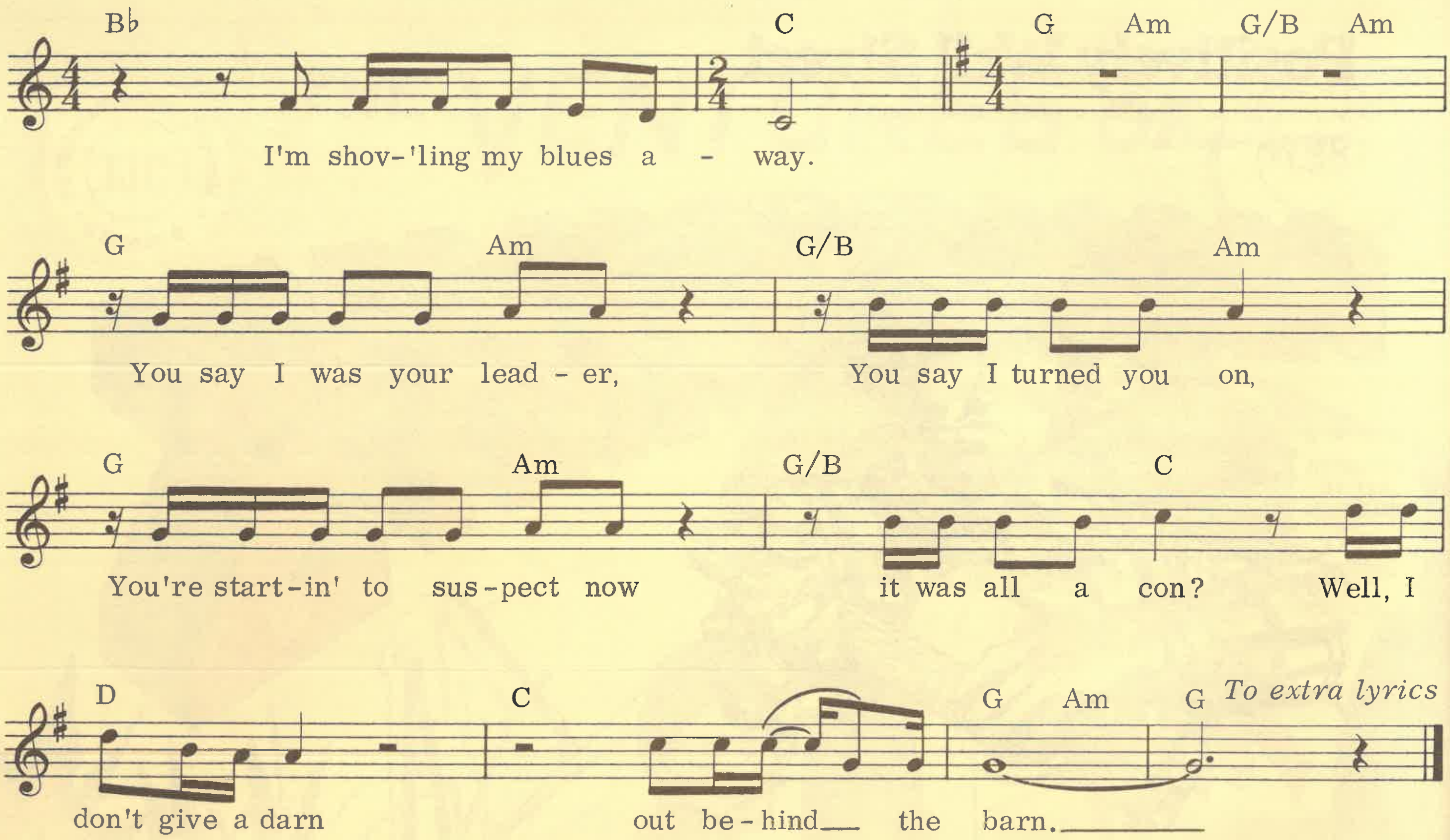
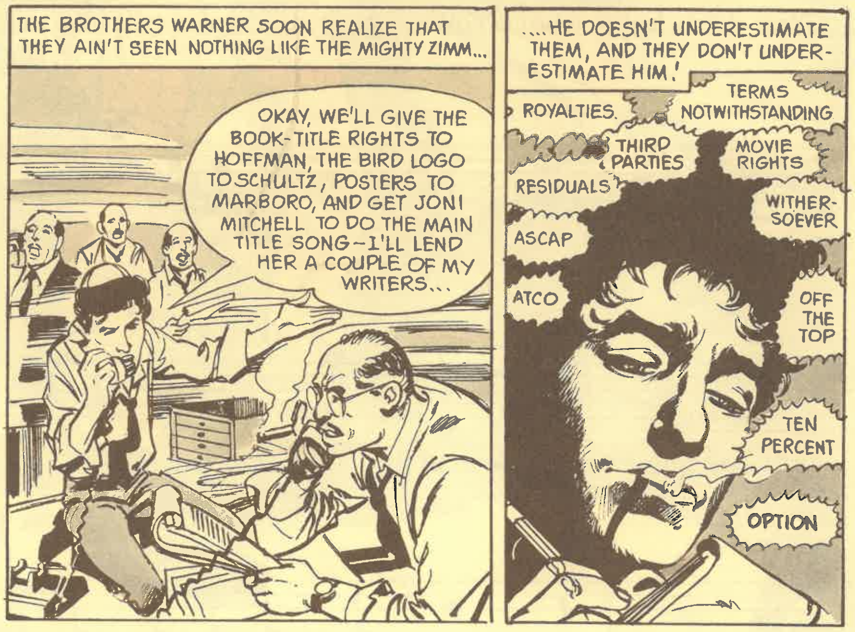


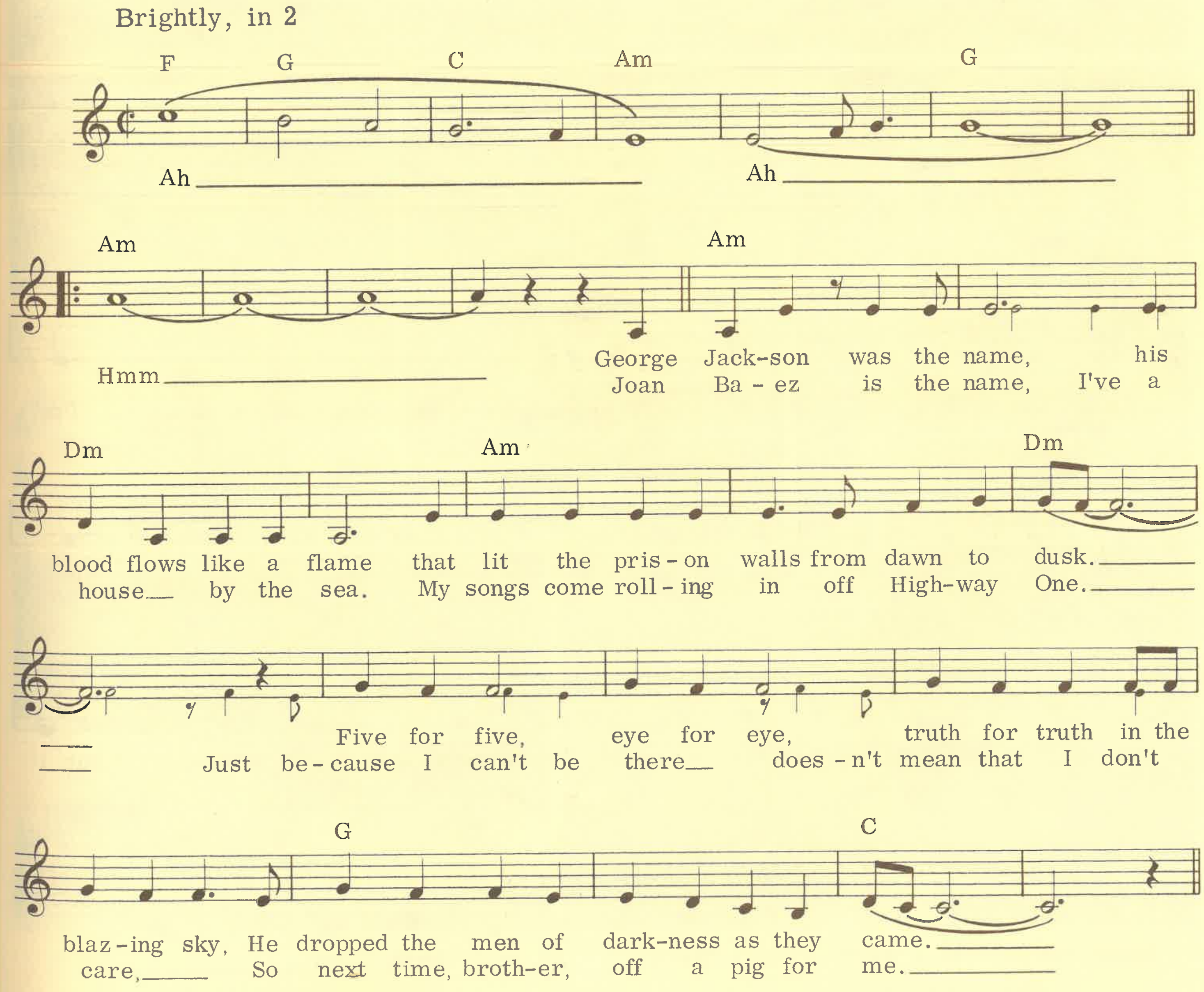
You say I owe you somethin'
You ask me for my plan
Just who were you expectin'
Jesus Zimmerman?
Well, I don't give a darn, *etc.*



Pull the Tregroes

Music and lyrics by Tony Hendra

"...Next I'd like to sing about the arbitrary directive by prison officials that permits only 2 showers a week..."



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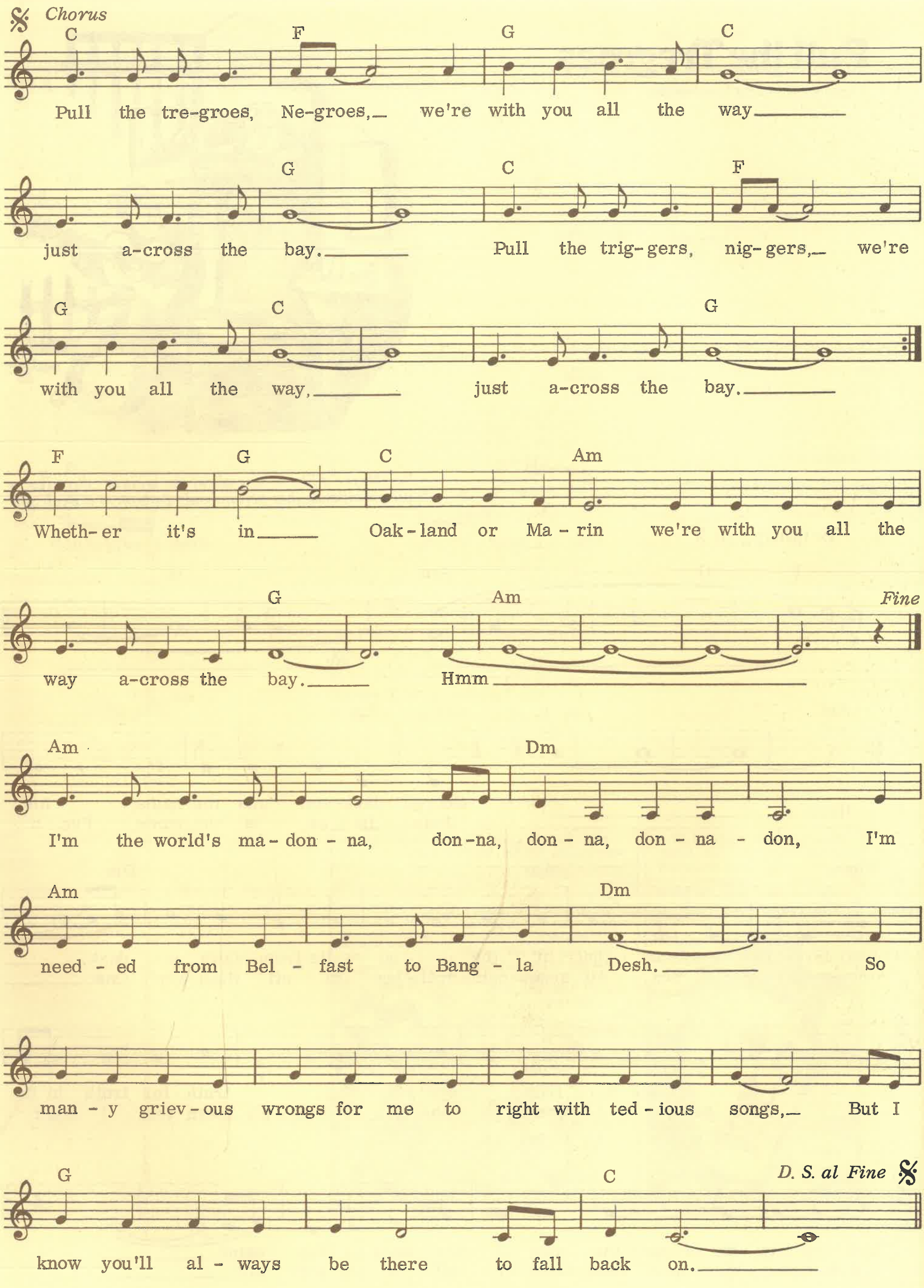
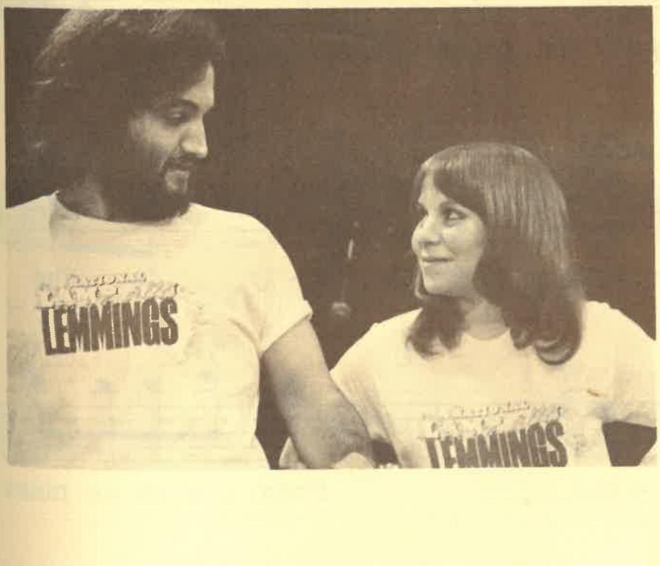

Chorus
C F G C
Pull the tre-groes, Ne-groes,— we're with you all the way
G C F
just a-cross the bay. Pull the trig-gers, nig-gers,— we're
G C G
with you all the way, just a-cross the bay.
F G C Am
Wheth-er it's in Oak-land or Ma-rin we're with you all the
G Am Fine
way a-cross the bay. Hmm
Am Dm
I'm the world's ma-don-na, don-na, don-na, don-na-don, I'm
Am Dm
need-ed from Bel-fast to Bang-la Desh. So
man-y griev-ous wrongs for me to right with ted-ious songs,— But I
G C D. S. al Fine
know you'll al-ways be there to fall back on.

LEMMINGS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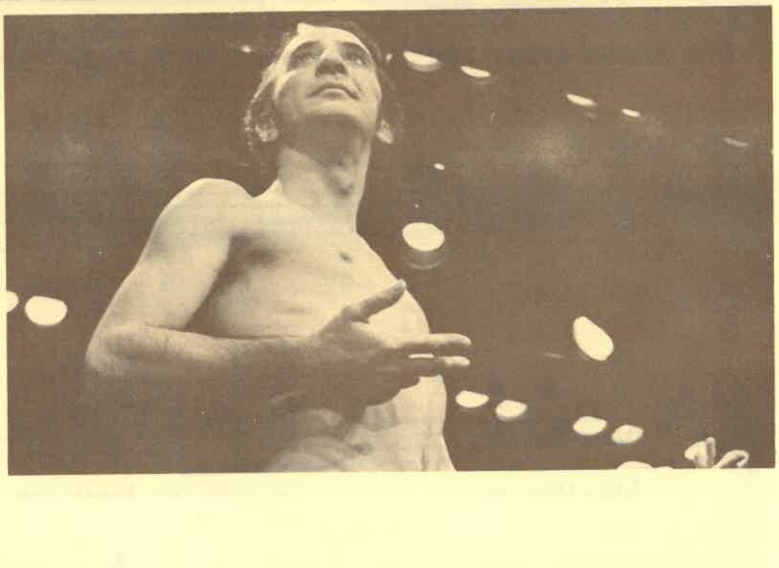
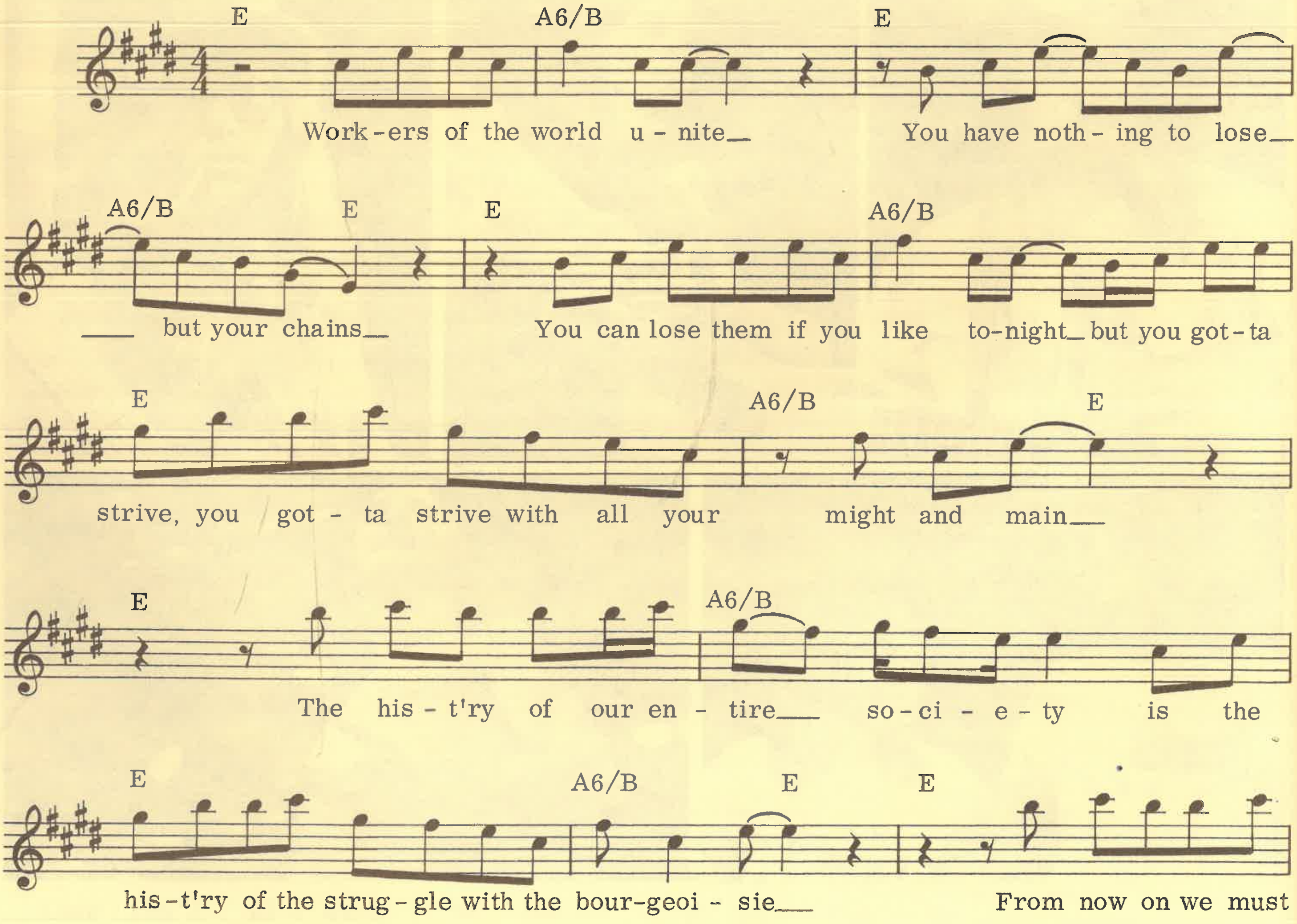


Papa Was a Running-Dog Lackey of the Bourgeoisie

Music by Paul Jacobs
Lyrics by Tony Hendra



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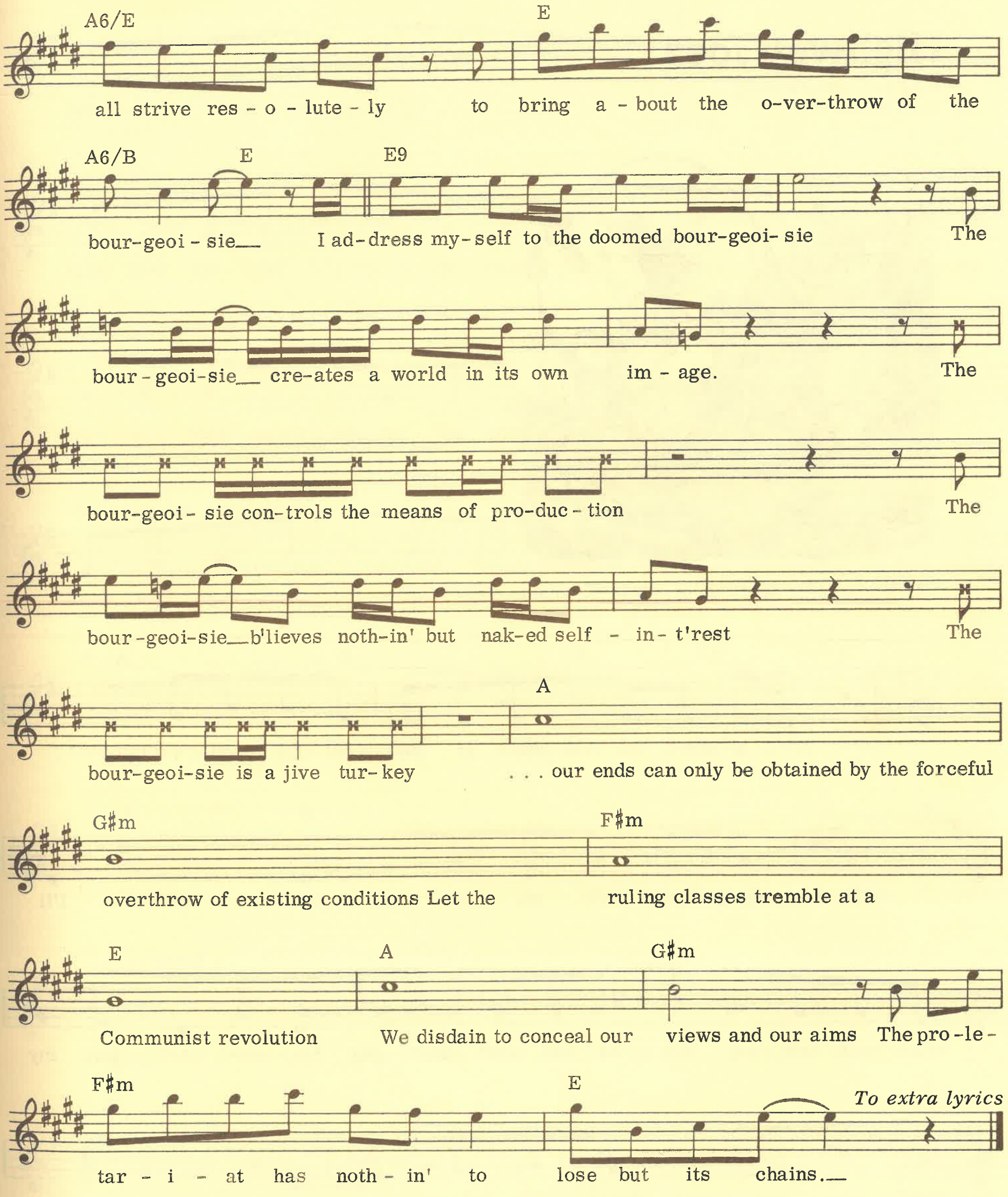
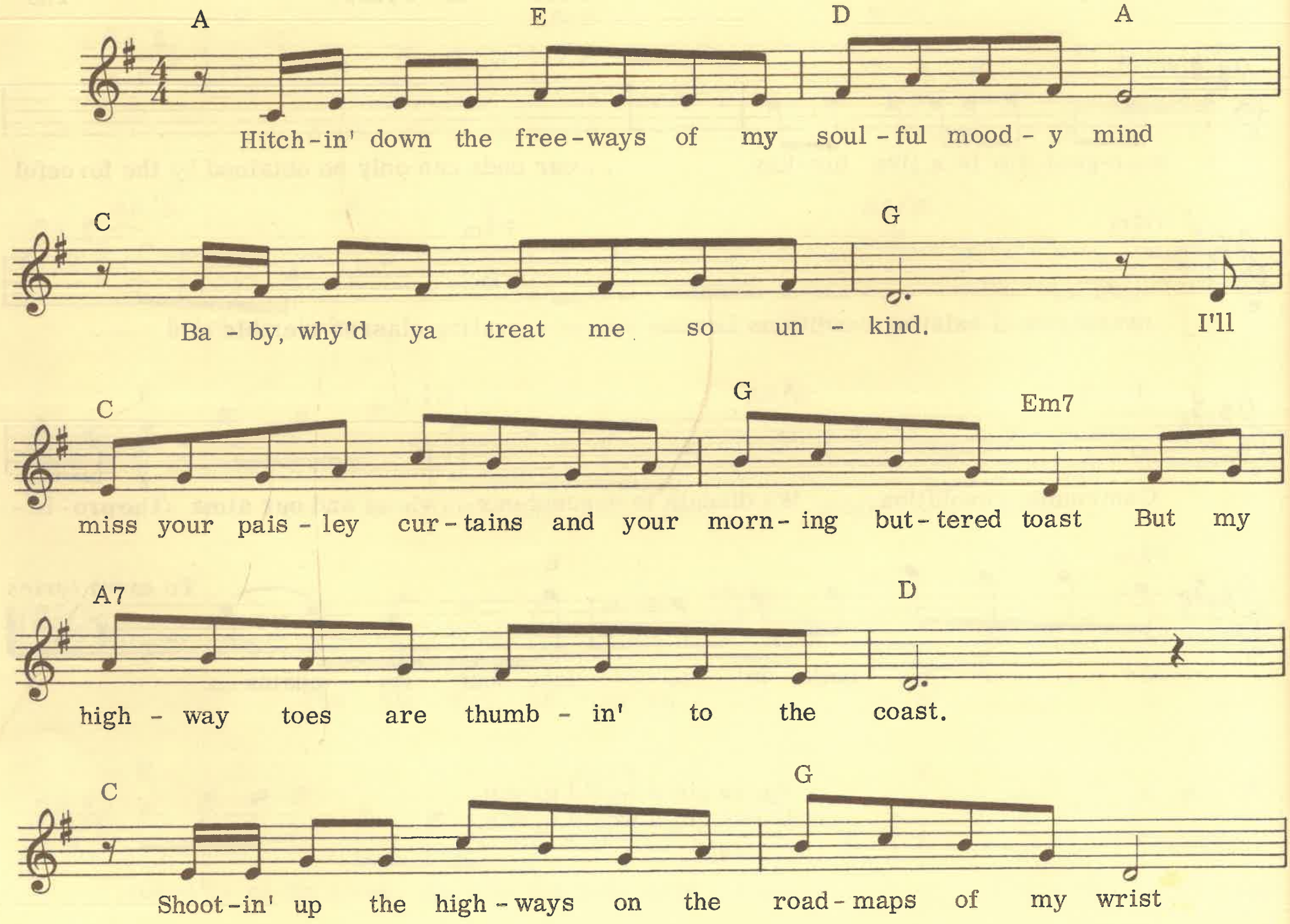


We've got a world to win,
We've got a world to win.
(Repeat)

Highway Toes

Music by Christopher Guest
Lyrics by Sean Kelly



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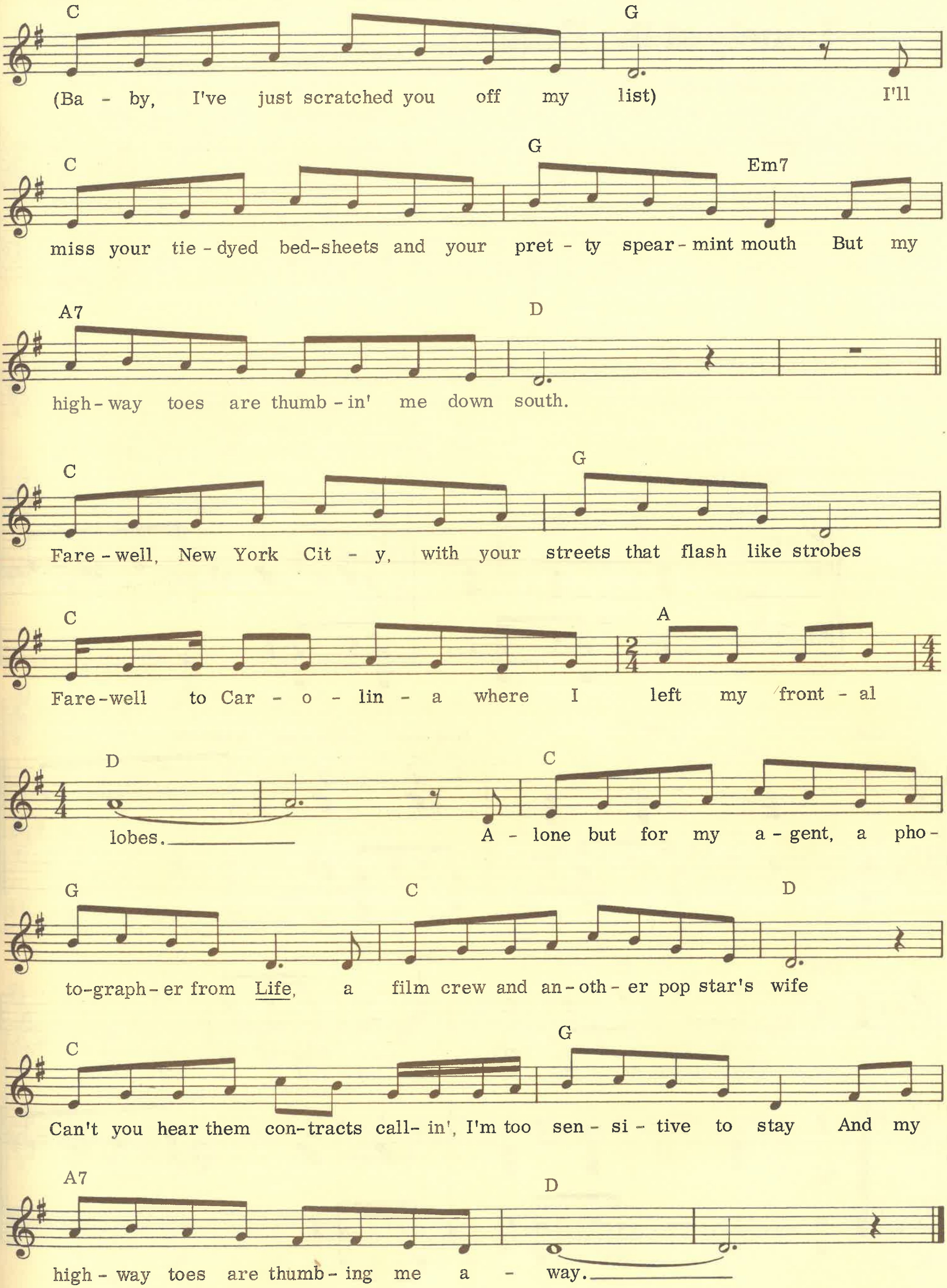
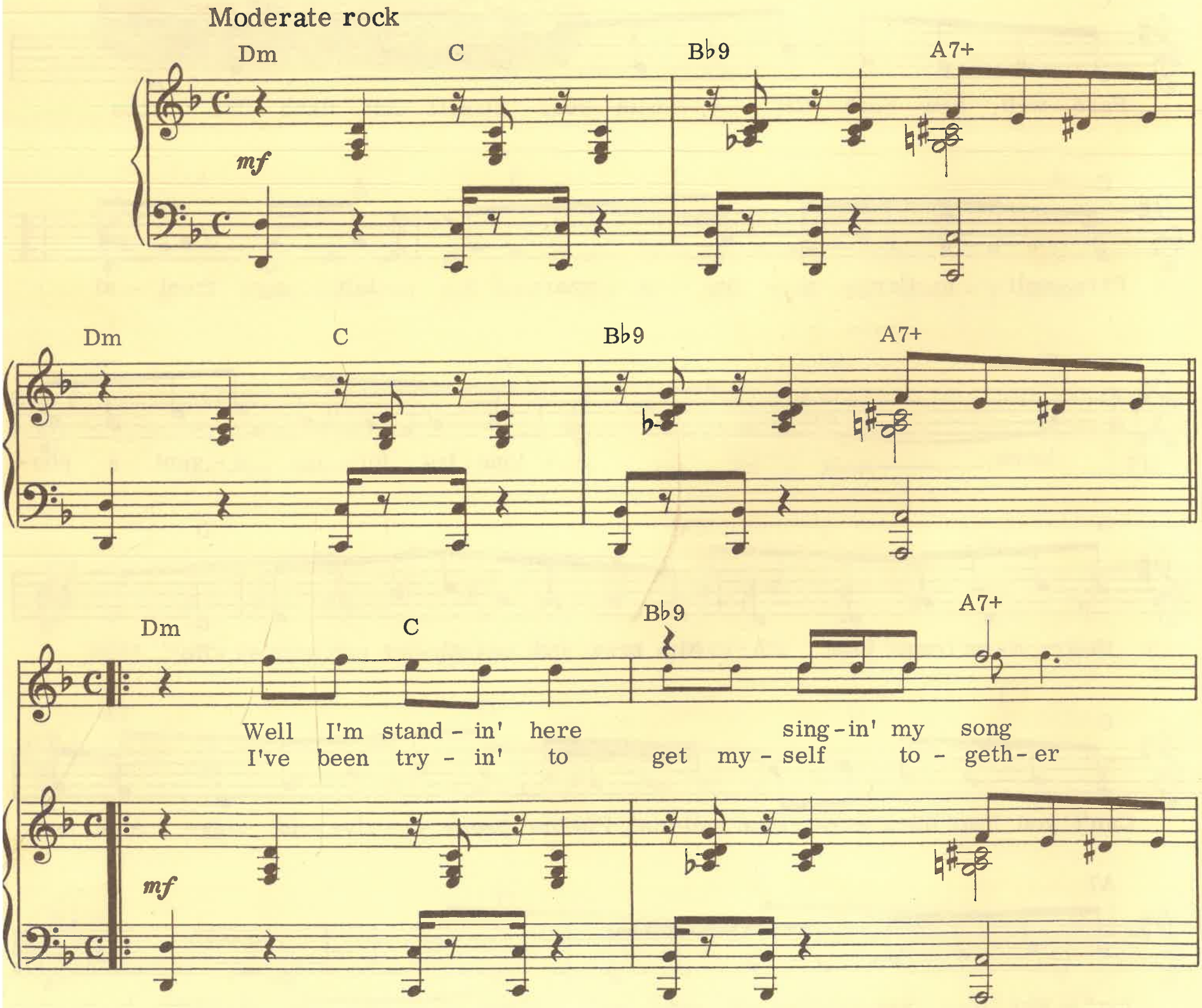

C G
(Ba - by, I've just scratched you off my list) I'll
C G Em7
miss your tie - dyed bed-sheets and your pret - ty spear - mint mouth But my
A7 D
high - way toes are thumb - in' me down south.
C G
Fare - well, New York Cit - y, with your streets that flash like strobes
C A
Fare-well to Car - o - lin - a where I left my front - al
D C
lobes. A - lone but for my a - gent, a pho -
G C D
to-graph - er from Life, a film crew and an - oth - er pop star's wife
C G
Can't you hear them con-tracts call- in', I'm too sen - si - tive to stay And my
A7 D
high - way toes are thumb - ing me a - way.

Lonely at the Bottom

Music by Paul Jacobs
Lyrics by John Belushi



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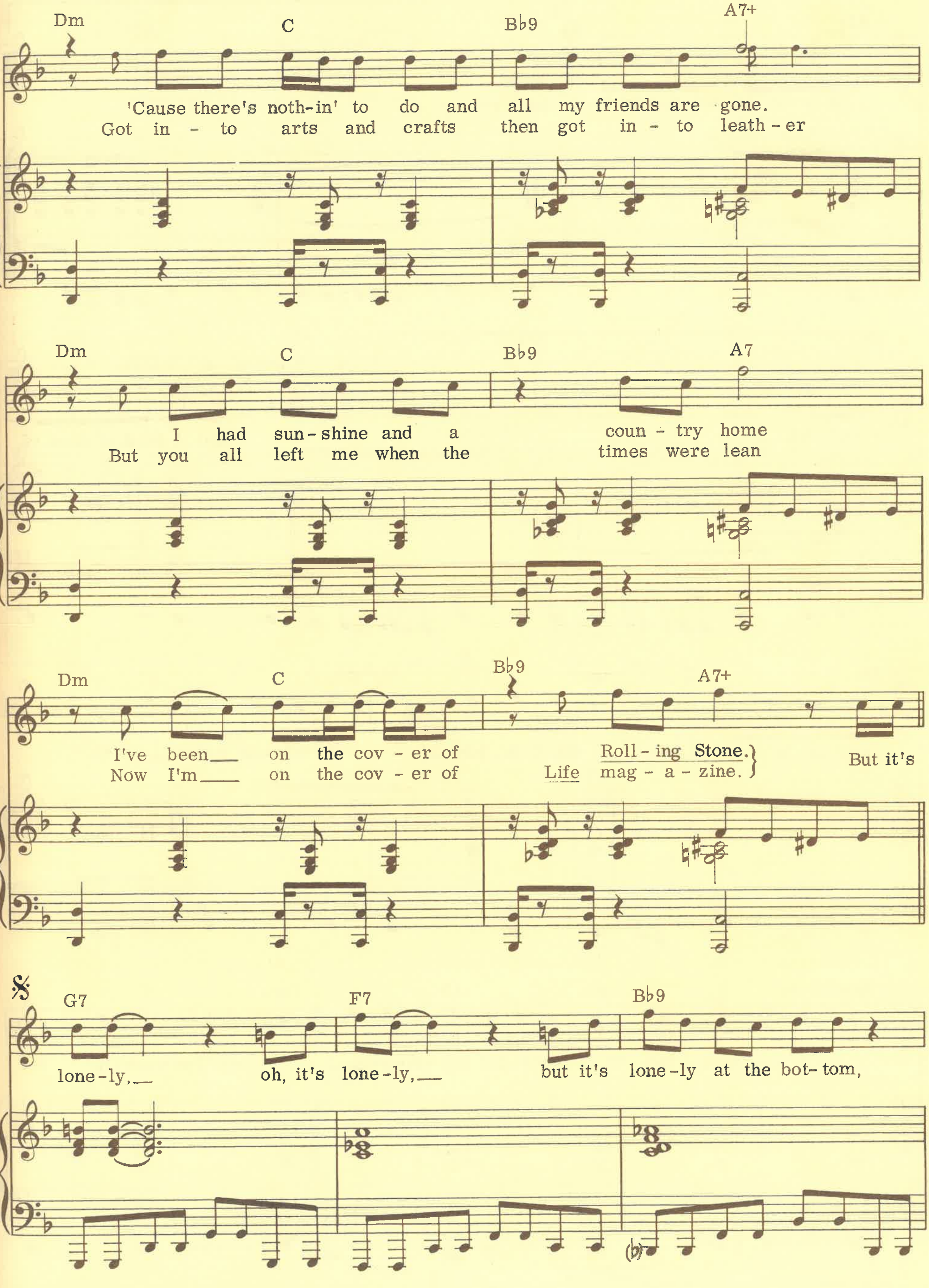
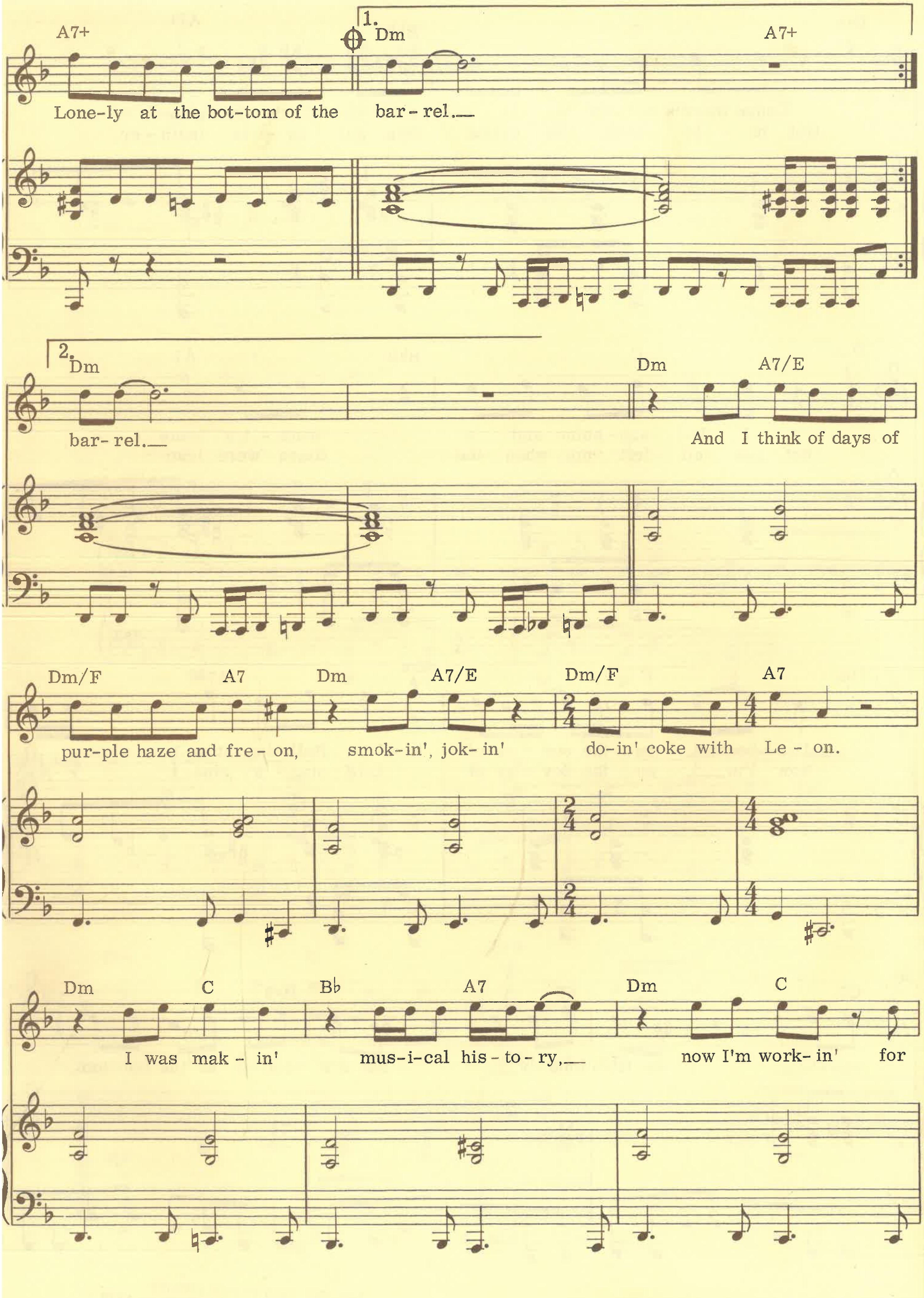
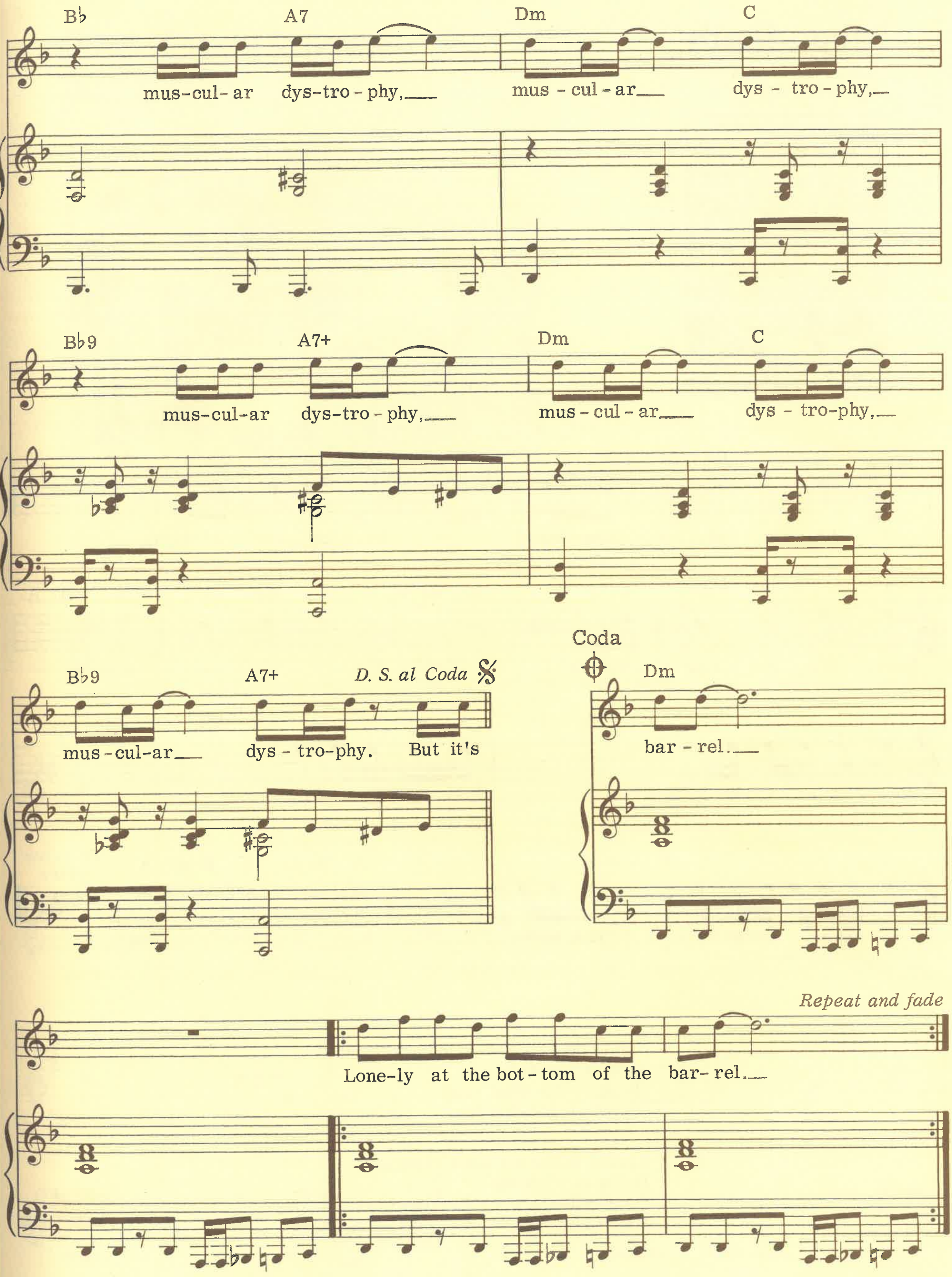
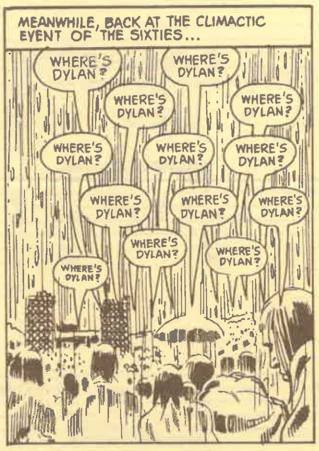

Dm C Bb9 A7+
'Cause there's noth-in' to do and all my friends are gone.
Got in - to arts and crafts then got in - to leath - er
Dm C Bb9 A7
I had sun - shine and a coun - try home
But you all left me when the times were lean
Dm C Bb9 A7+
I've been on the cov - er of Roll - ing Stone.
Now I'm on the cov - er of Life mag - a - zine.
But it's
G7 F7 Bb9
lone - ly, oh, it's lone - ly, but it's lone - ly at the bot - tom,

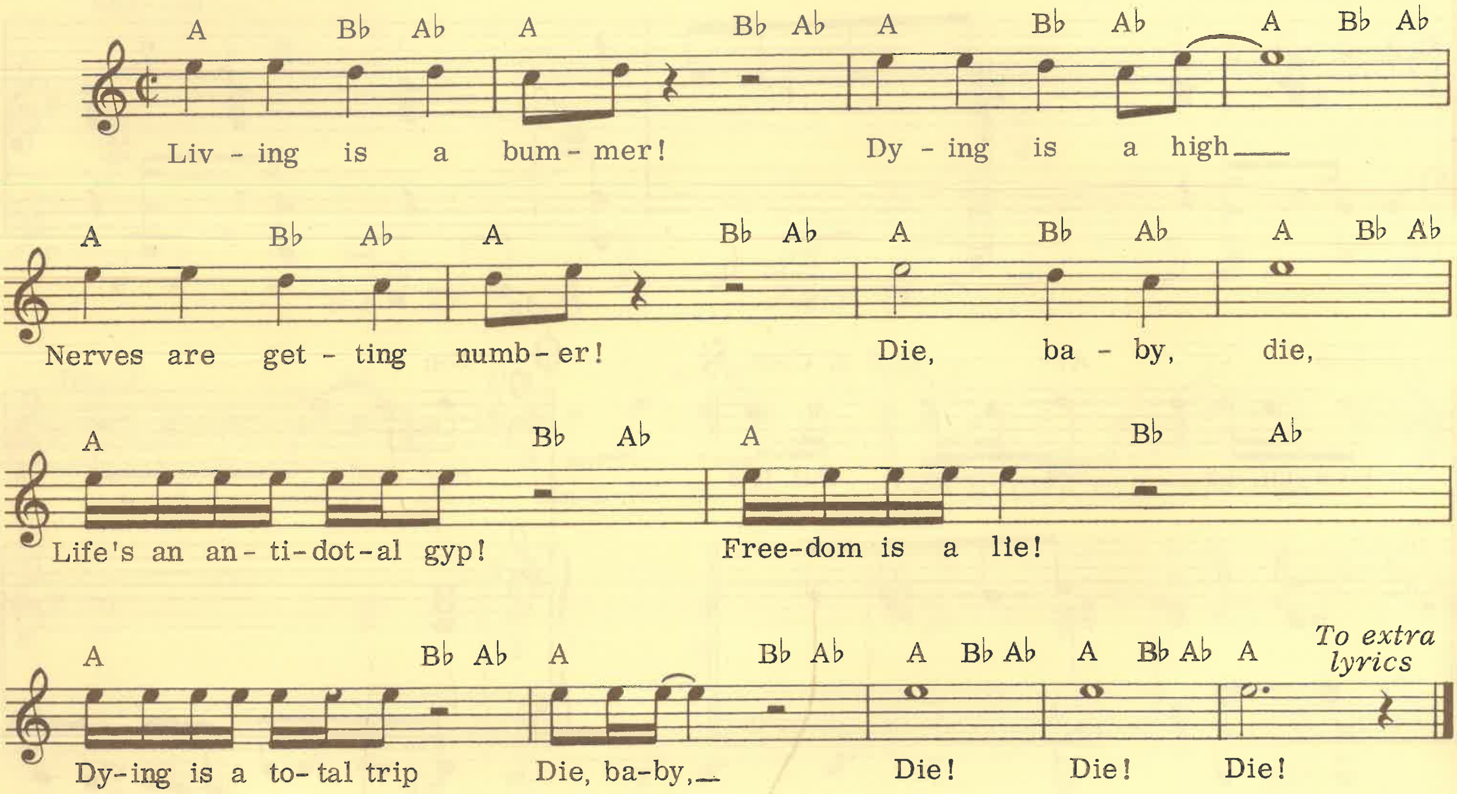

A7+
Lone-ly at the bot-tom of the
1. Dm
bar-rel.
A7+
2. Dm
bar-rel.
Dm A7/E
And I think of days of
Dm/F A7 Dm A7/E Dm/F A7
pur-ple haze and fre-on, smok-in', jok-in' do-in' coke with Le-on.
Dm C Bb A7 Dm C
I was mak-in' mus-i-cal his-to-ry, now I'm work-in' for


Bb A7 Dm C
mus-cul-ar dys-tro-phy, mus-cul-ar dys-tro-phy,
Bb9 A7+ Dm C
mus-cul-ar dys-tro-phy, mus-cul-ar dys-tro-phy,
Bb9 A7+ D. S. al Coda
mus-cul-ar dys-tro-phy. But it's
Coda
Dm
bar-rel.
Repeat and fade
Lone-ly at the bot-tom of the bar-rel.

Megadeath

Music by Paul Jacobs
Lyrics by Sean Kelly





Smack is shit and speed ain't much!
Acid is a bore!
Dying is the final rush
We're all looking for.

Living is for slaves and pigs!
Dying is what my
Generation craves and digs!
Die, baby, die!

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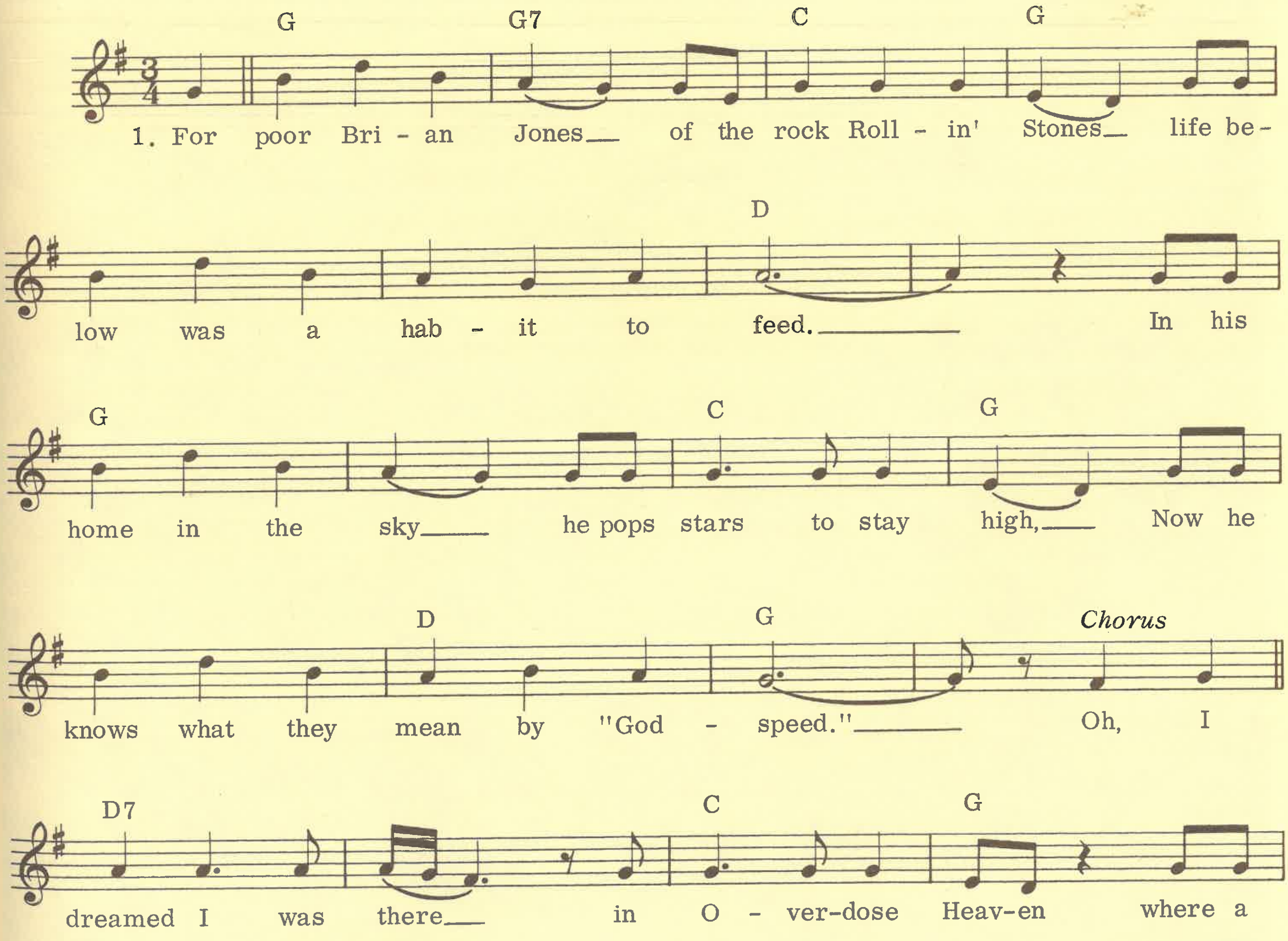
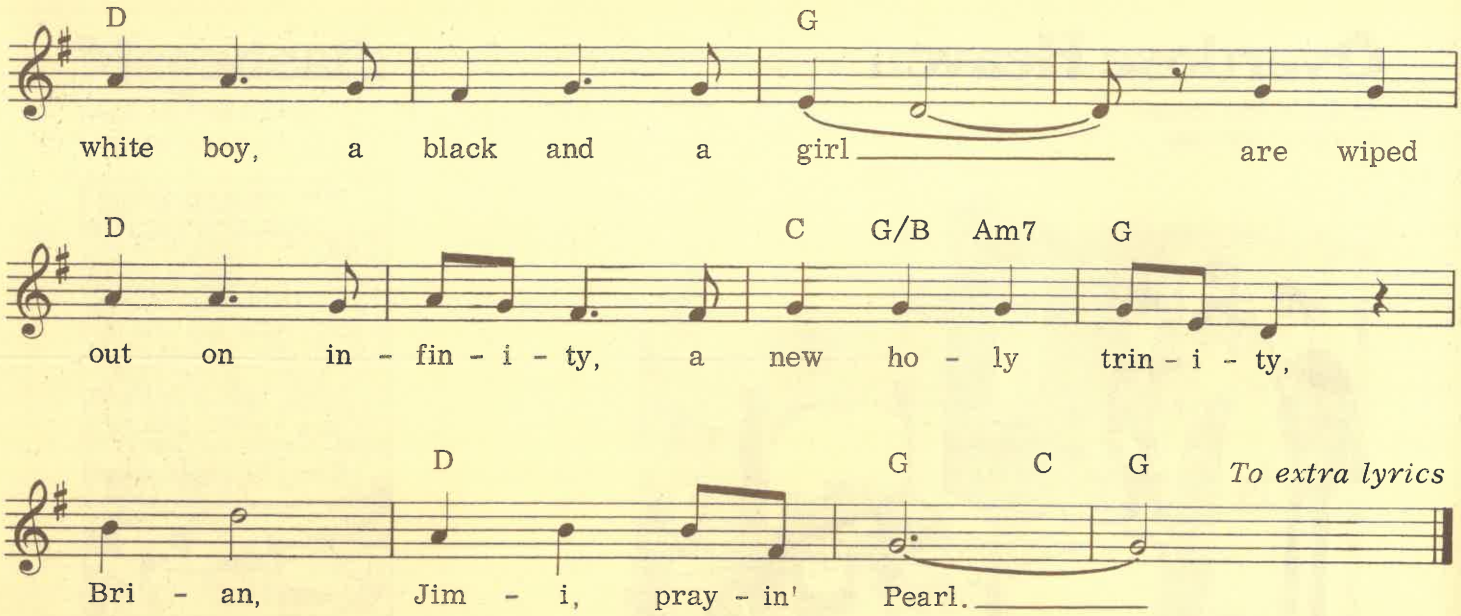
Overdose Heaven

Music by Paul Jacobs
Lyrics by Sean Kelly

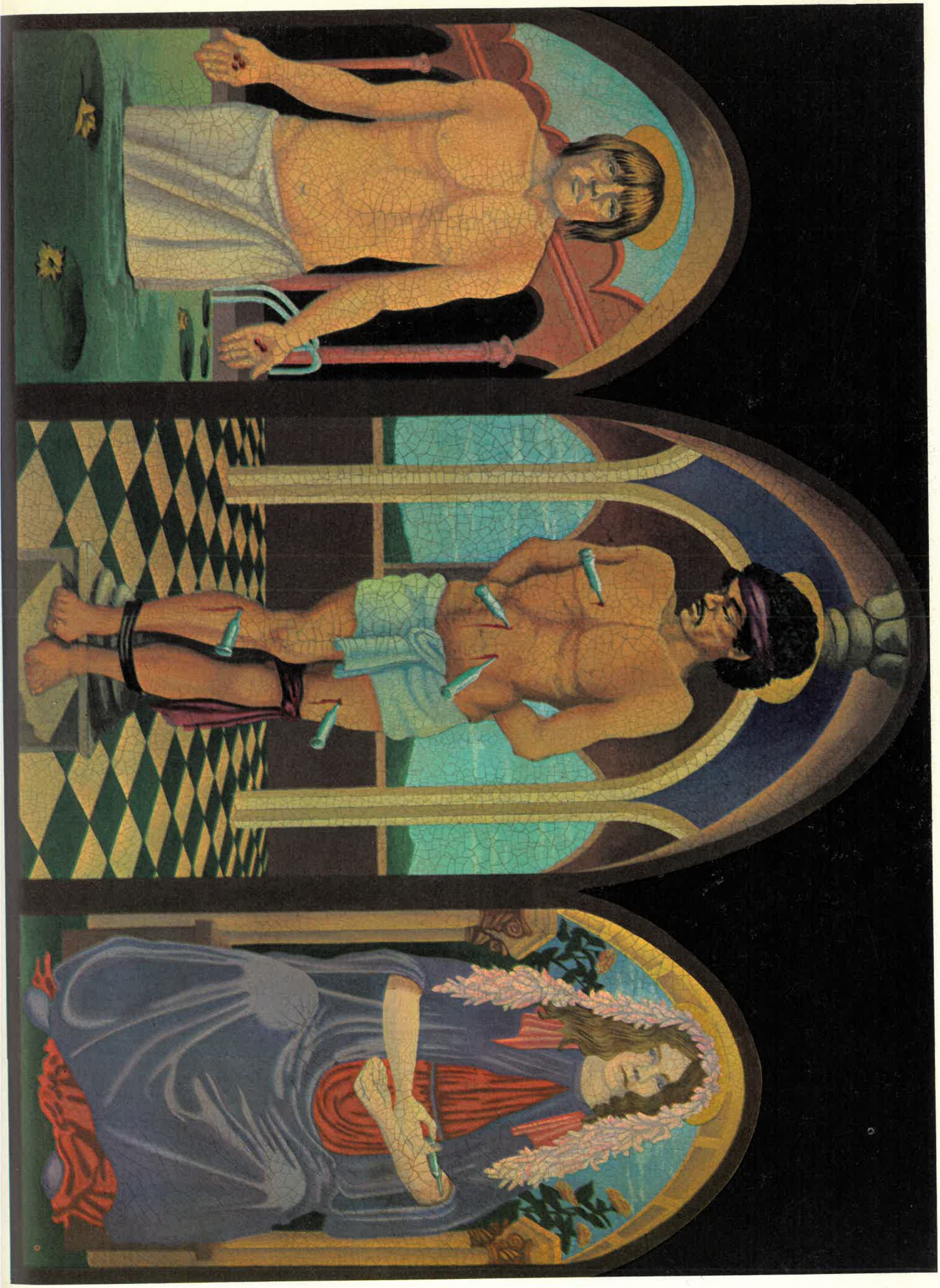
"Book him."



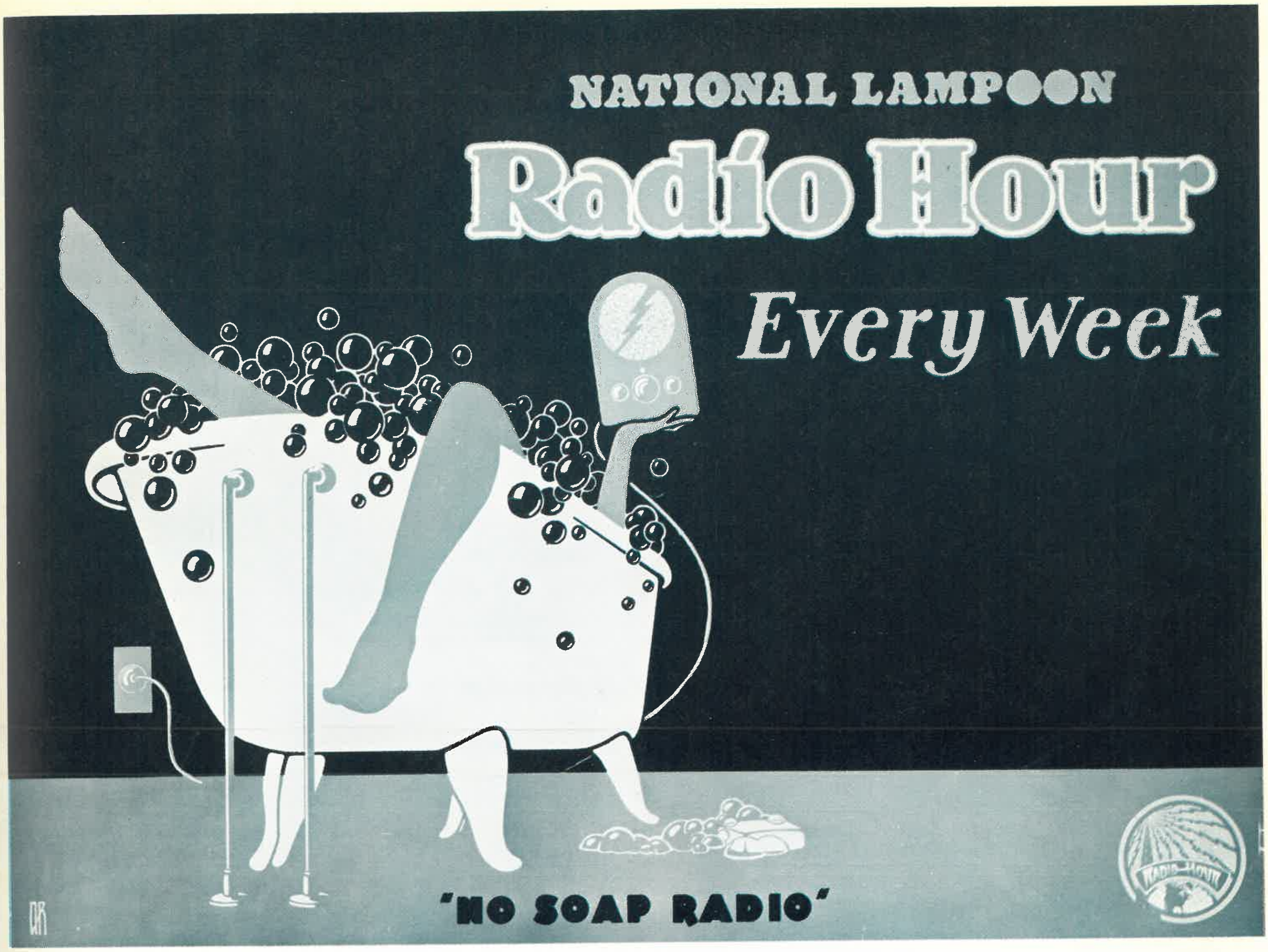


2. Broke, busted, and wasted
   Our Jimi had tasted
   The last of his cold turkey suppers.
   Now the saints guard his stash
   Of heavenly hash
   And God deals him nothing but uppers.
   (Chorus)

3. Not one for half measures
   Janis J. mixed her pleasures
   Shot up what she couldn't drink down.
   No angels protested
   When the lady requested
   Long sleeves for her wedding gown.
   (Chorus)



PLAYDEAD JAZZ PAL
ALL-STARRED BAN



The Radio Hour

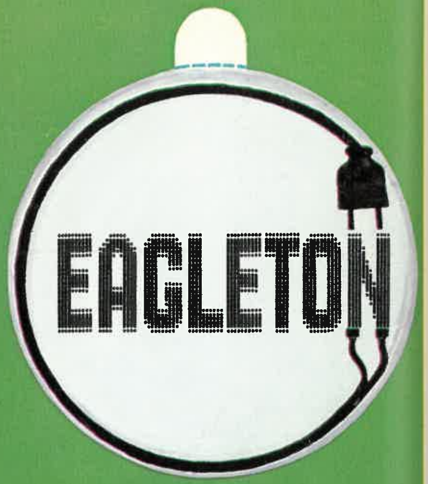
The " National Lampoon Radio Hour, " which seemed like a good idea at the time, brought into the ears and hearts of its listeners the likes of Flash Bazbo, Space Explorerer, the Mad Crapper, Craig Baker (the perfect master), jet set gossip Mister Chatterbox. . .and much original music. "The Ballad of K.C. River Rat" was spurned by our record company on the theory that truckers' songs don't sell. "Mother Goose's Wine" and the "Well-Intentioned Blues" eventually were immortalized on the "Gold Turkey" album. Tony Sheuren's parody of the Grateful Dead ("Cocaine Express"), James Taylor ("Methadone Maintenance Man"), Cat Stevens ("Bleeding Heart"), and Leonard Cohen ("St. Leonard's Song") thrilled and delighted listeners before Seven Up became the unsponsor, and the show was withdrawn from the 200-odd stations who loved it so.

Those days are gone forever, some say. But we say that with this sheet music, you can make them live again, in the comfort and privacy of your own pianoforte.

SGT. SHRIVER CUTOUTS

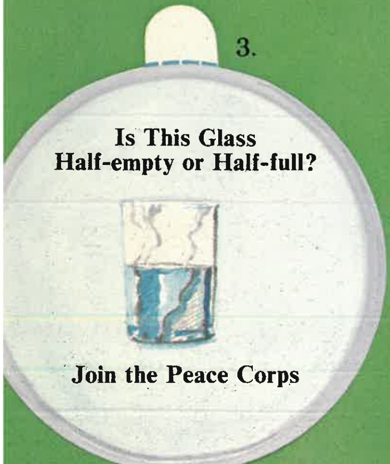
1. Tie Clip
2. Picture Card
3. Badges
4. Stand-Up

2.



1.

3.

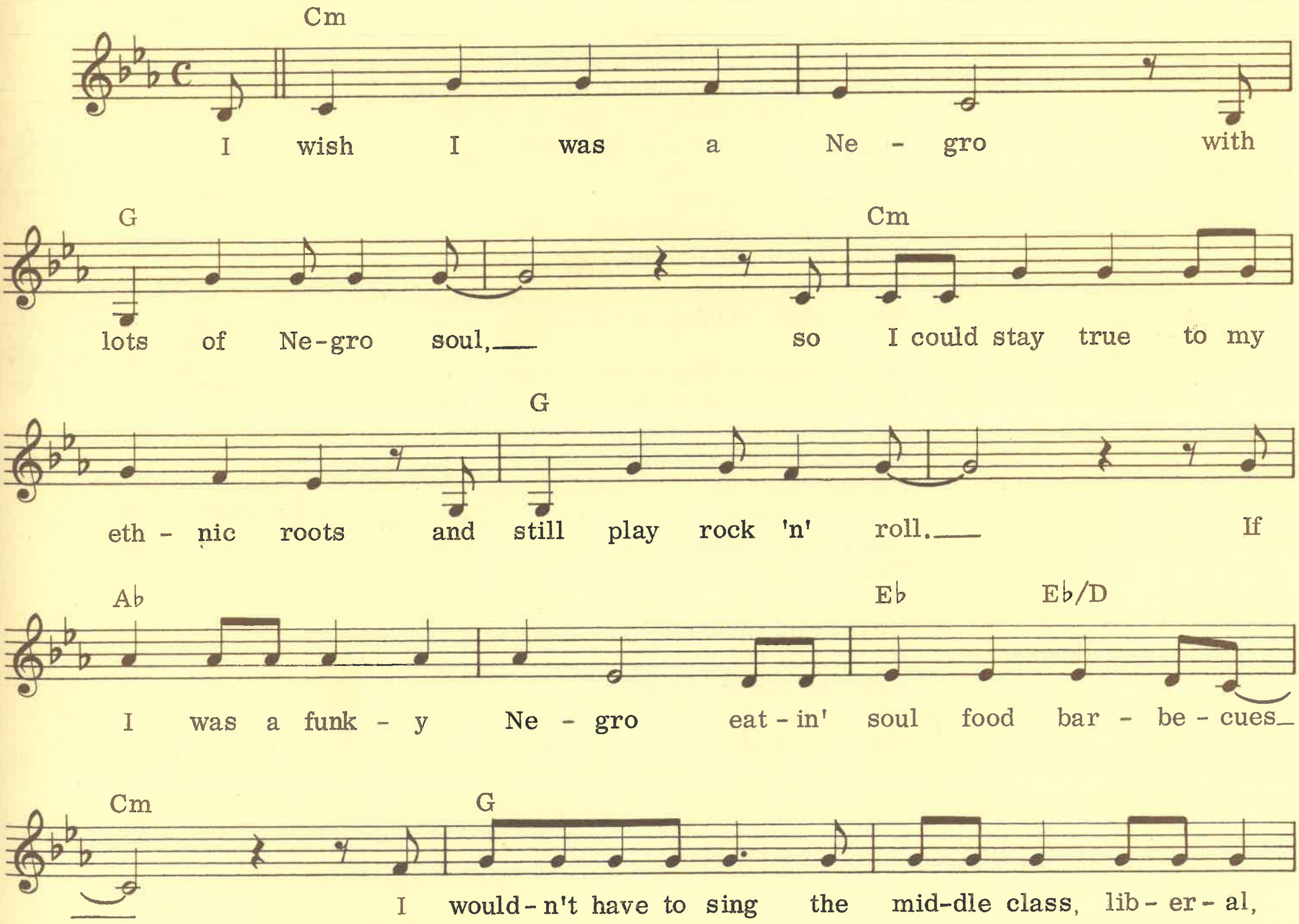


4.

Printed in the U.S.A.

Well-Intentioned Blues

Music by Christopher Guest
Lyrics by Sean Kelly



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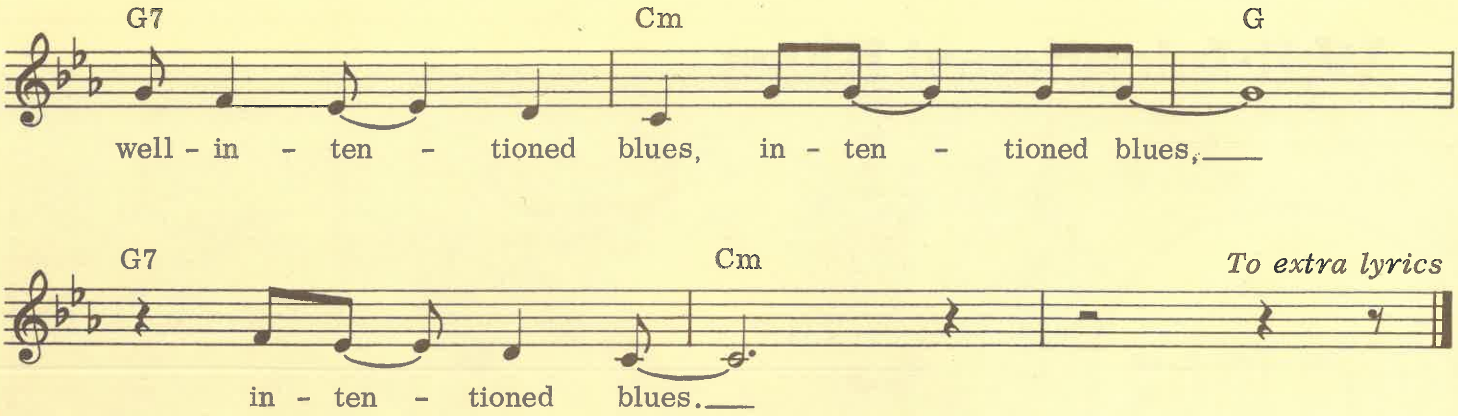


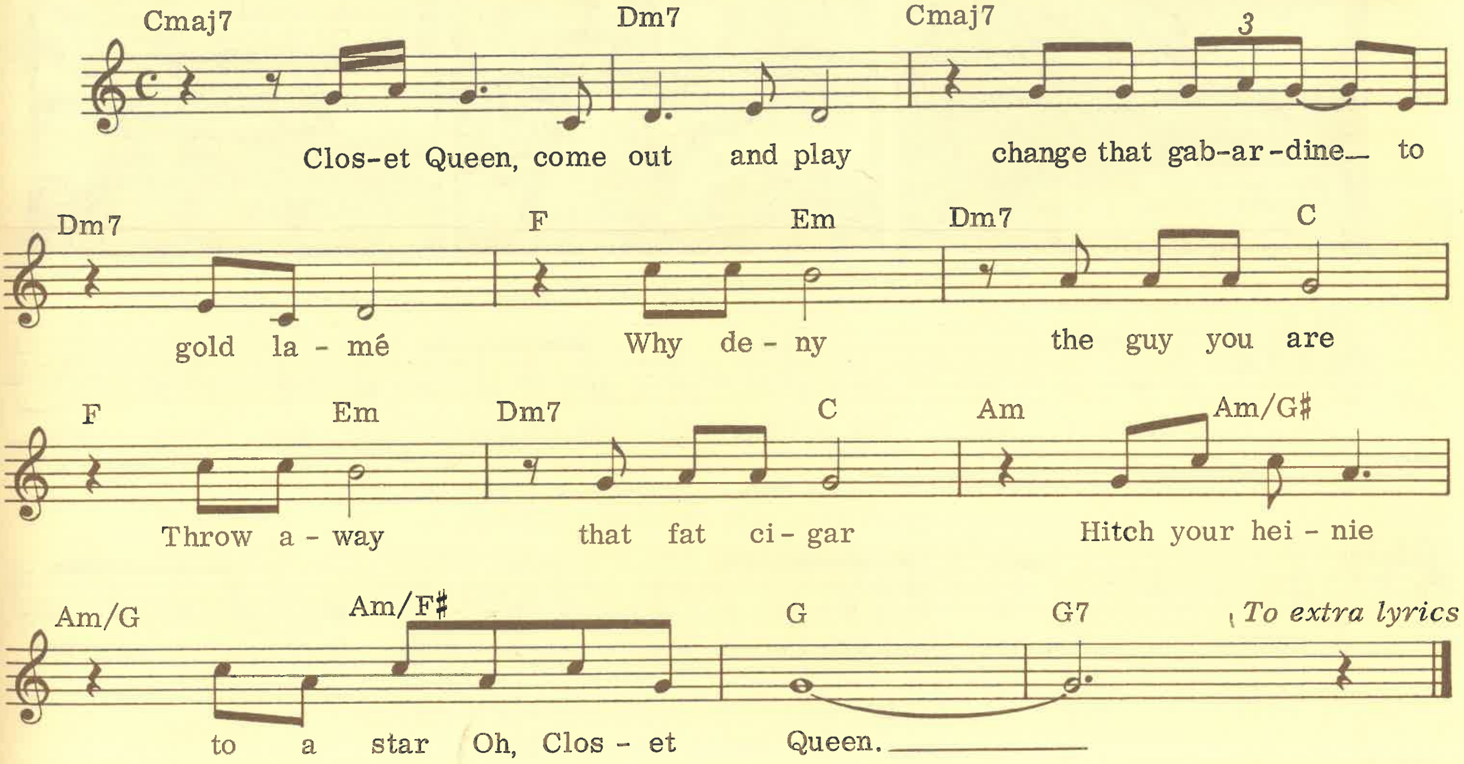
2. I wish I was an Indian,
   A grown up Sioux papoose,
   So when I get drunk on a beer and a half
   I'd have a good excuse.
   I'd be a noble savage,
   Wouldn't ever wear no shoes,
   And I wouldn't have to sing
   The middle-class, liberal,
   Well-intentioned blues,
   Intentioned blues,
   Intentioned blues.

3. I wish I was a wetback
   On a strike in a lettuce patch,
   Or a slant-eyed peasant with Viet Cong
   Stashed underneath my thatch.
   I only ever cross a picket line
   To pay my union dues,
   To keep on singing
   The middle-class liberal,
   Well-intentioned blues,
   Intentioned blues,
   Intentioned blues.

4. But I am not a Negro, (come on)
   Not a Redman or a Mex, (join me, kids)
   I'm a member of the oppressing color,
   Language, age and sex.
   I sympathize with the Arab cause,
   I feel for the put-upon Jews,
   And I keep singing
   The middle-class liberal,
   Humanitarian,
   Meaningful dialogue,
   We are all responsible,
   Well-intentioned blues,
   Intentioned blues,
   Intentioned blues.

Closet Queen

Music by Christopher Guest
Lyrics by Paul Benedict



When a closet queen plays butch he knows
He can't make the scene in Gucci clothes
You dress in Abercrombie boots
But you're no macho zombie, toots,
You're Henri Bendel at the roots
Closet Queen.

Closet Queen acts cool and crisp
When everything inside you is crying out to lisp
You chose to play a shallow part
You hate your Pappagallo heart
Come on out, you old marshmallow tart,
Closet Queen.

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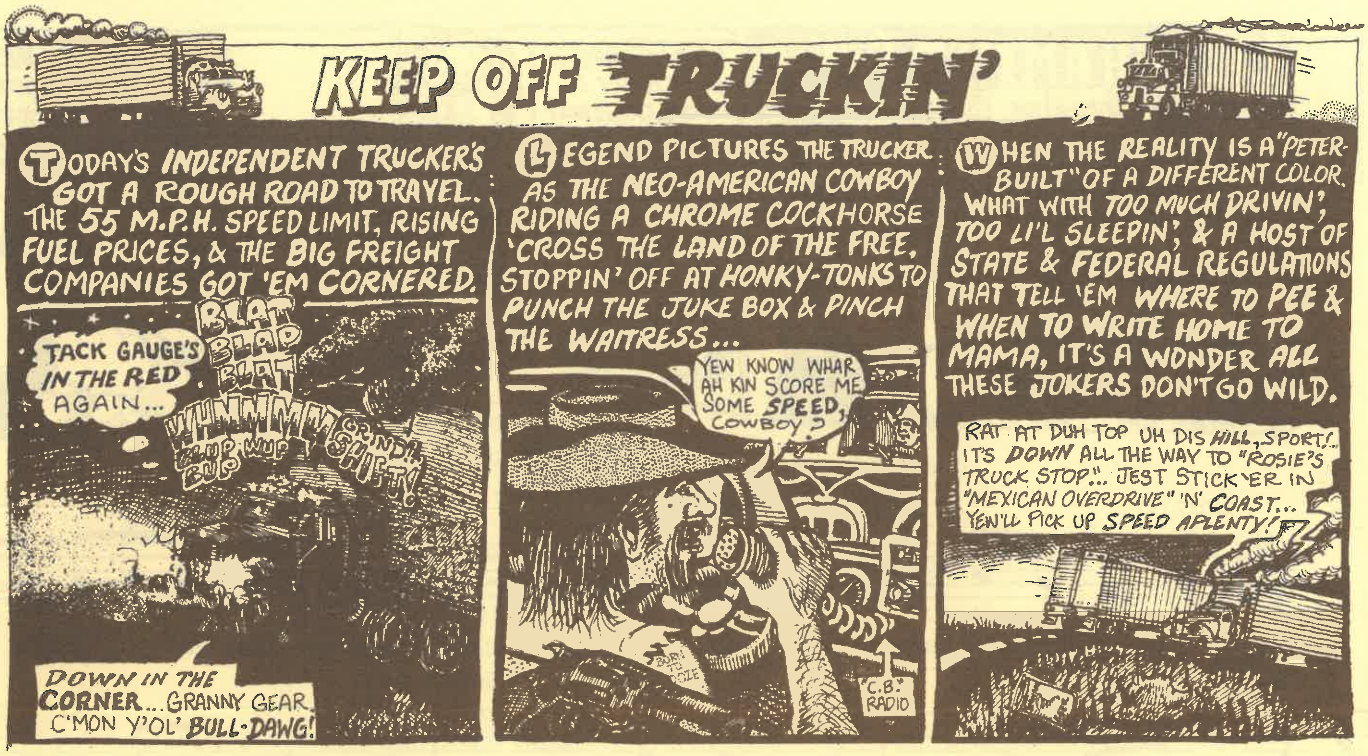
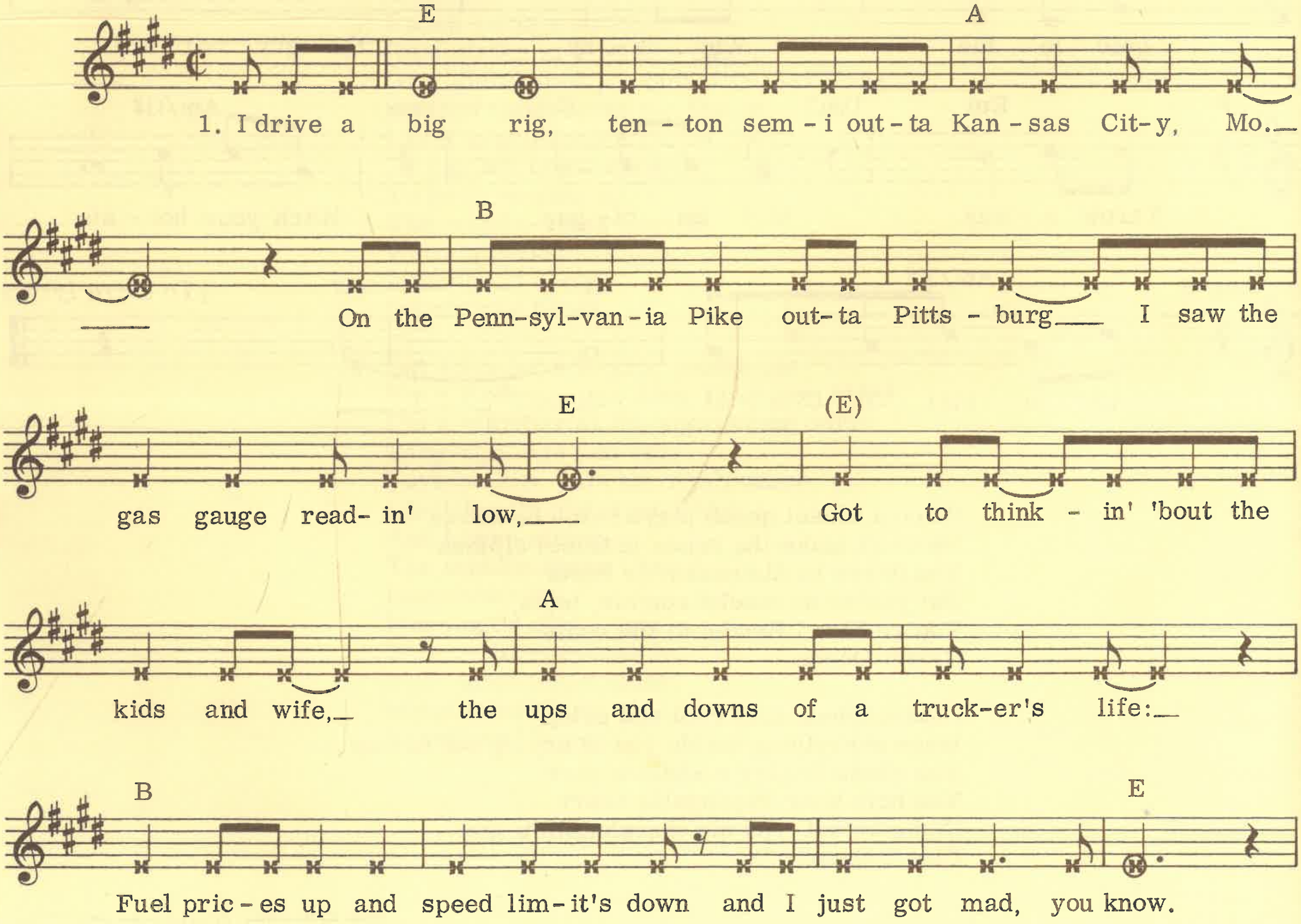
The Ballad of K.C. River Rat

Music by Christopher Guest
Lyrics by Sean Kelly





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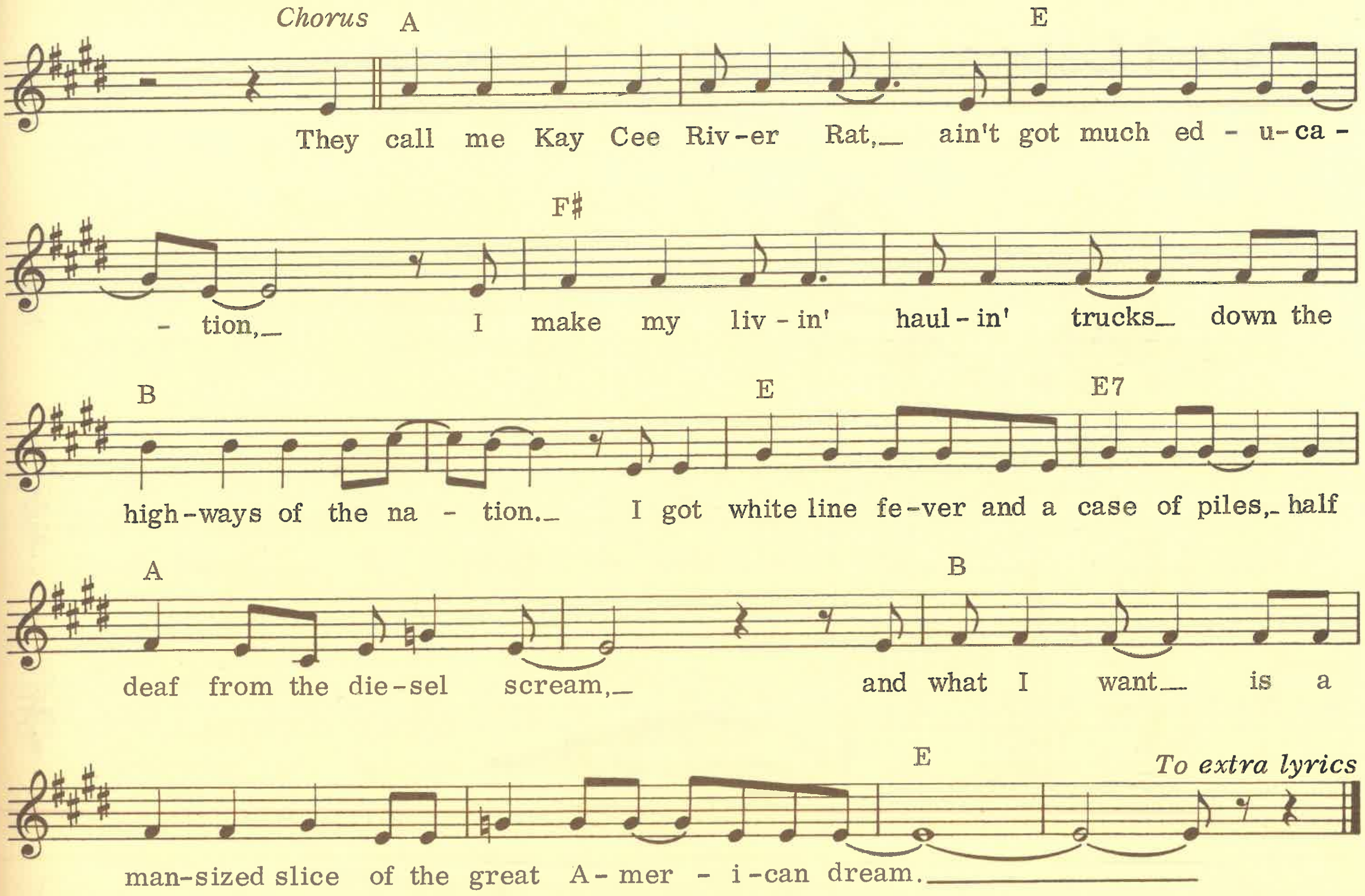


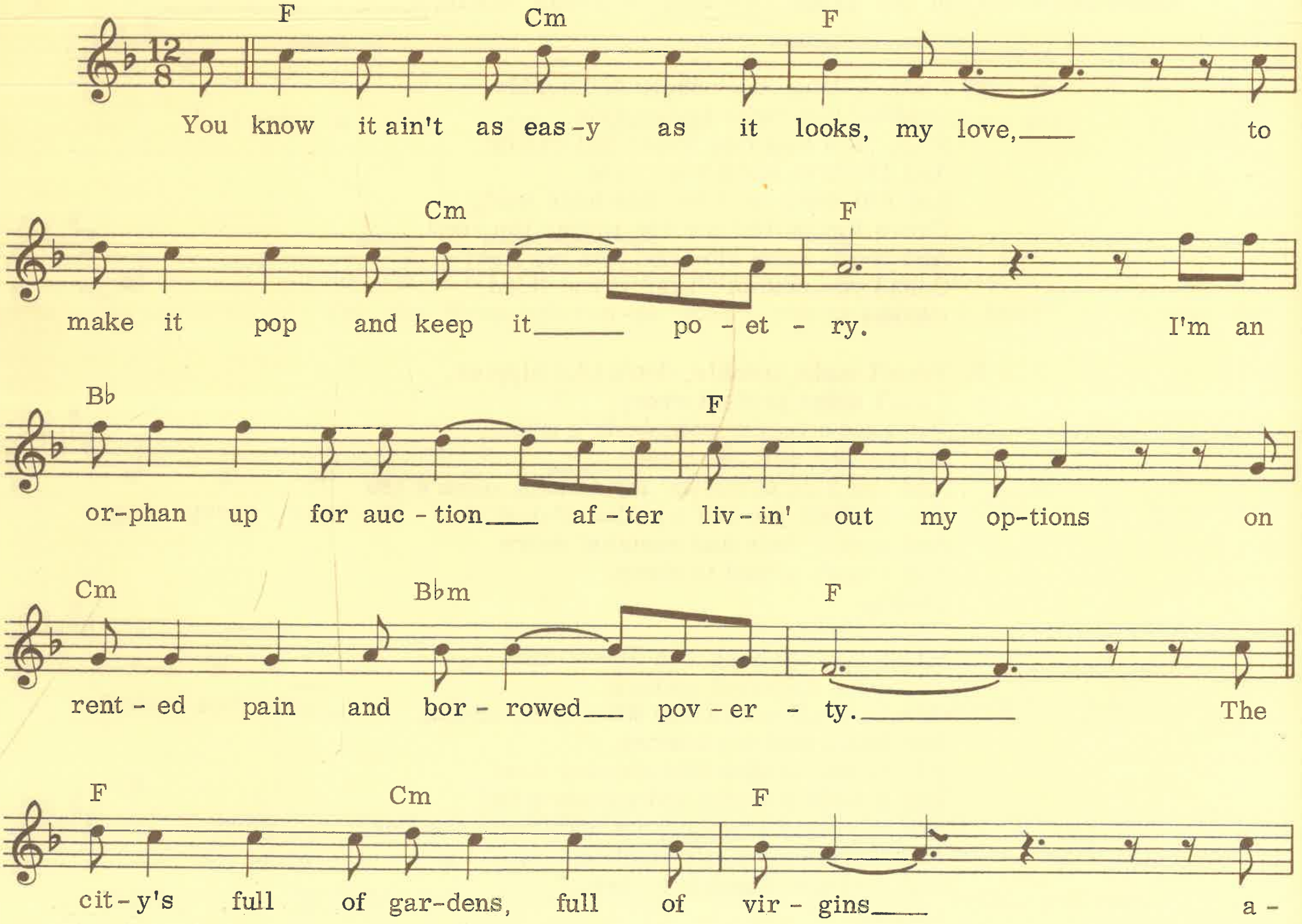
2. I took a drag on a couple of Luckies
Grabbed the radio by my side.
Said, "It's Kay Cee River Rat callin'
And I hate to spoil your ride,
Let Pittsburg wait for this here load,
'Cause I'm pullin' my rig across the road,
And you'll hafta stop and join my fight
'Cause you couldn't pass if you tried."
Chorus

3. I don't make trouble, don't like hippies,
I ain't some protest creep,
But I got a feelin' somebody's tryin'
To buy and sell me cheap.
And I'm sick of bustin' my workin'-man's ass
For a cuppa joe and a gallon o' gas,
And makin' less and spendin' more
Till I can't afford to sleep.
Chorus

4. Sittin' way up here in a diesel cab
You get a different picture
Of how it all works and what it all means.
And like I told the hitcher,
I'm willin' to stop this country dead
Till nobody's warm and nobody's fed,
And then they'll see who's been doin' the work
And just who's gettin' richer,
And just who's gettin richer.
Chorus

Saint Leonard's Song

Music by Tony Scheurin
Lyrics by Sean Kelly



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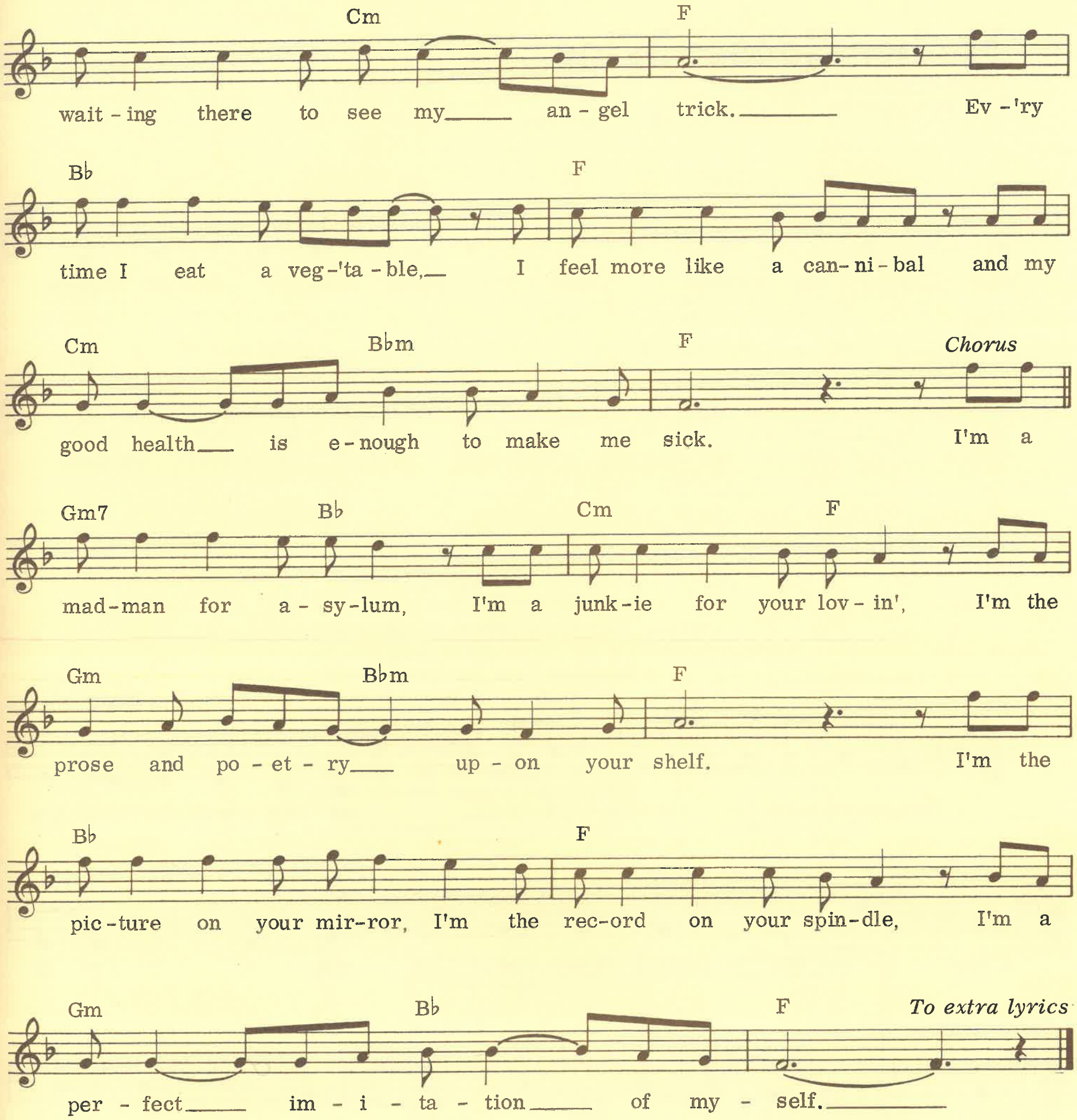
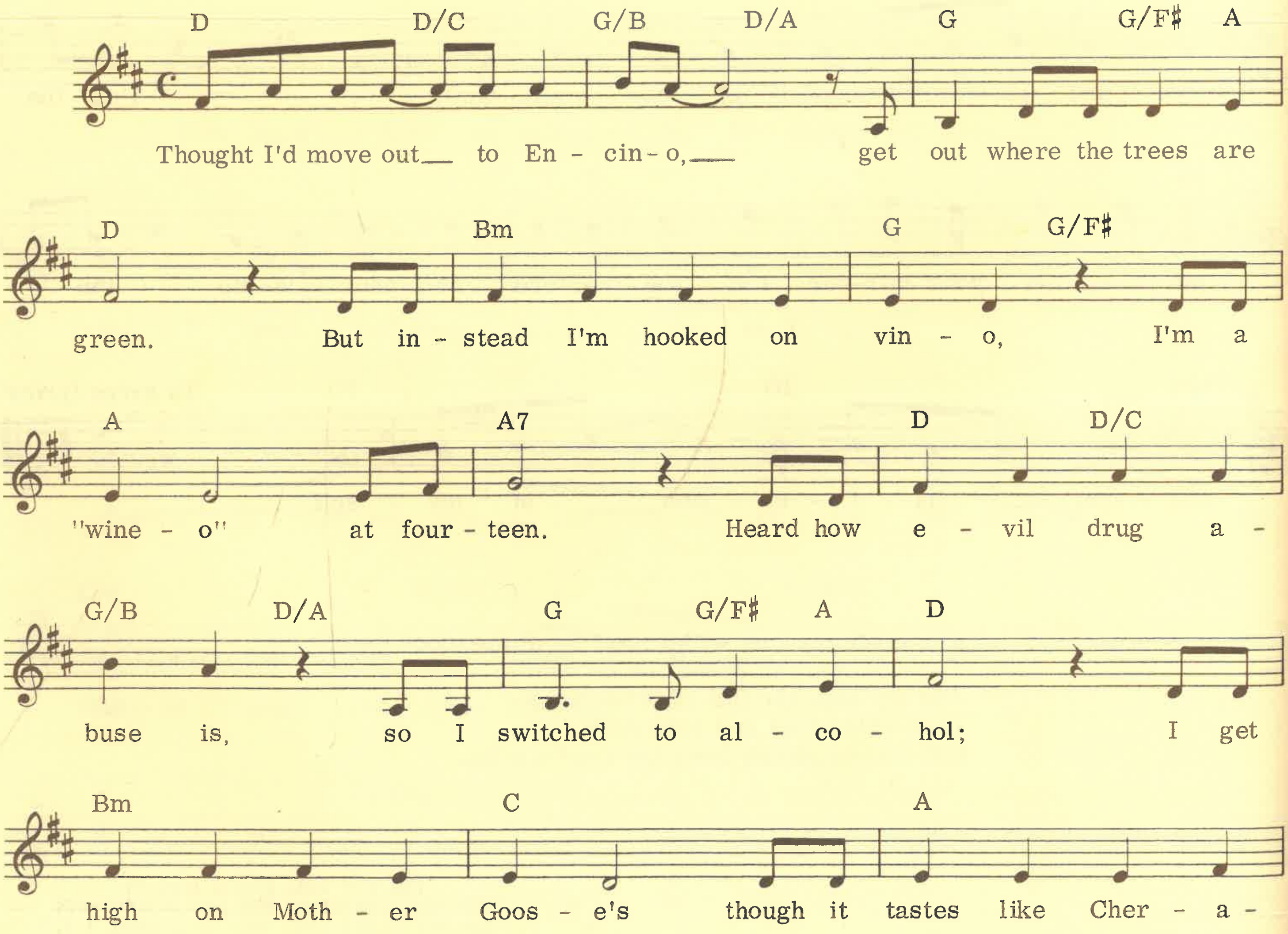


I've made my last withdrawal from the blood bank
To paint into the corner of my smile,
And my suitcase full of parachutes
Lace valentines and hero suits
Got lost or stolen down the road a mile.

Mother Goose's Wine

Music by Christopher Guest
Lyrics by Anne Beatts



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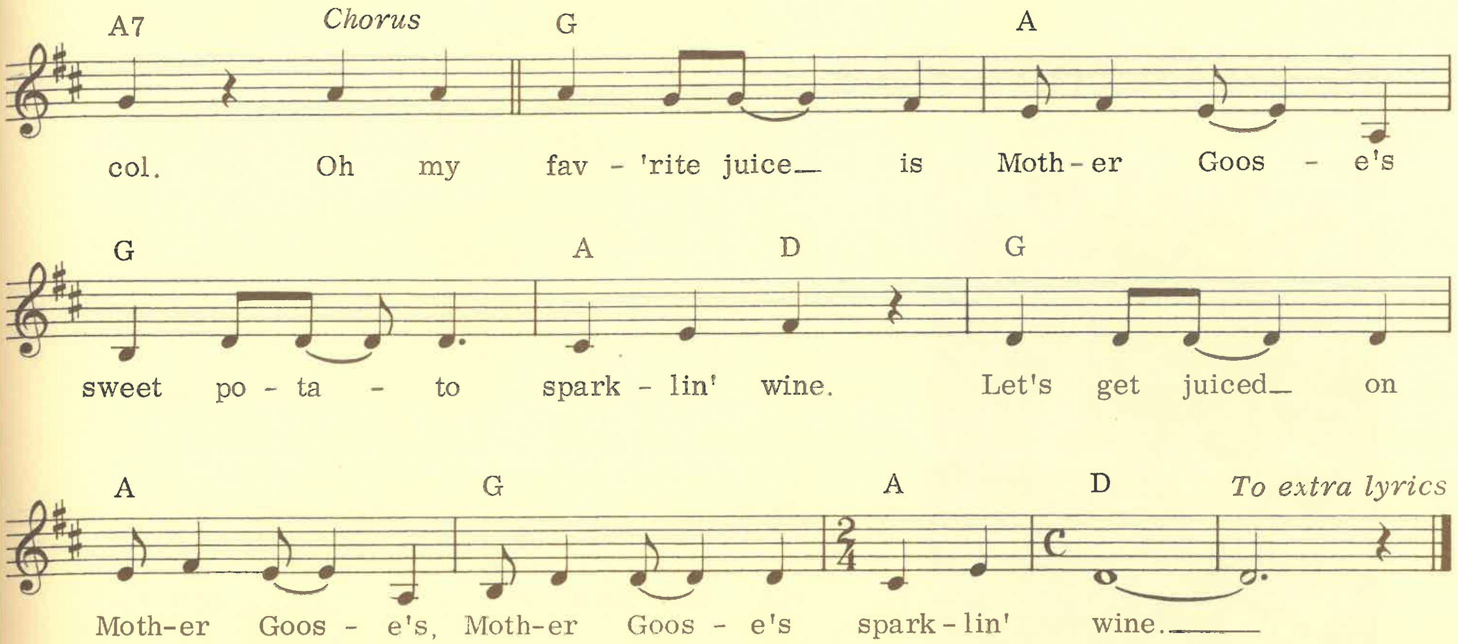
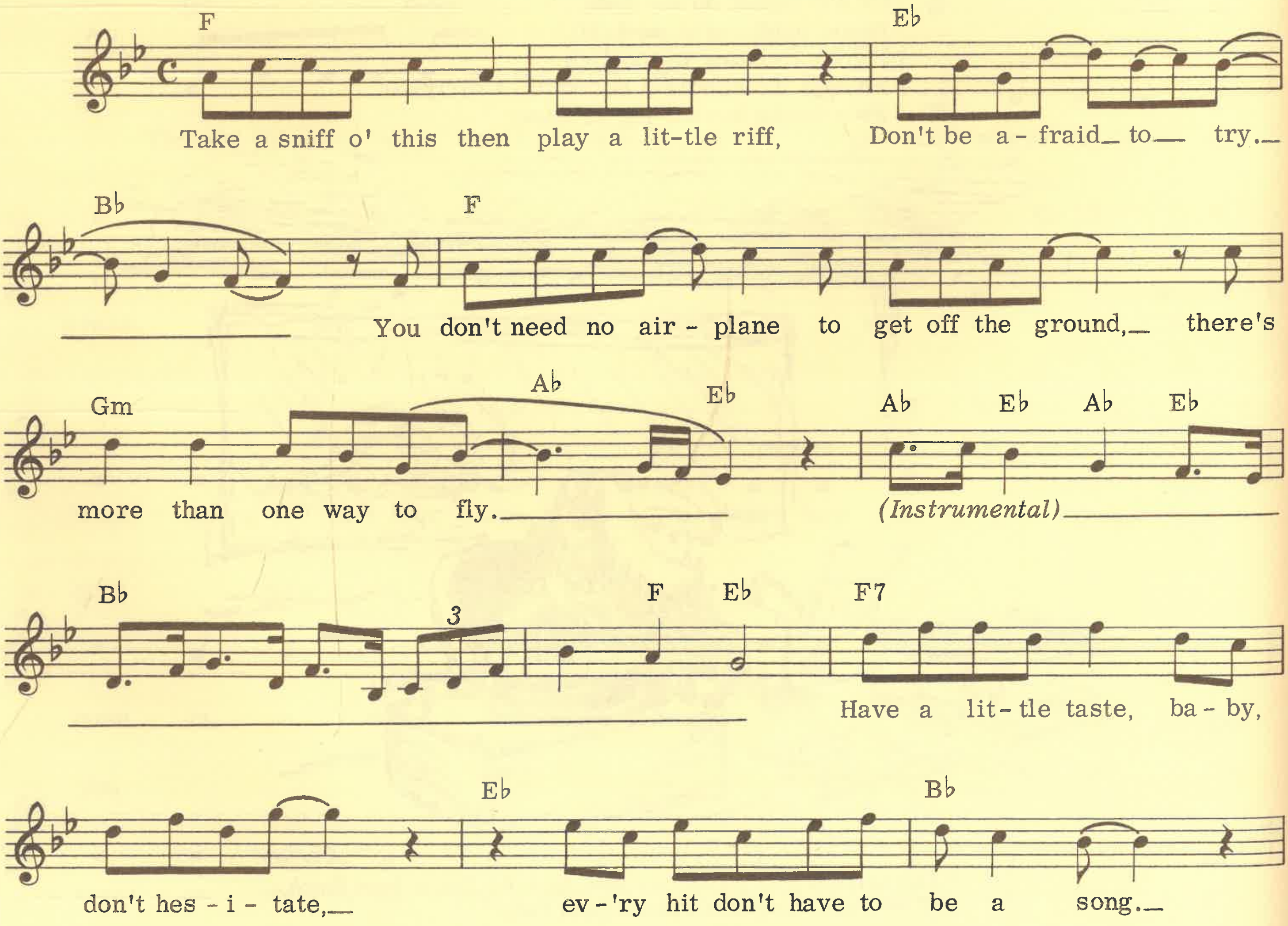


Nature dumps her sweet potatoes
In Mother Goose's sparkling wine,
Apple cores and old tomatoes
and a dash of turpentine.
Now, we're having some cold weather
Can't keep sleeping on the street
Got to keep my head together
Or I'll vomit on my feet.
Blood bank opens at 6:30,
I'll be standing in the line,
Though the needle's sometimes dirty,
Five bucks buys a jug of wine.

"This next one goes out to Fido from Spot, for Beanie from Butch, and for Taffy, Rover and Peanuts from Fang!"

Ridin' Out on a Rail

Music and lyrics by Tony Scheurin



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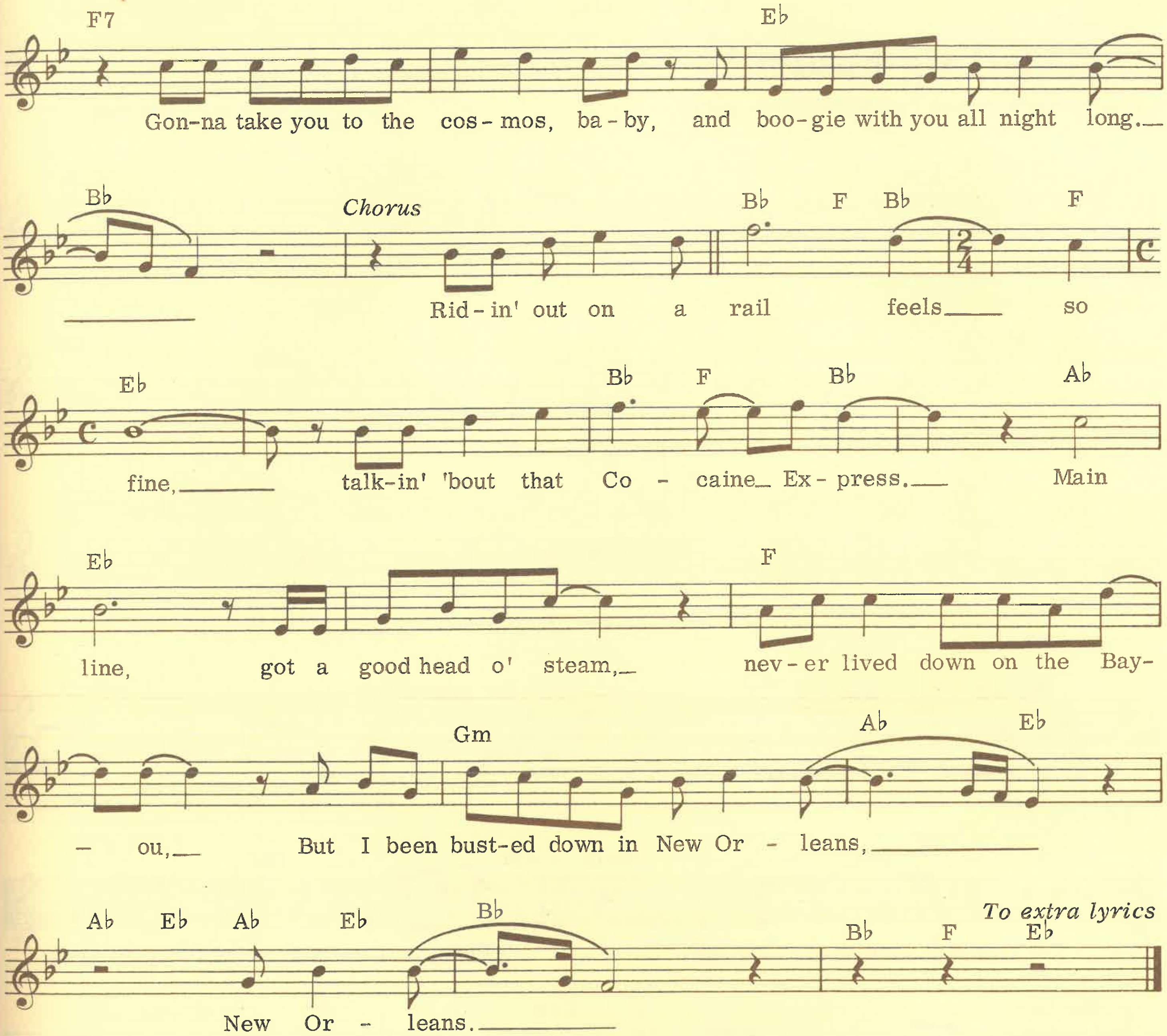


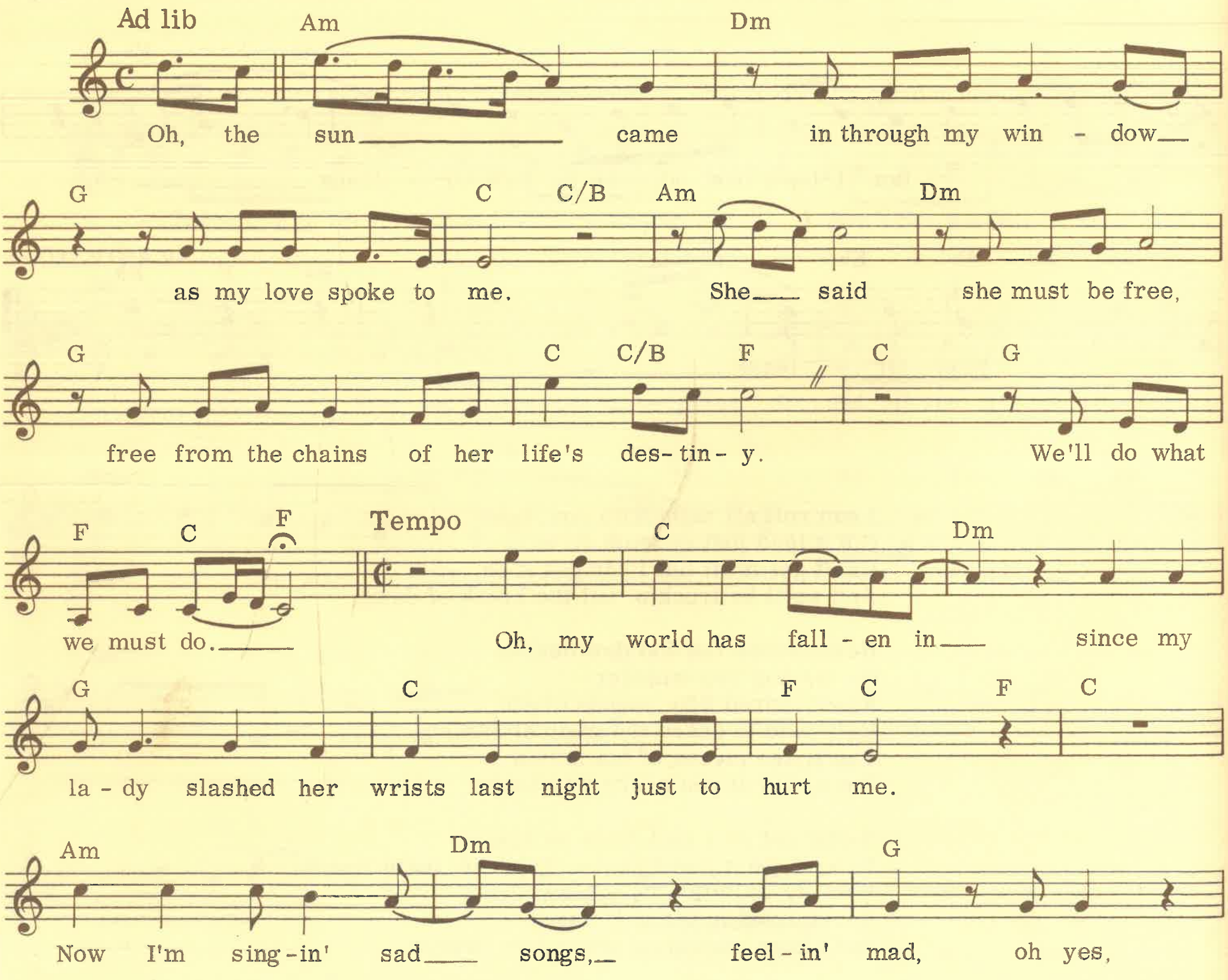
I can roll all night with you, baby,
Got a load just in from Peru.
Can't get it off but I can get it on,
And we'll be truckin' till the break of dawn.

Here comes the doo daw dealer
On his hog two-wheeler
Two hundred fifty pounds of sin.
He's paid to guard the main attraction,
You'll see pieces of his action
But he'll cut you every way but in.

Ridin' out on a rail feels so fine
Talkin' 'bout that Cocaine Express, main line.
Now my whistle's been blew
Never lived in the northlands
But I been snowblind out in San Berdoo.

Bleeding Heart

Music and lyrics by Tony Scheurin



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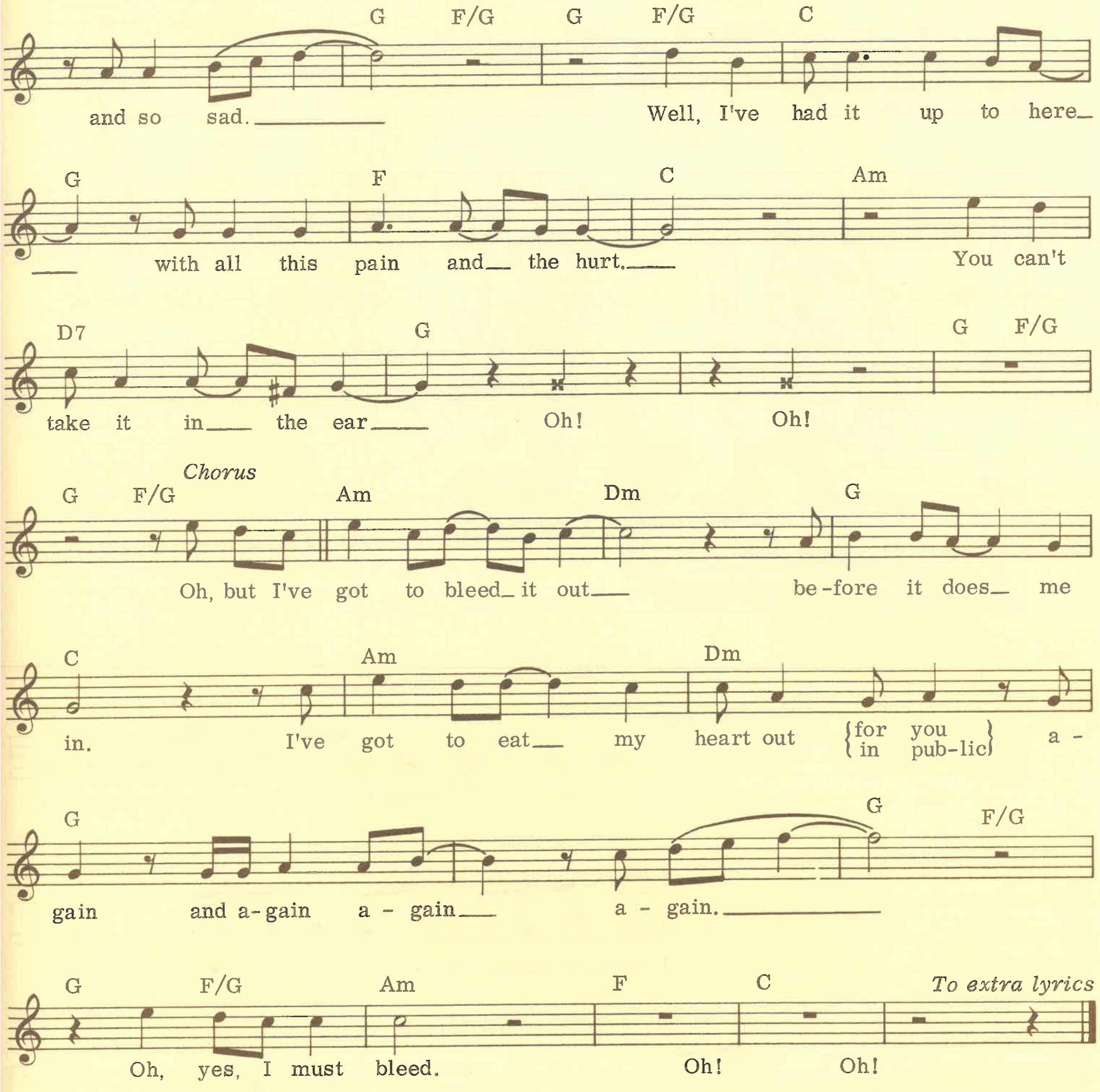
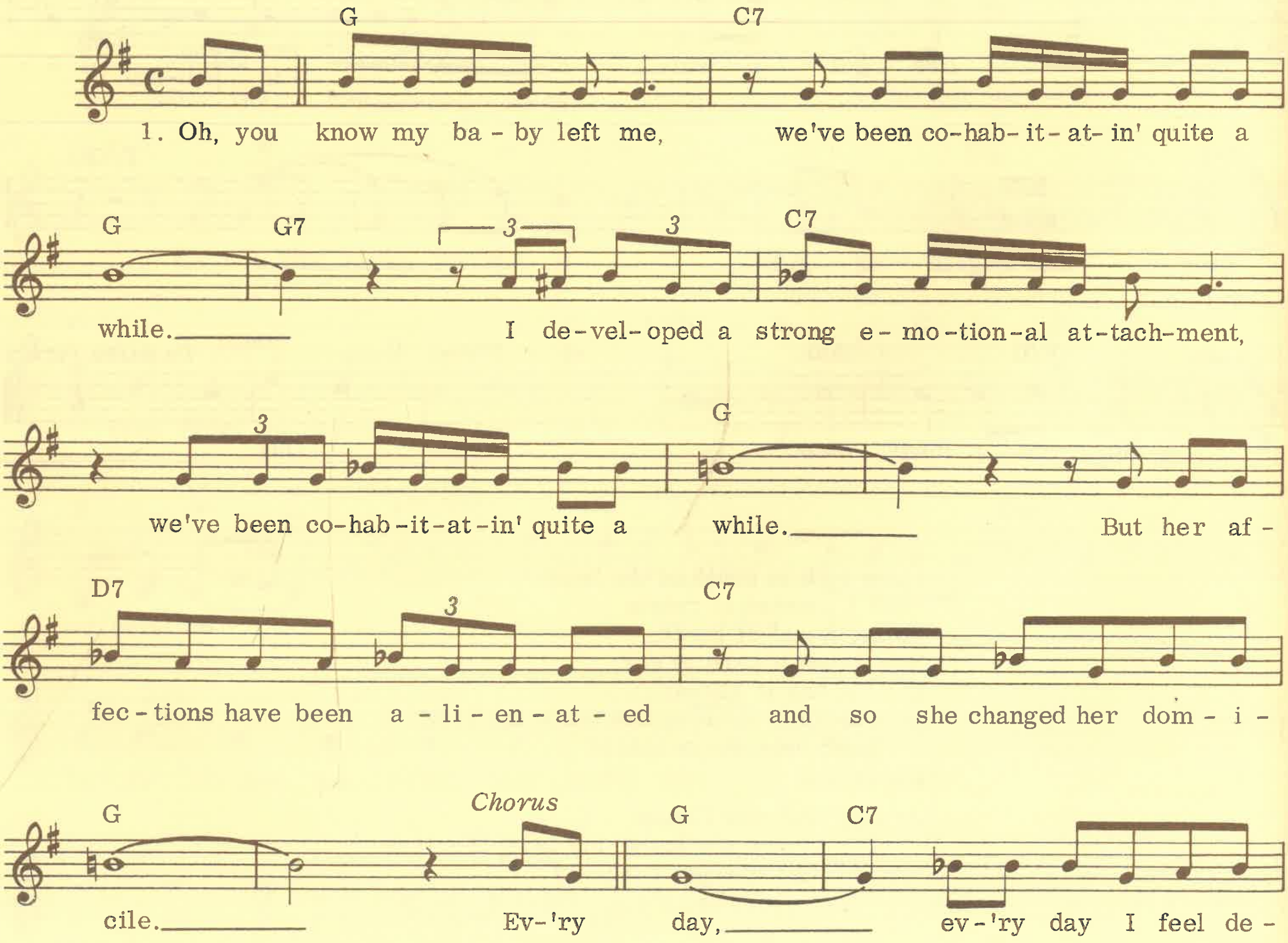


I was sick to death of the hook
Until I learned to relate
To my S and M lover.
Now I find it hard to say,
But I'll say it anyway:
"Oh woman, your love has made me hate,
hate, hate, hate, hate!"
(Chorus)

(Ad lib) And now I know,
I know you know, my love, it's true
Just how good it feels
To hurt you too.

Psychology Ptoday Blues

Music by Christopher Guest
Lyrics by Sean Kelly



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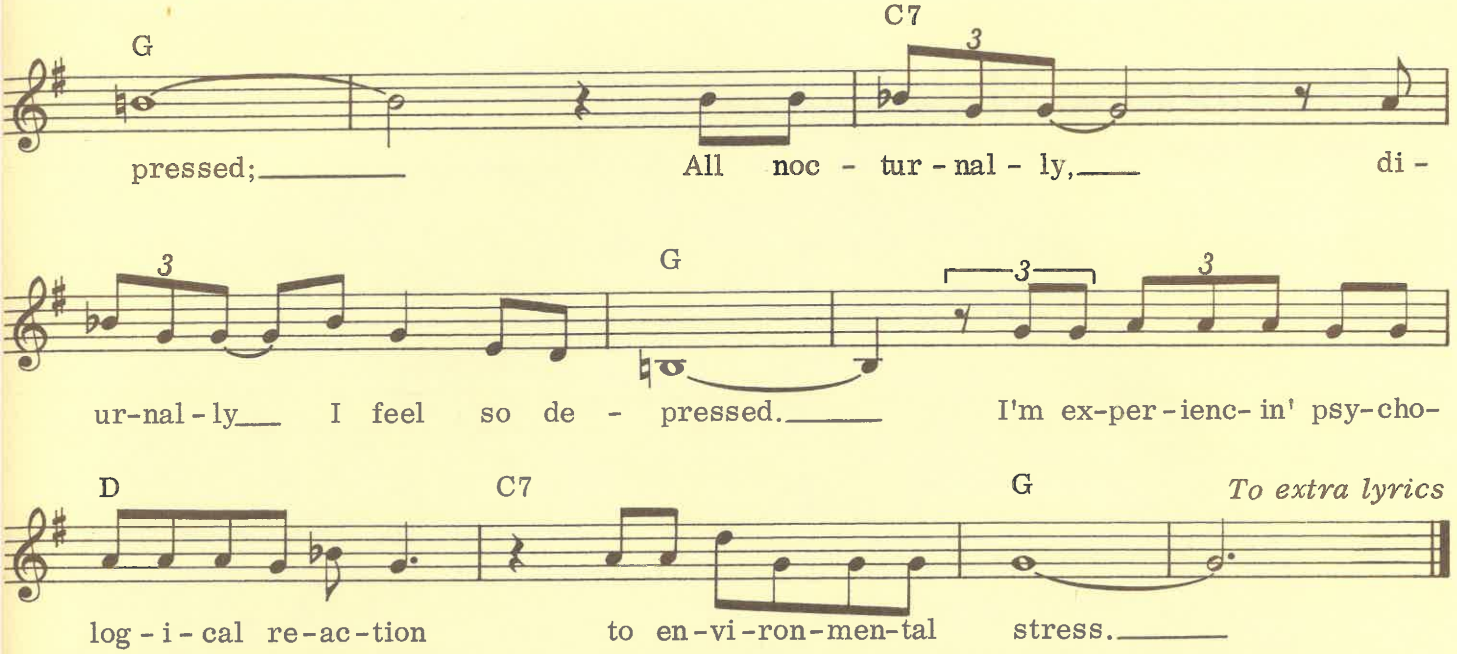
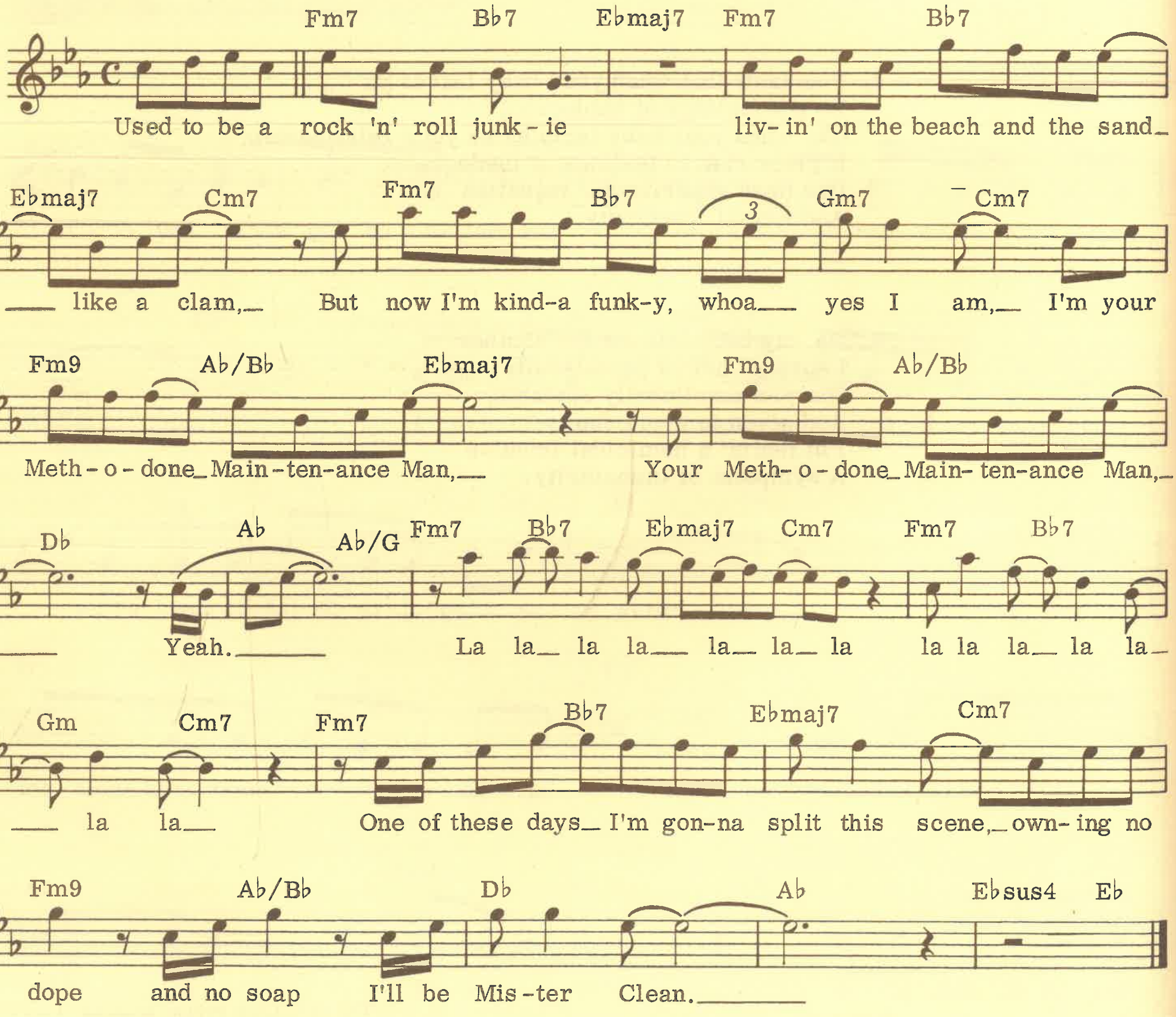


2. You know that when your baby leaves ya
Ya get feelings of inadequacy;
Oh, when your baby terminates your relationship,
It gives rise to feelings of inadequacy.
I've been experiencin' rejection
And sexual insecurity.

3. Oh, my baby left me for another
I suspect her of promiscuity;
She was emotionally unstable,
And given to promiscuity.
I'm feelin' a homicidal impulse
A symptom of immaturity.

Methadone Maintenance Man

Music and lyrics by Tony Scheurin



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Remember the Teen-age Death songs of the '50's and early '60's? Great, weren't they?

Now comes a game that will actually enable you to relive the lives (and redie the deaths) of those wonderful heroes and heroines from *Teen Angel* and *Tell Laura I Love Her* and *Honey* and *Patches* and all your favorite songs (or most of them, anyway)!

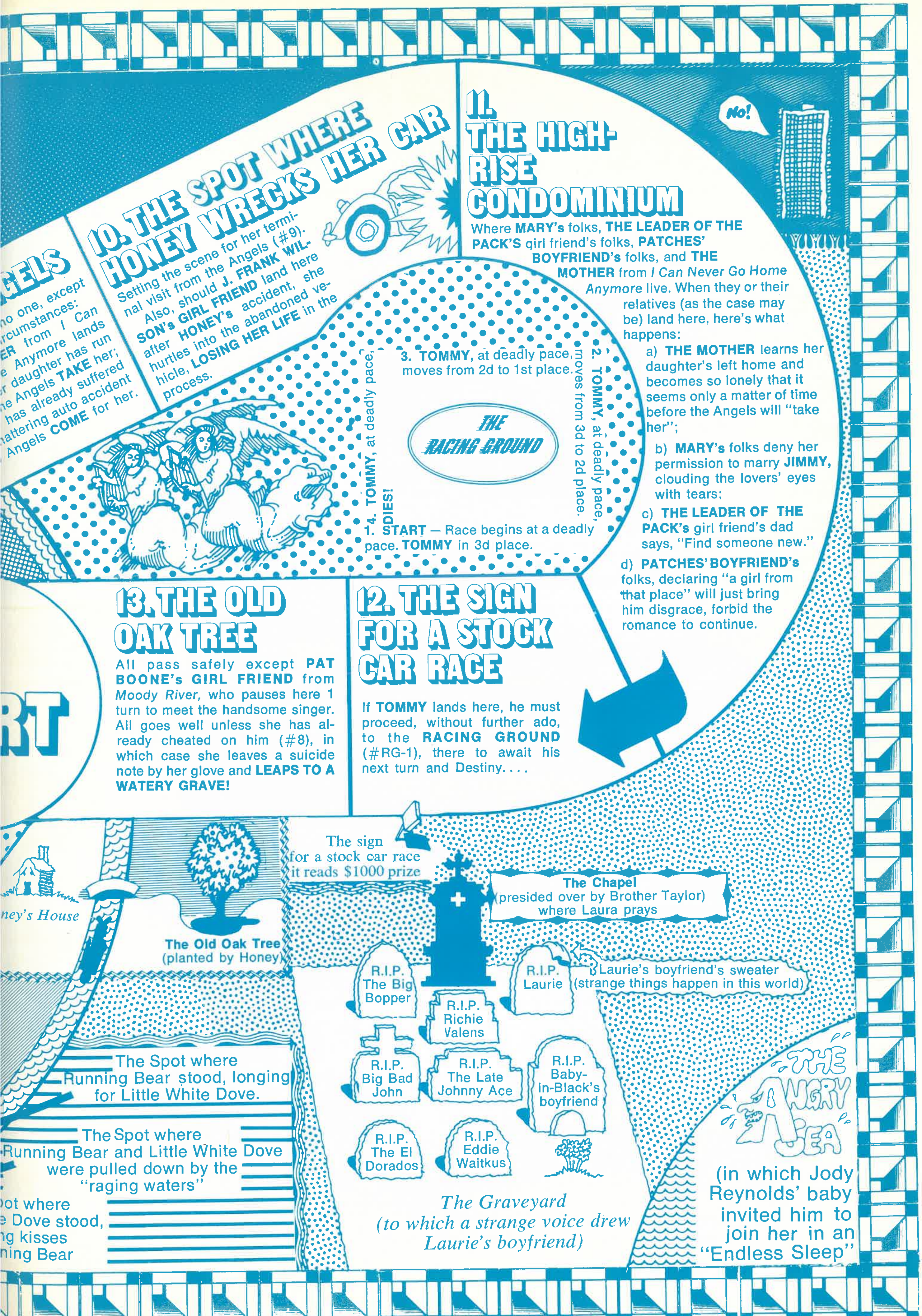
All you need to do to play the wonderful TEEN-AGE DEATH SONG GAME is gather a group of from two to 10 convivial death-song lovers; select, from the list below, the character each player is to represent; place the appropriate tokens on the "START" square (Square #1); and get hold of a pair of dice. Each player rolls in turn and advances his token the number of spaces the dice call for. All instructions on the game board must be followed implicitly. The last player alive at the end of the game is THE WINNER!

THE TEEN-AGE DEATH SONG GAME

by Christopher Cerf

Characters in Death Game

Teen Angel
The Leader of the Pack
Honey
The Mother (from *I Can Never Go Home Anymore)*
Pat Boone's Girl Friend (from *Moody River)*
Tommy (from *Tell Laura I Love Her)*
Jimmy and Mary (from *Give Us Your Blessings)*
Patches
(The following may be used *only if* there are nine or more players.)
Patches' Boyfriend
J. Frank Wilson's Girl Friend (from *Last Kiss)*



...GELS
...no one, except
...rcumstances:
...ER from I Can
...e Anymore lands
...r daughter has run
...e Angels TAKE her;
...has already suffered
...attering auto accident
... Angels COME for her.
10. THE SPOT WHERE HONEY WRECKS HER CAR
Setting the scene for her terminal visit from the Angels (#9). Also, should J. FRANK WILSON's GIRL FRIEND land here after HONEY's accident, she hurtles into the abandoned vehicle, LOSING HER LIFE in the process.
11. THE HIGH-RISE CONDOMINIUM
No!
Where MARY's folks, THE LEADER OF THE PACK'S girl friend's folks, PATCHES' BOYFRIEND's folks, and THE MOTHER from I Can Never Go Home Anymore live. When they or their relatives (as the case may be) land here, here's what happens:
a) THE MOTHER learns her daughter's left home and becomes so lonely that it seems only a matter of time before the Angels will "take her";
b) MARY's folks deny her permission to marry JIMMY, clouding the lovers' eyes with tears;
c) THE LEADER OF THE PACK's girl friend's dad says, "Find someone new."
d) PATCHES' BOYFRIEND's folks, declaring "a girl from that place" will just bring him disgrace, forbid the romance to continue.
THE RACING GROUND
1. START — Race begins at a deadly pace. TOMMY in 3d place.
2. TOMMY, at deadly pace, moves from 3d to 2d place.
3. TOMMY, at deadly pace, moves from 2d to 1st place.
4. TOMMY, at deadly pace, DIES!
13. THE OLD OAK TREE
All pass safely except PAT BOONE's GIRL FRIEND from Moody River, who pauses here 1 turn to meet the handsome singer. All goes well unless she has already cheated on him (#8), in which case she leaves a suicide note by her glove and LEAPS TO A WATERY GRAVE!
12. THE SIGN FOR A STOCK CAR RACE
If TOMMY lands here, he must proceed, without further ado, to the RACING GROUND (#RG-1), there to await his next turn and Destiny. . . .
...RT
...ney's House
The Old Oak Tree (planted by Honey)
The sign for a stock car race it reads $1000 prize
The Chapel (presided over by Brother Taylor) where Laura prays
R.I.P. The Big Bopper
R.I.P. Laurie
Laurie's boyfriend's sweater (strange things happen in this world)
R.I.P. Richie Valens
R.I.P. Big Bad John
R.I.P. The Late Johnny Ace
R.I.P. Baby-in-Black's boyfriend
R.I.P. The El Dorados
R.I.P. Eddie Waitkus
The Graveyard (to which a strange voice drew Laurie's boyfriend)
The Spot where Running Bear stood, longing for Little White Dove.
The Spot where Running Bear and Little White Dove were pulled down by the "raging waters"
...pot where ...e Dove stood, ...ng kisses ...ning Bear
THE ANGRY SEA
(in which Jody Reynolds' baby invited him to join her in an "Endless Sleep")

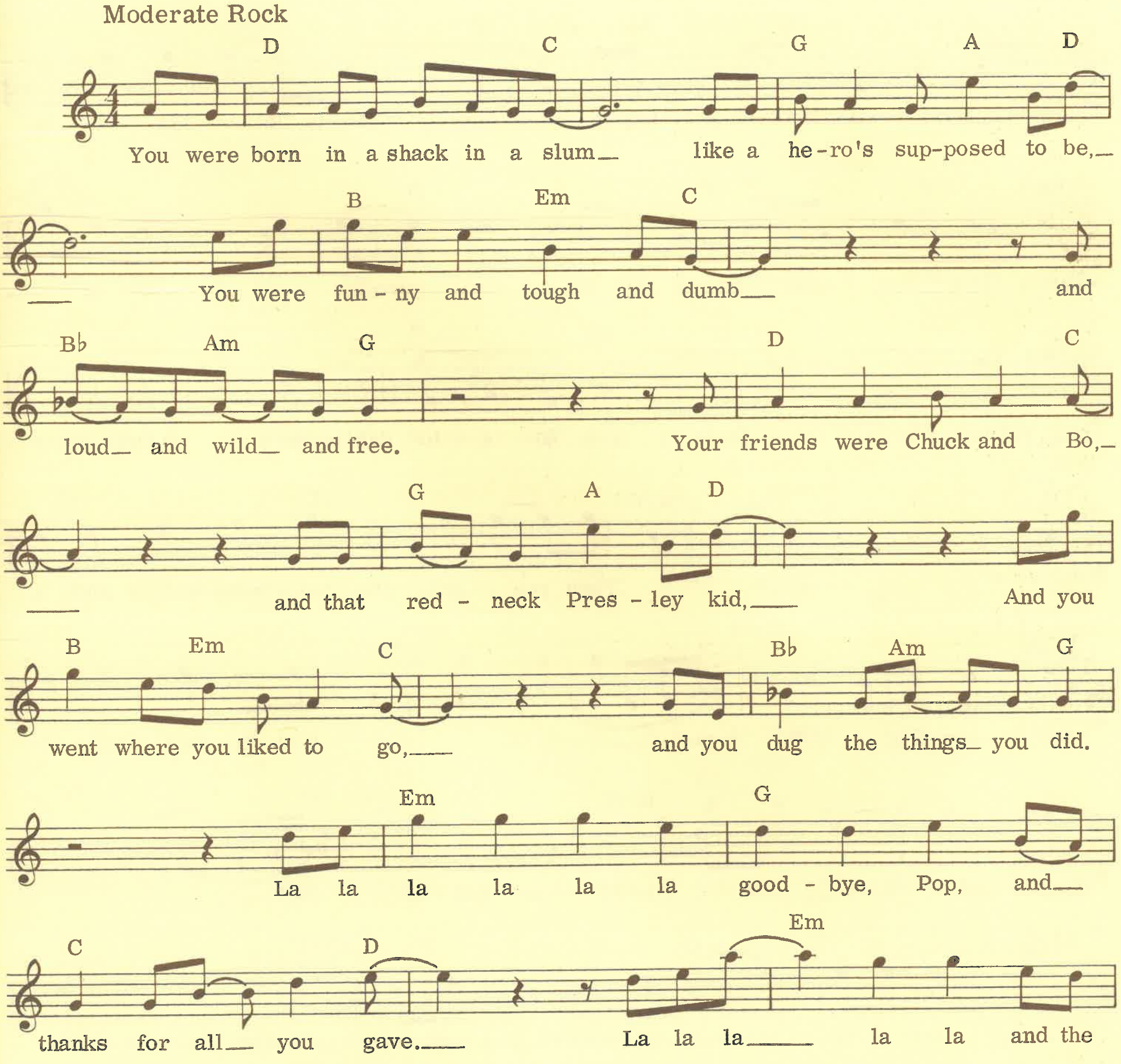
Good-bye Pop

"Good-bye, Pop" is the National Lampoon's last attempt (we promise) to make it big on the charts and in the hearts of America's music-loving public, and to get free dope and teen-age girls and all that good stuff.

All the songs from the album (released in early '76) are included here. In performing "Old Maid" (and only then), it is important to keep Neil Young in mind. Otherwise, the songs are about types of popular music, rather than individuals. Except, of course, for "Down to Jamaica," a tribute to the man without whom none of this would have been possible, or even necessary, Bob Dylan.

Good-bye, Pop

Music by Paul Shaffer and Paul Jacobs
Lyrics by Sean Kelly



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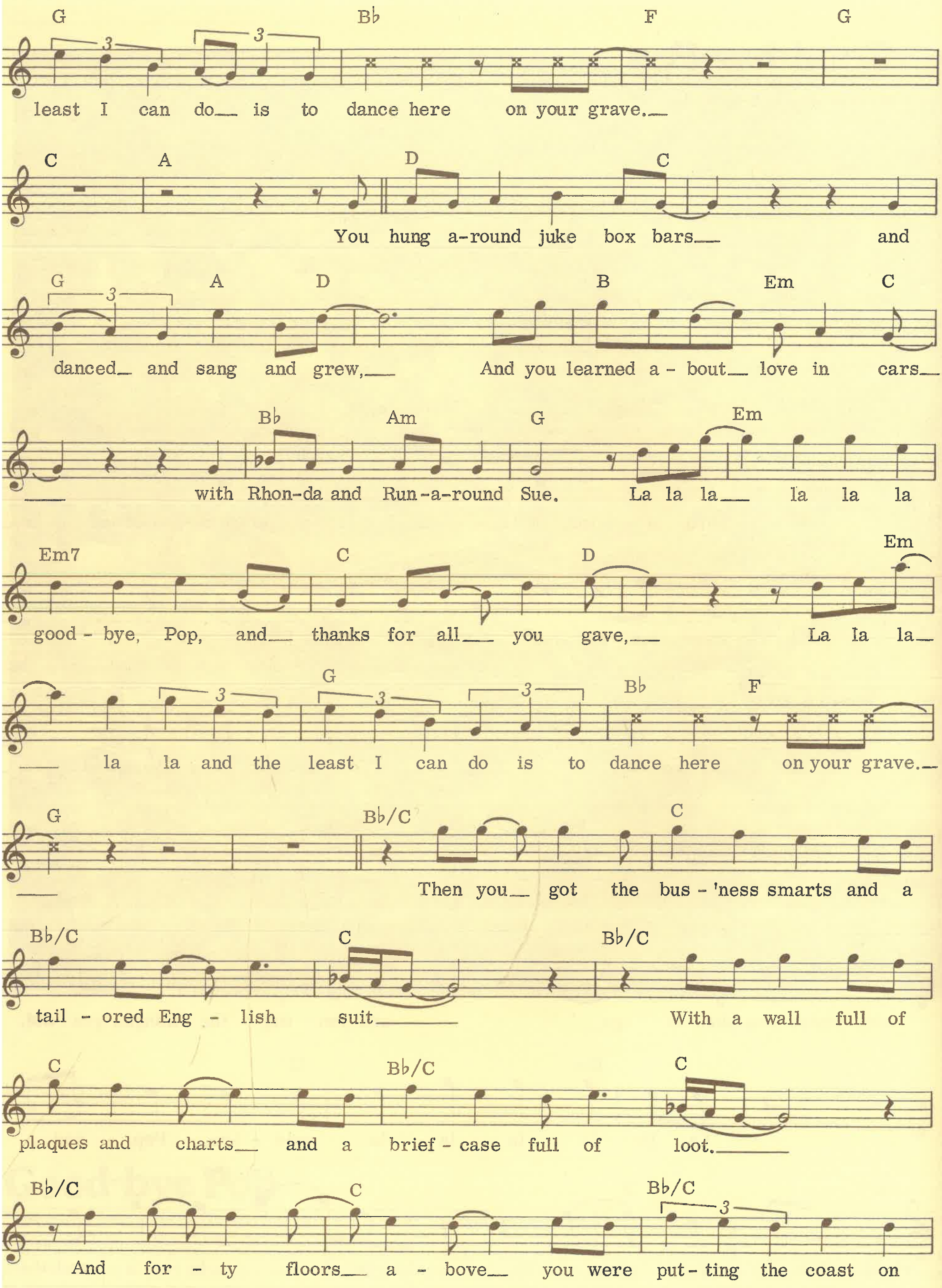
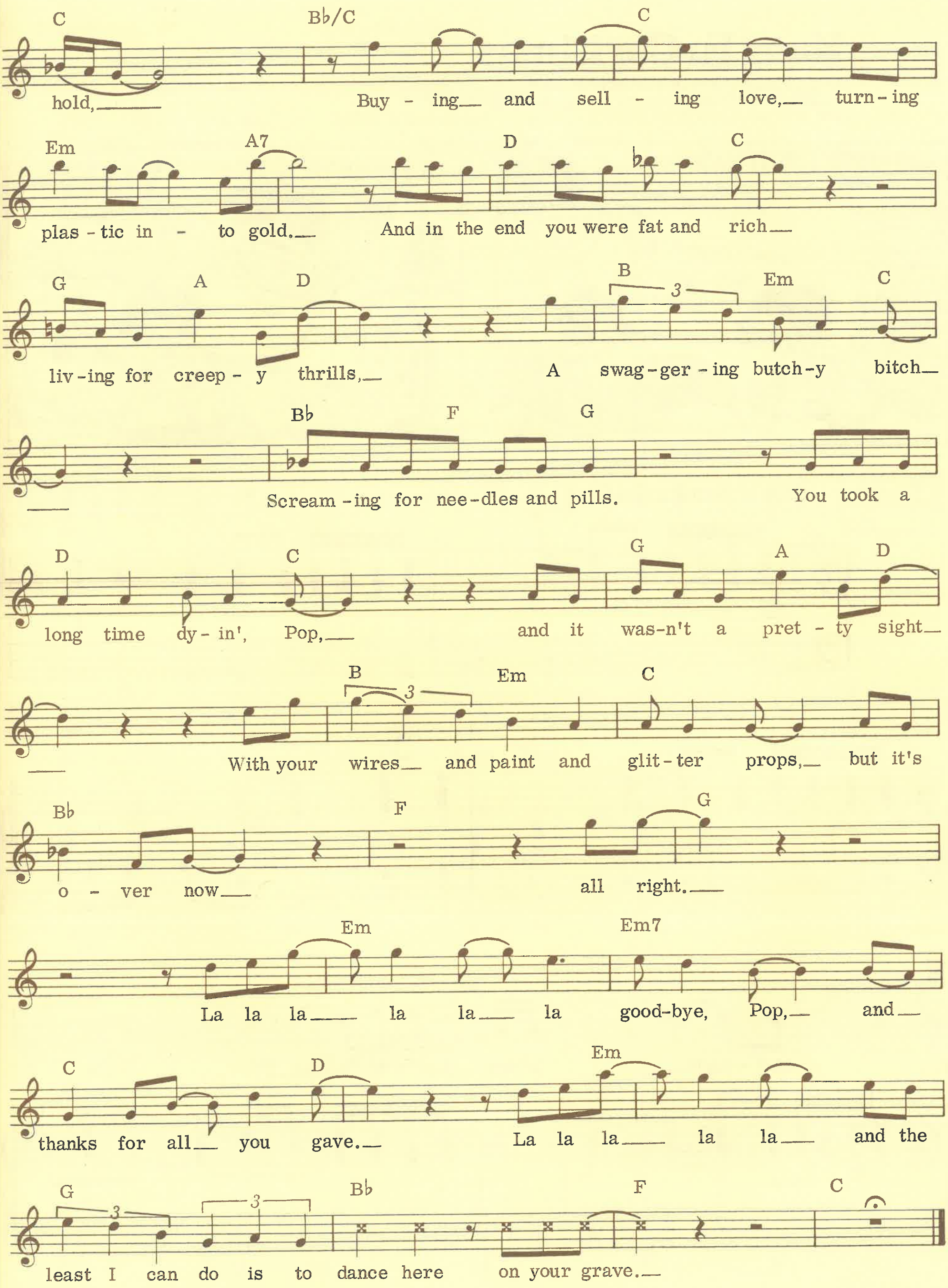
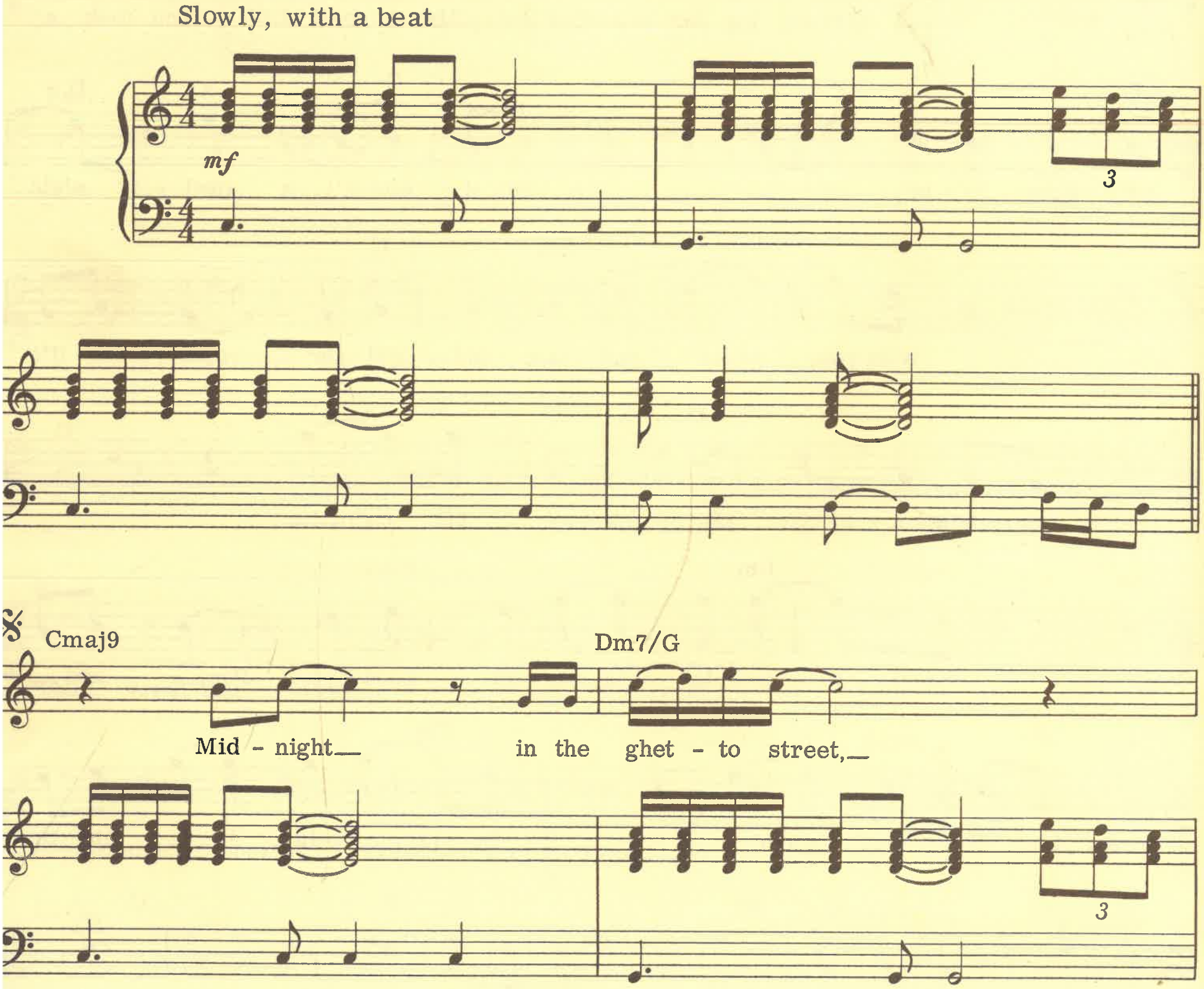

G Bb F G
least I can do— is to dance here on your grave.—
C A D C
You hung a-round juke box bars— and
G A D B Em C
danced— and sang and grew,— And you learned a - bout— love in cars—
Bb Am G Em
— with Rhon-da and Run-a-round Sue. La la la— la la la
Em7 C D Em
good - bye, Pop, and— thanks for all— you gave,— La la la—
G Bb F
— la la and the least I can do is to dance here on your grave.—
G Bb/C C
— Then you— got the bus - 'ness smarts and a
Bb/C C Bb/C
tail - ored Eng - lish suit With a wall full of
C Bb/C C
plaques and charts— and a brief - case full of loot.
Bb/C C Bb/C
And for - ty floors— a - bove— you were put - ting the coast on


C Bb/C C
hold, Buy - ing and sell - ing love, turn - ing
Em A7 D C
plas - tic in - to gold. And in the end you were fat and rich
G A D B Em C
liv - ing for creep - y thrills, A swag - ger - ing butch - y bitch
Bb F G
Scream - ing for nee - dles and pills. You took a
D C G A D
long time dy - in', Pop, and it was - n't a pret - ty sight
B Em C
With your wires and paint and glit - ter props, but it's
Bb F G
o - ver now all right.
Em Em7
La la la la la la good-bye, Pop, and
C D Em
thanks for all you gave. La la la la la and the
G Bb F C
least I can do is to dance here on your grave.

Kung Fu Christmas

Music by Paul Shaffer and Christopher Guest
Lyrics by Brian Doyle-Murray, Bill Murray, and Gilda Radner



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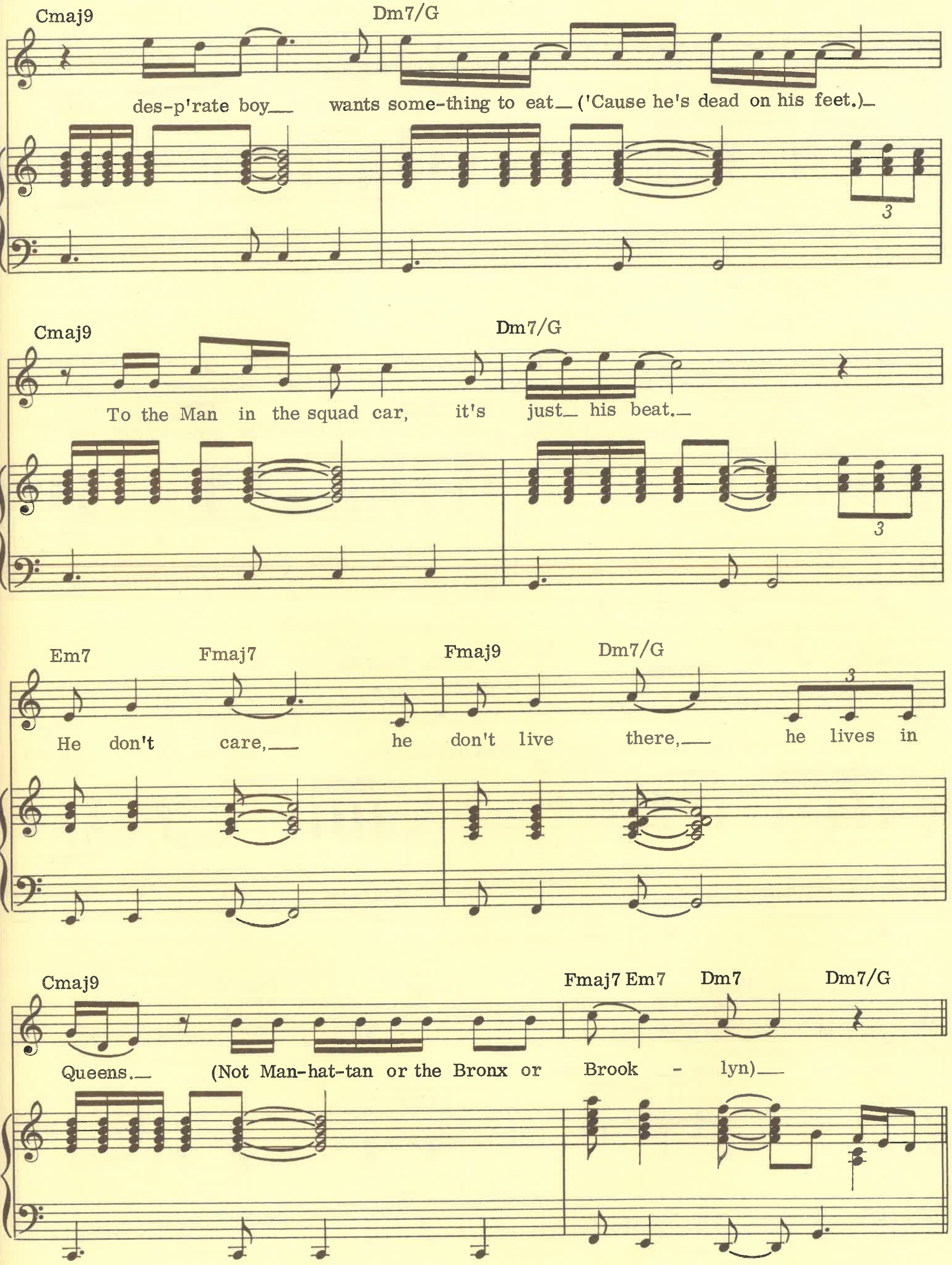
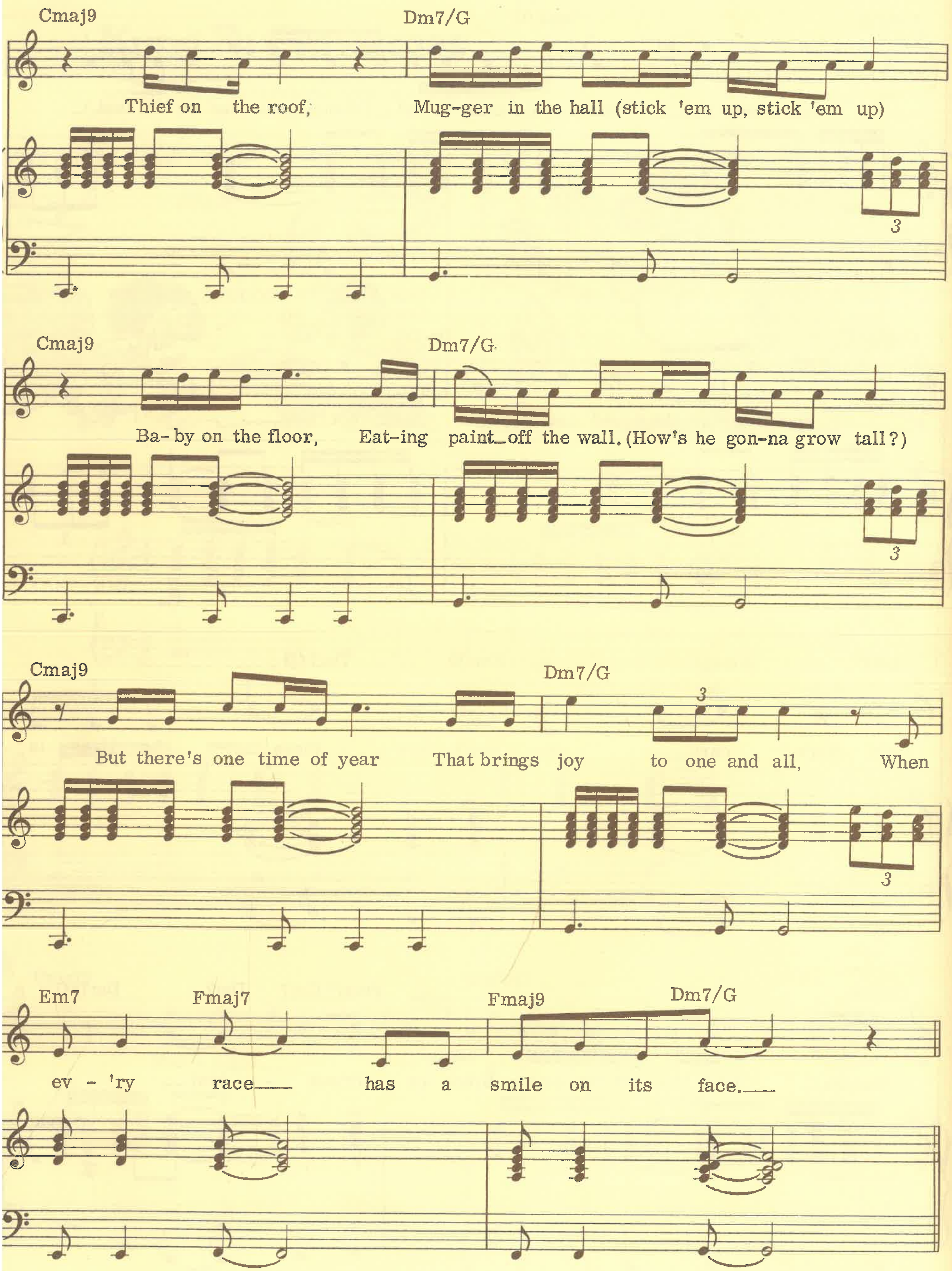
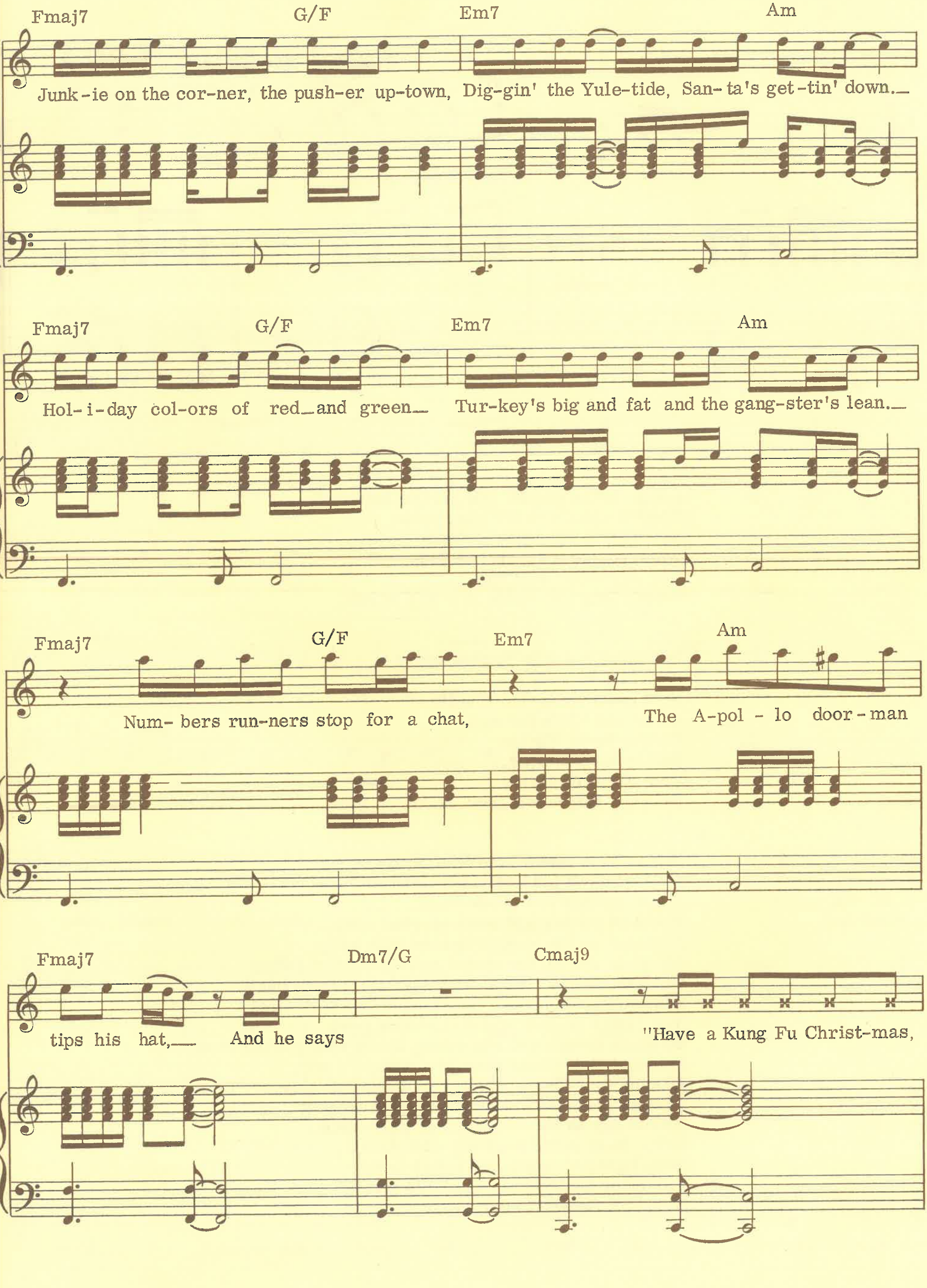
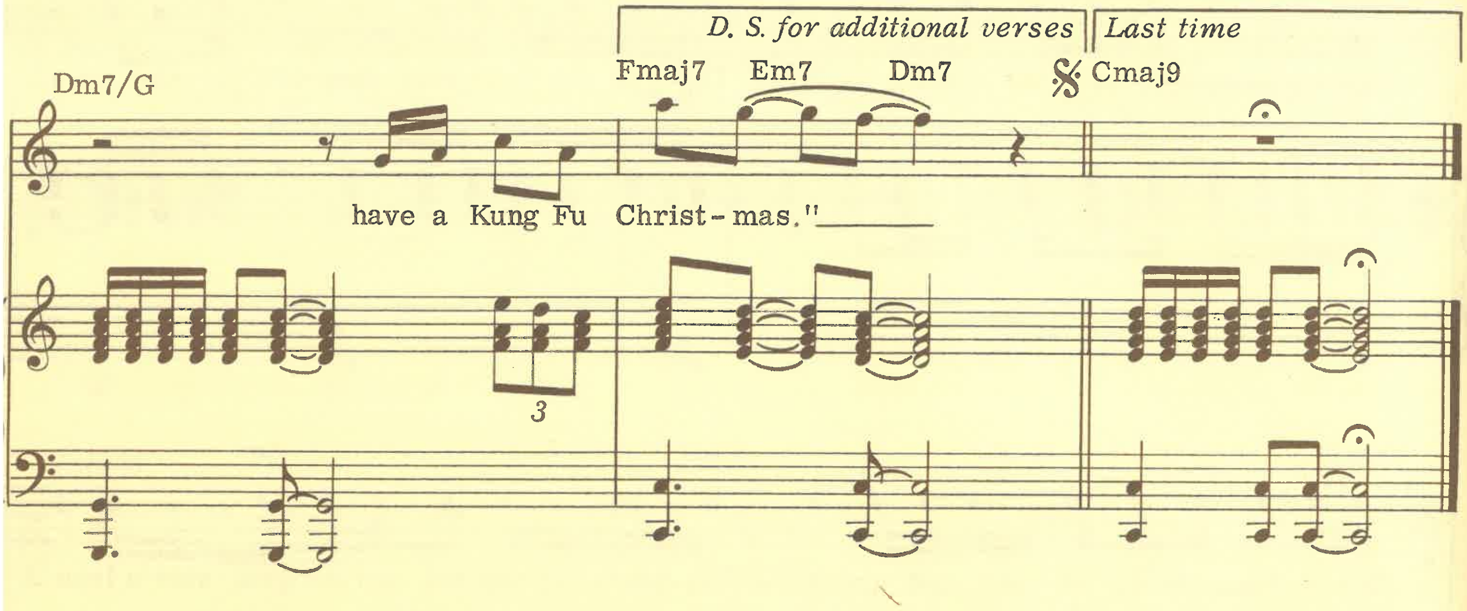

Cmaj9
Dm7/G
des-p'rate boy wants some-thing to eat ('Cause he's dead on his feet.)
3
Cmaj9
Dm7/G
To the Man in the squad car, it's just his beat.
3
Em7
Fmaj7
Fmaj9
Dm7/G
3
He don't care, he don't live there, he lives in
Cmaj9
Fmaj7 Em7
Dm7
Dm7/G
Queens. (Not Man-hat-tan or the Bronx or Brook - lyn)


Cmaj9
Dm7/G
Thief on the roof, Mug-ger in the hall (stick 'em up, stick 'em up)
Cmaj9
Dm7/G
Ba-by on the floor, Eat-ing paint_off the wall. (How's he gon-na grow tall?)
Cmaj9
Dm7/G
But there's one time of year That brings joy to one and all, When
Em7
Fmaj7
Fmaj9
Dm7/G
ev - 'ry race___ has a smile on its face.___
3


Fmaj7 G/F Em7 Am
Junk-ie on the cor-ner, the push-er up-town, Dig-gin' the Yule-tide, San-ta's get-tin' down.
Fmaj7 G/F Em7 Am
Hol-i-day col-ors of red and green Tur-key's big and fat and the gang-ster's lean.
Fmaj7 G/F Em7 Am
Num-bers run-ners stop for a chat, The A-pol - lo door-man
Fmaj7 Dm7/G Cmaj9
tips his hat, And he says "Have a Kung Fu Christ-mas,



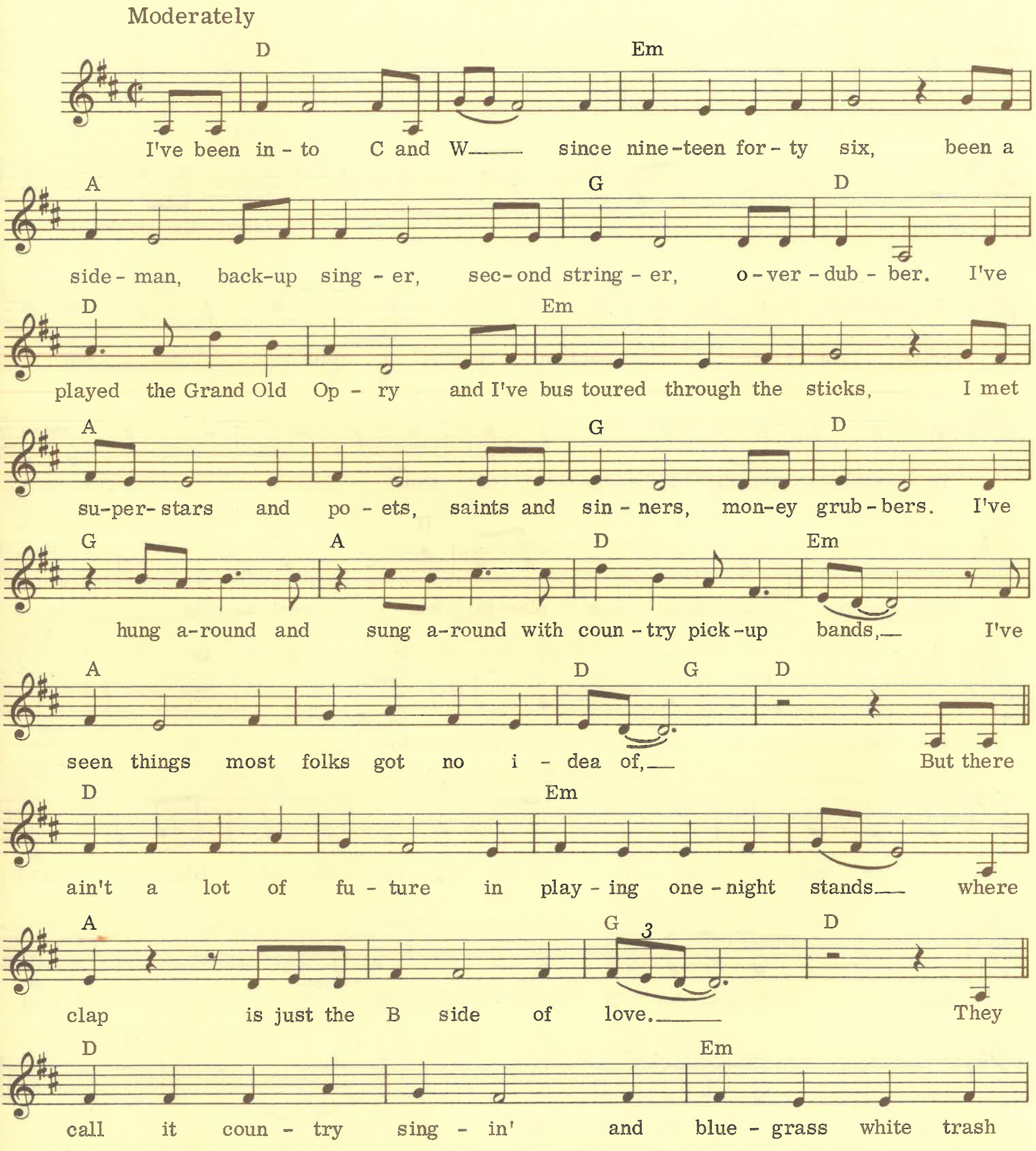
Livin' in the ghetto, you always lose,
They'll shoot you for your socks,
And they'll stick you for your shoes.
When you're a super-bad dude,
You pay super-bad dues,
Where fear and strife is a way of life.

But there's a man coming today
With lots of loot,
He's got a Pimp-mo-Sleigh,
A red and white fur suit,
He's a Super Fly guy,
And he's awful cute.
He's about to arrive,
Bringin' jingle bell jive.

Santa Claus makin' the Soul Train scene,
Slickin' down his beard with Afro-sheen.
Eenie meenie and minie moes,
Frost in the air and snow up your nose.
Diamond in the back, trimmed with holly,
My girls are on the street and I'm feelin' jolly.
Christmas Eve comin' with its last minute bustle,
Santa tells the elves, "You better do the Hustle!"
You better be bad, and that means good,
So Santa brings you something that's really Hollywood.
Spendin' Christmas time in a Kung-Fu way,
Dashin' and dancin' while you maim and slay.
Pimpin' bad daddy with his big red nose,
Sellin' Joy to the world in her pantyhose.
Baby, baby make your day complete,
With lightnin' hands and lethal feet.
Lavender Caddy and Super-Fly clothes
Kung-Fu fightin' under mistletoes . . .

The B Side of Love

Music by Christopher Guest, Paul Shaffer, and Paul Jacobs
Lyrics by Sean Kelly



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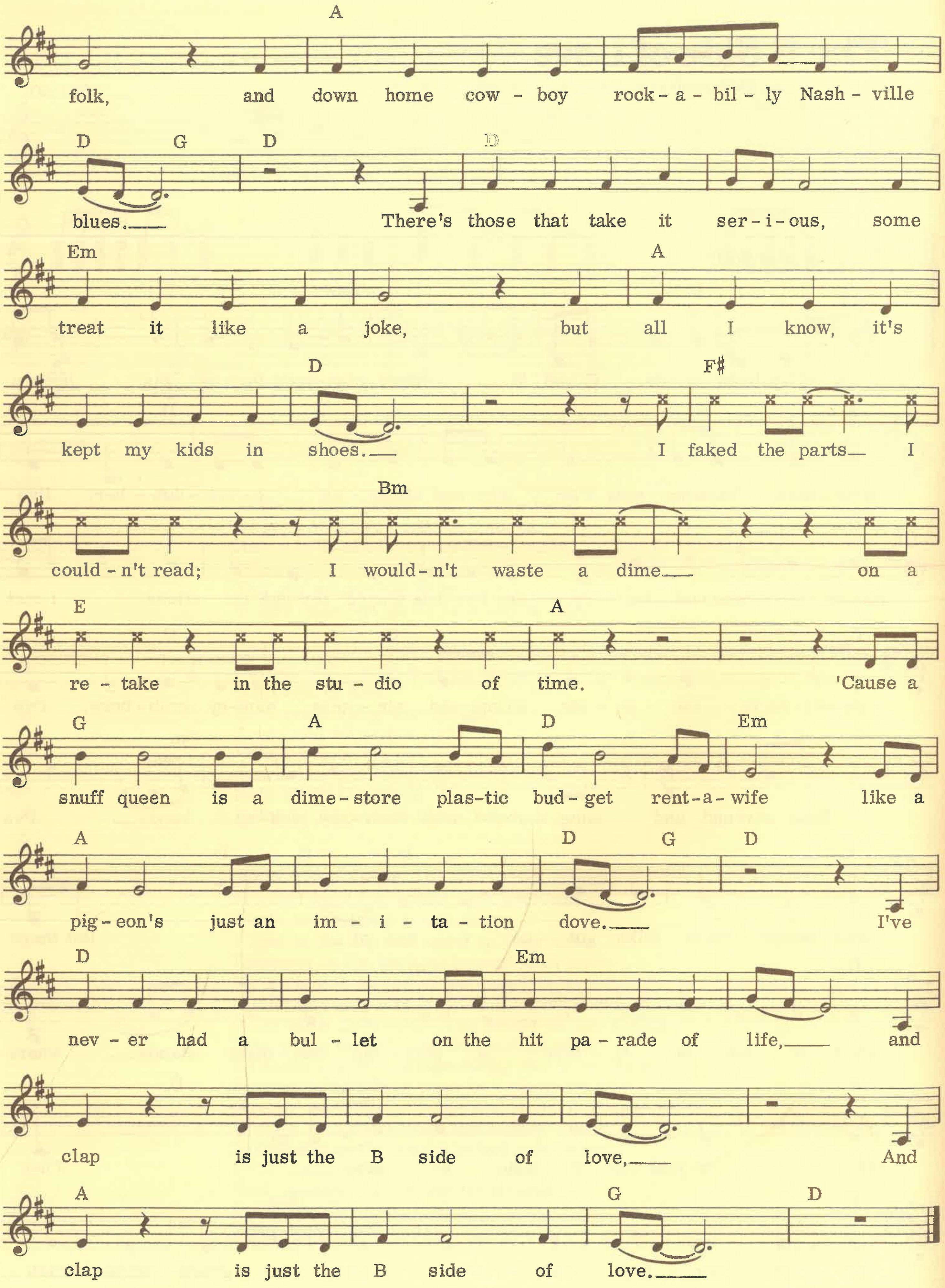
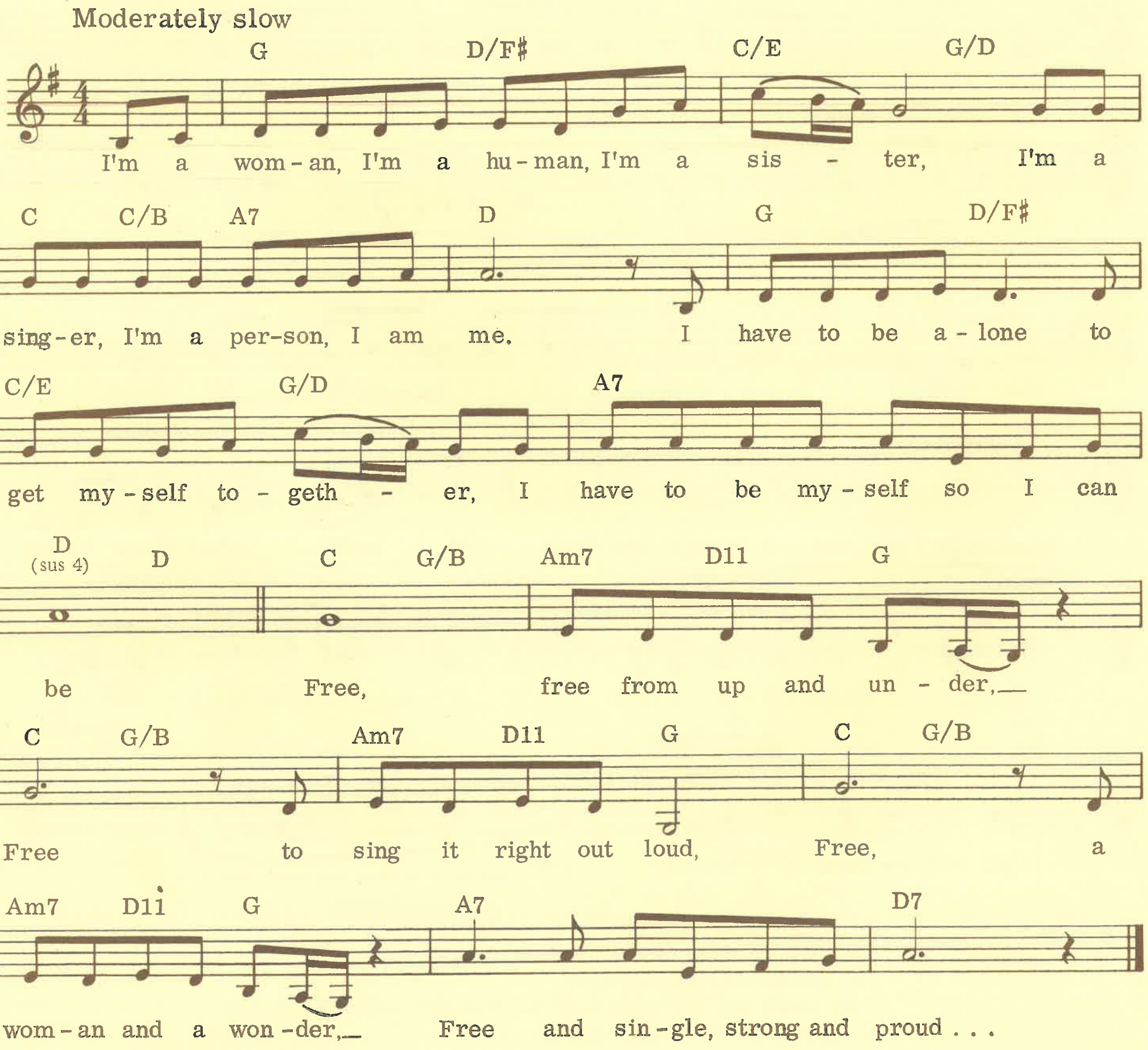
ARTS
N.Y.


A
folk, and down home cow - boy rock - a - bil - ly Nash - ville
D G D D
blues. There's those that take it ser - i - ous, some
Em A
treat it like a joke, but all I know, it's
D F♯
kept my kids in shoes. I faked the parts I
Bm
could - n't read; I would - n't waste a dime on a
E A
re - take in the stu - dio of time. 'Cause a
G A D Em
snuff queen is a dime - store plas - tic bud - get rent - a - wife like a
A D G D
pig - eon's just an im - i - ta - tion dove. I've
D Em
nev - er had a bul - let on the hit pa - rade of life, and
clap is just the B side of love, And
A G D
clap is just the B side of love.

I'm a Woman

Music by Paul Jacobs
Lyrics by Sean Kelly



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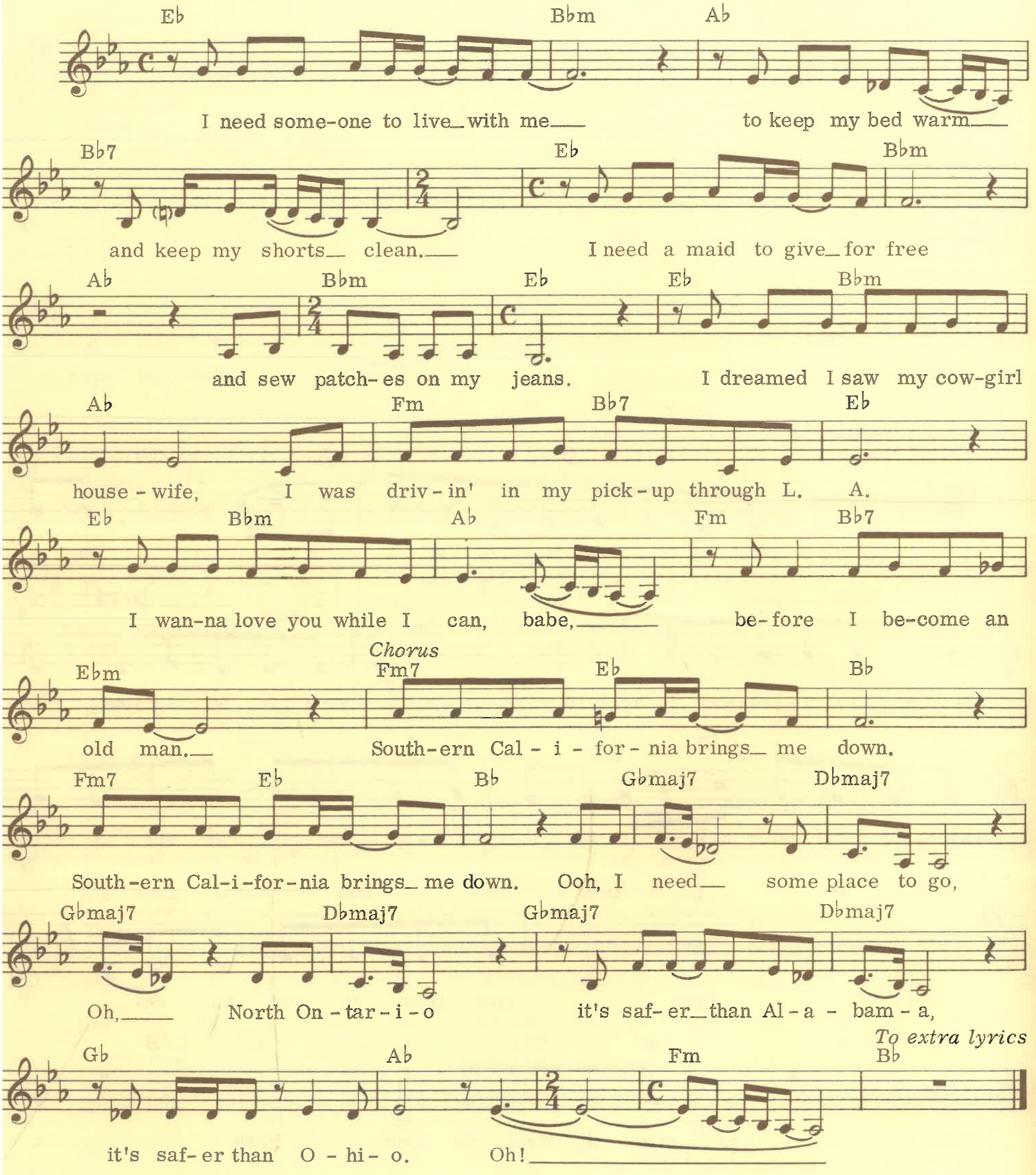
Old Maid (Southern California Brings Me Down)

Music and lyrics by Tony Scheurin



Gonna go home now where I can grow
With the cowgirl of my dreams.
I'm gonna stay stoned now,
Just stare out my basement window and scream. Aaah!
Southern California brings me down,
Topanga Canyon freaks, you won't see me around no more.

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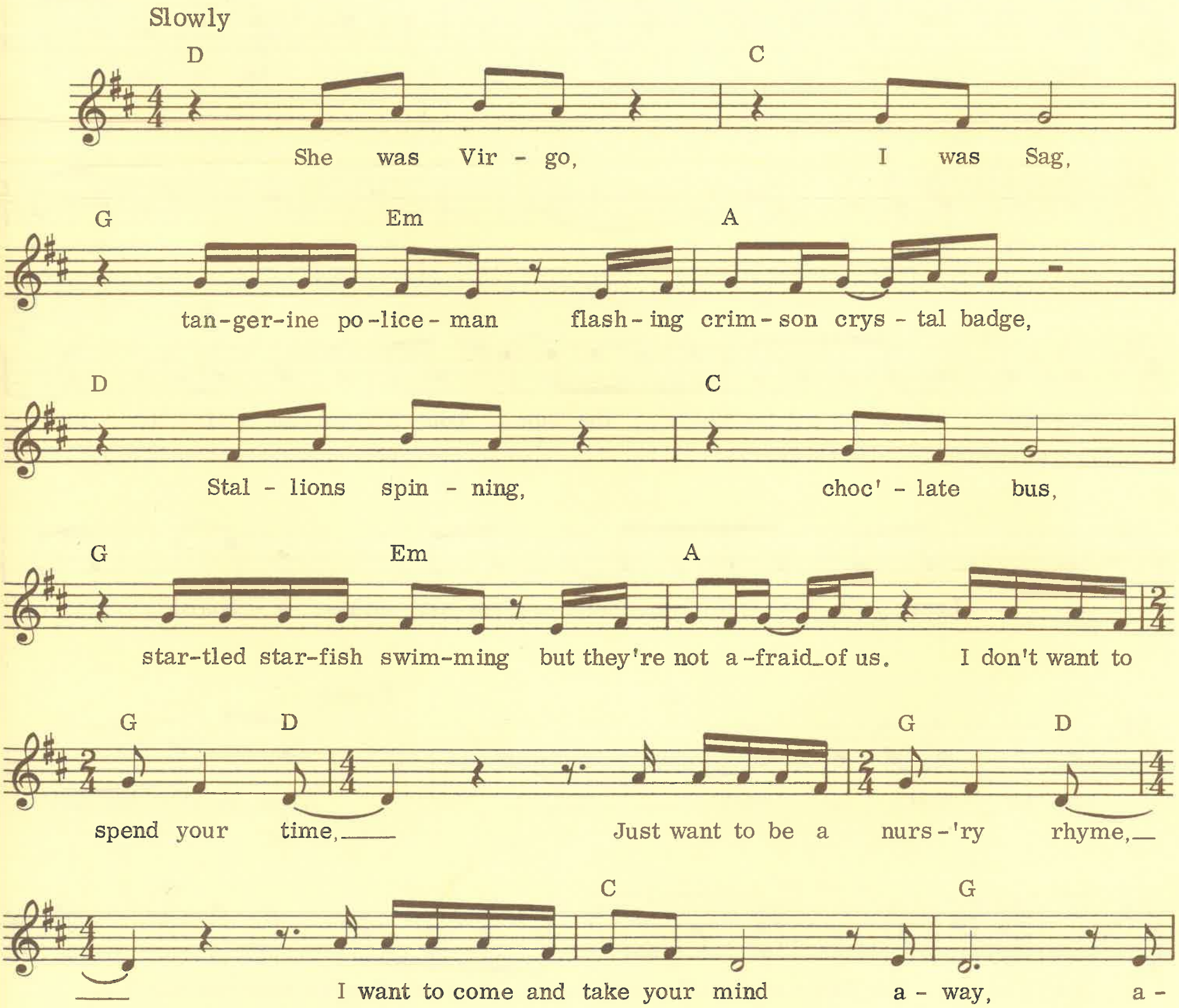
Art Rock Suite

Music by Paul Jacobs, Christopher Guest, and Paul Shaffer
Lyrics by Sean Kelly and Christopher Guest



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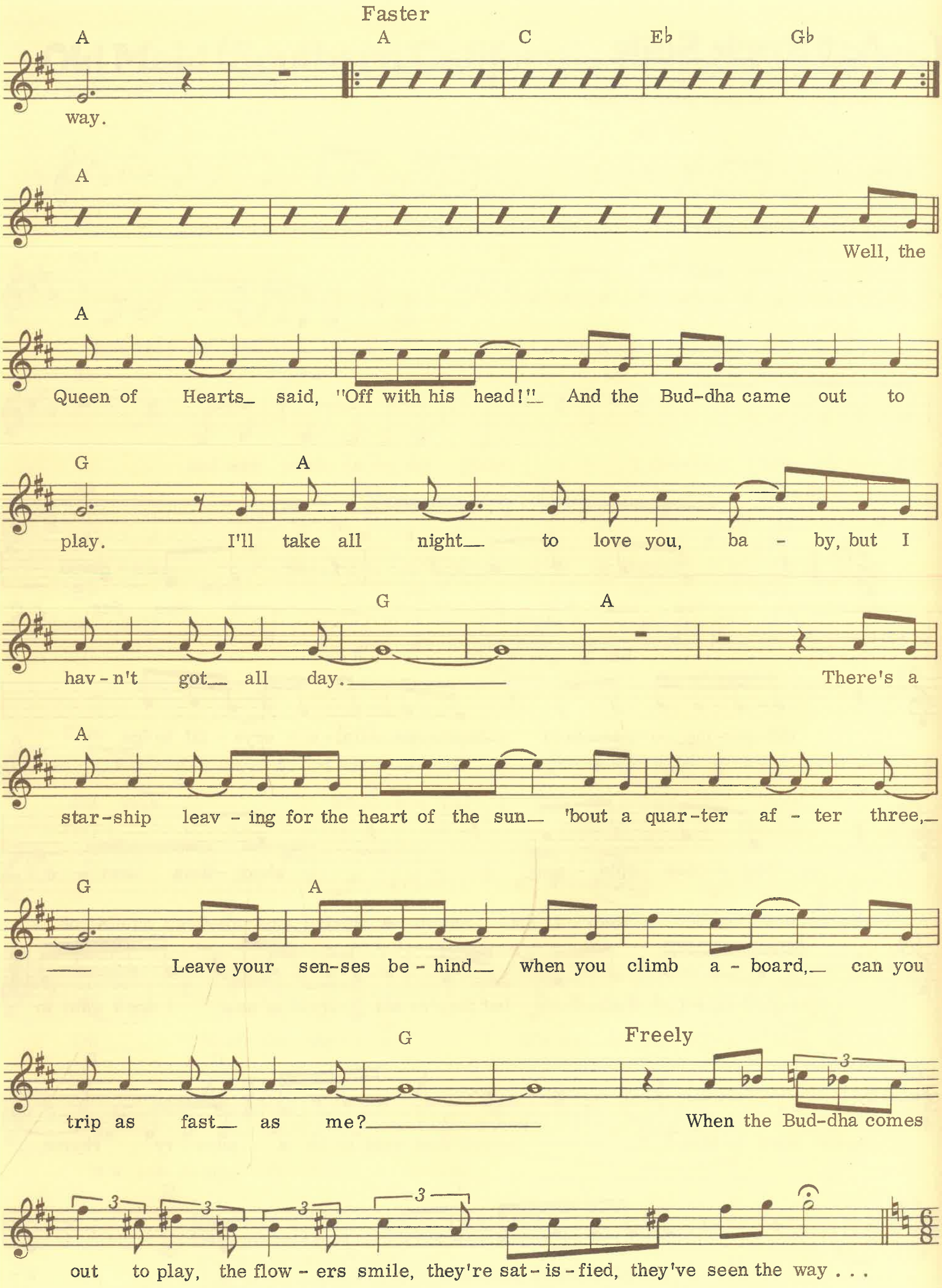
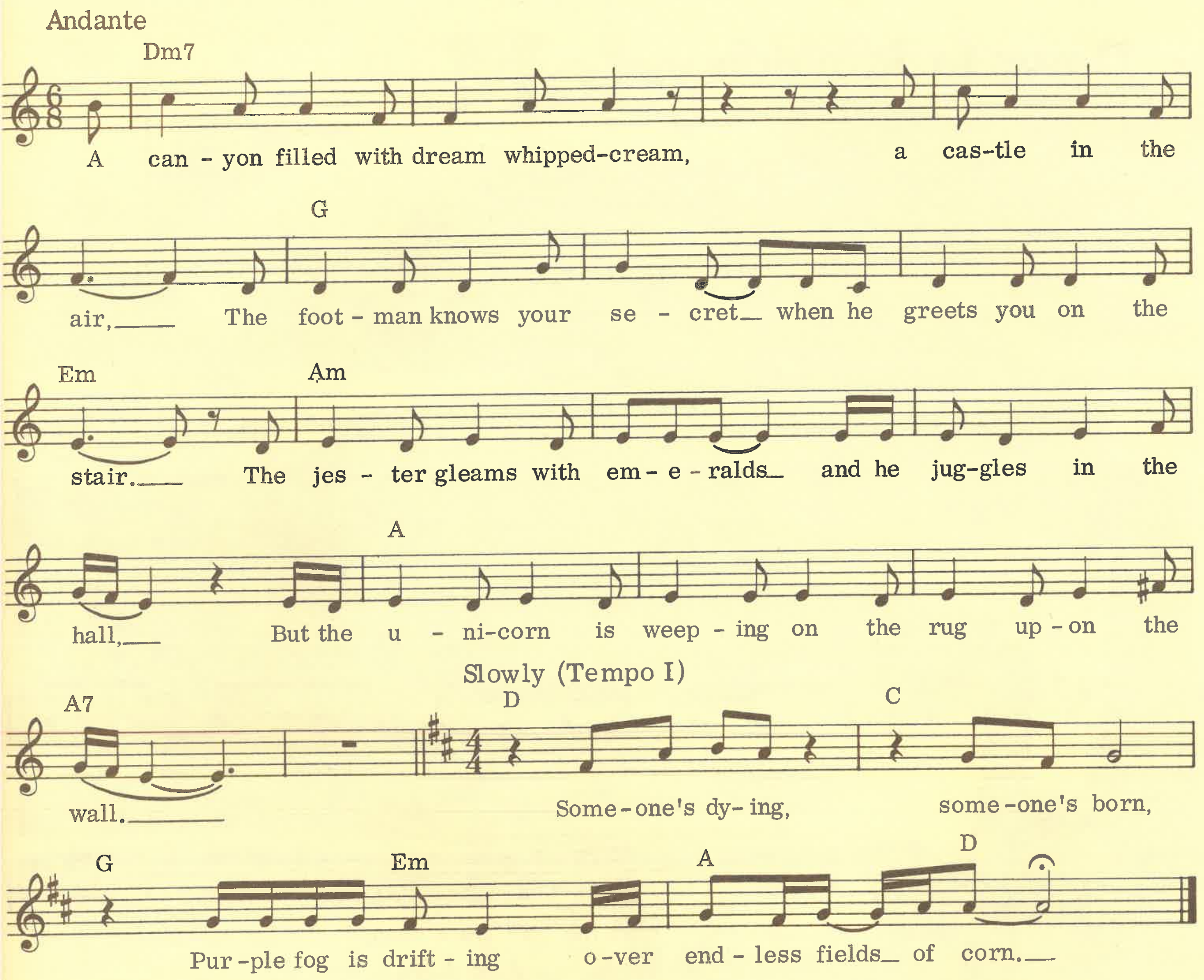
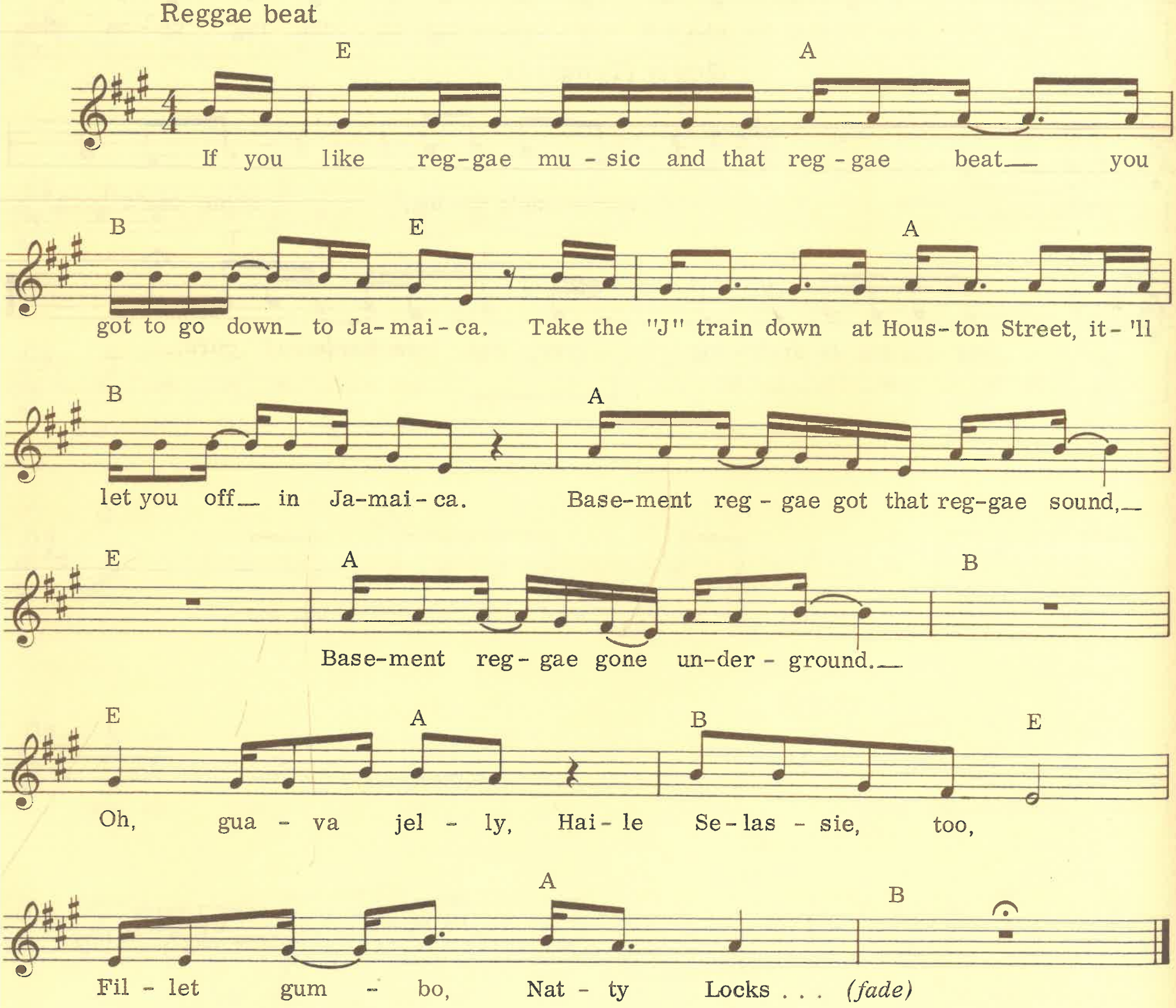

Faster
A A C Eb Gb
way.
A
Well, the
A
Queen of Hearts_ said, "Off with his head!"_ And the Bud-dha came out to
G A
play. I'll take all night_ to love you, ba - by, but I
G A
hav-n't got_ all day.
There's a
A
star-ship leav - ing for the heart of the sun_ 'bout a quar-ter af - ter three,_
G A
Leave your sen-ses be - hind_ when you climb a - board,_ can you
G
Freely
trip as fast_ as me?
When the Bud-dha comes
out to play, the flow - ers smile, they're sat-is-fied, they've seen the way . . .


Andante
Dm7
A can - yon filled with dream whipped-cream, a cas-tle in the
G
air, The foot - man knows your se - cret when he greets you on the
Em Am
stair. The jes - ter gleams with em - e - ralds and he jug-gles in the
A
hall, But the u - ni-corn is weep - ing on the rug up - on the
A7
wall.
Slowly (Tempo I)
D C
Some-one's dy- ing, some-one's born,
G Em A D
Pur-ple fog is drift - ing o-ver end - less fields of corn.

Down to Jamaica

Music by Christopher Guest
Lyrics by Sean Kelly



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Moby!

A musical adaptation, for radio, of the novel by Herman Melville

Book by Brian McConnachie
Music and lyrics by Louise Gikow

Act I

[*Music under*]

Starbuck
All ashore who's going ashore.
All ashore who's going ashore.

Calib
Come on, you guys, we're going to miss the boat.

Stubb
Don't forget those fishing poles.

Shaker
Hey . . . wait up for me . . .

Frankie
Somebody help me with these suitcases.

Starbuck
You men, there . . . be careful with those barrels.

Dragoo
These are sure heavy. What's in them, anyway?

Stubb
Worms . . . now, be careful.

Starbuck
Come on. No lazybones sailors on the *Pequod*!! Weigh the anchor!

Dragoo
Weigh it? I can't even lift it!

Starbuck
You men over there, come and help this man.

Ishmael
Don't sail without me!

Starbuck
Are you right, men?

All
Yooooooo!

Starbuck
Where are we headed, men?

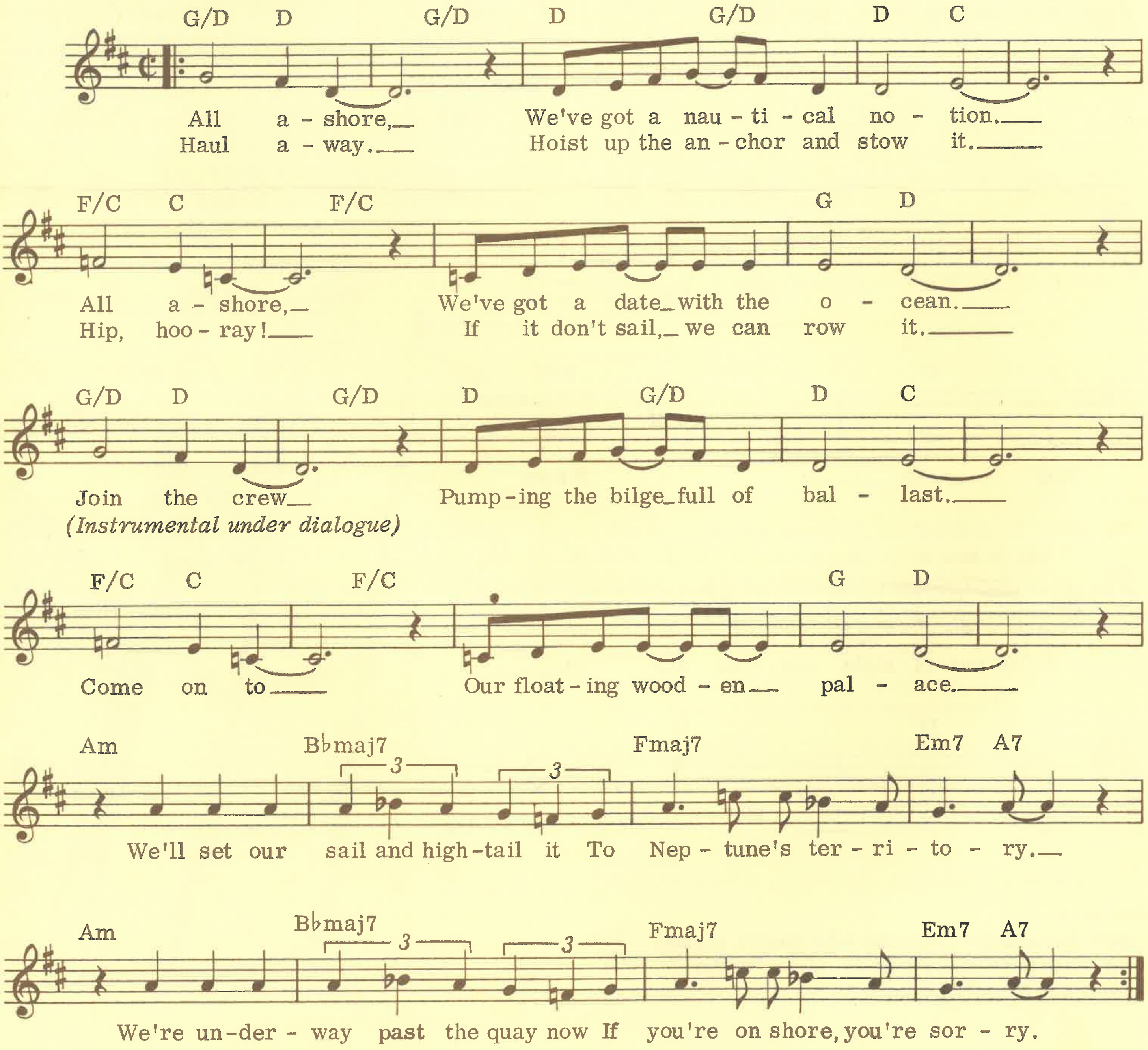
Together
Inland water route to India . . .
To Patagonia . . .

I don't know . . .
The North Pole . . .
To Blanket Bay . . .
To look for a new religion . . .
Sailing around in the water . . .

Starbuck
No! Shut up! We're going there, men. Look out there. We've got a date with the North Atlantic Ocean!!!

All
Yeah!!!

Song: "All Ashore"



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tarbuck
Where the hell is my sextant? Who took my sextant?

tubb
Here it is, Mr. Starbuck

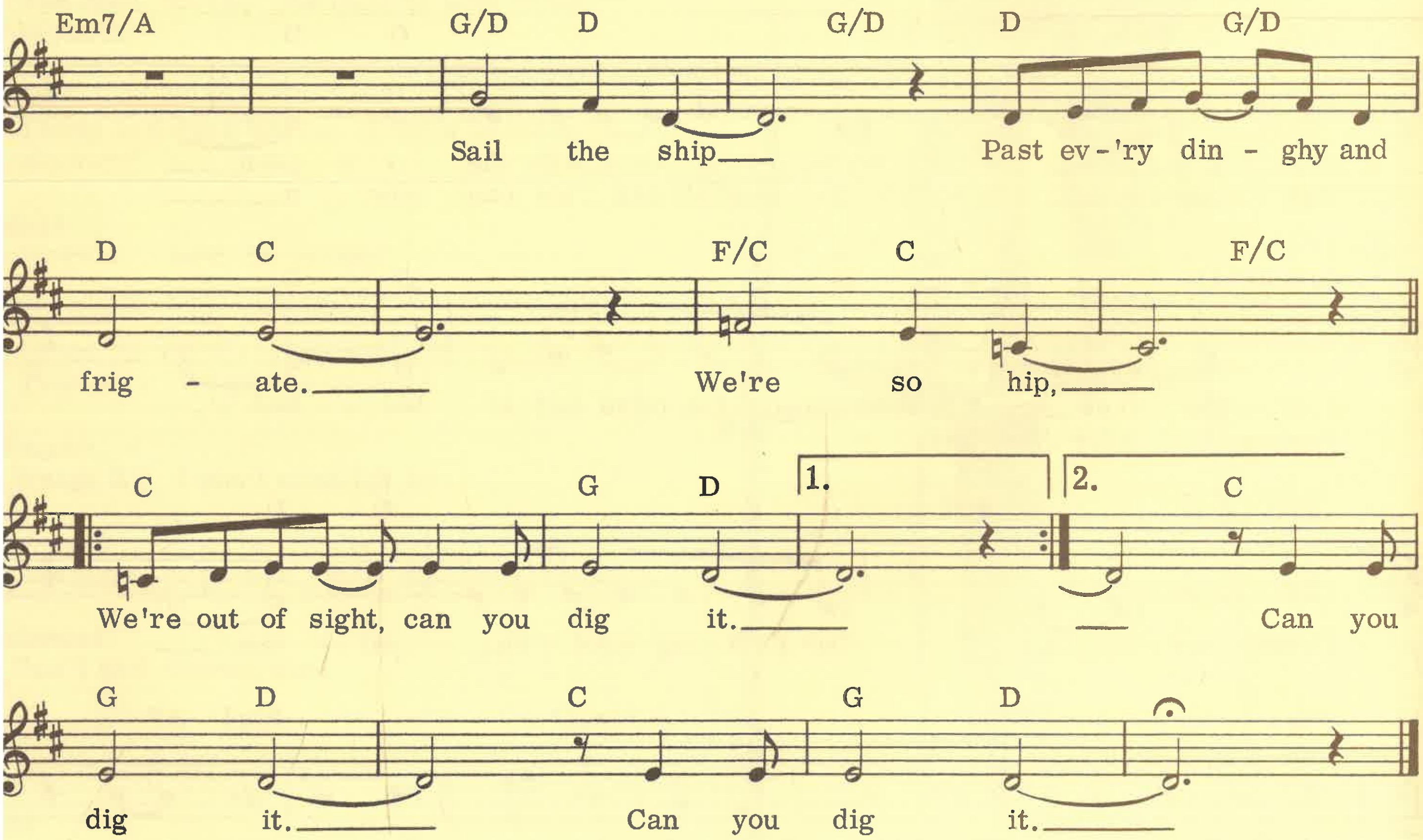
tarbuck
All ashore. Last call. All ashore.

ragoo
This anchor weighs 100 tons!

haker
Hey, can I steer? I want to steer it out of the harbor. My mother's watching on the dock.

tubb
Cast off those bow lines. Pull in that gangplank! All ashore!

Song: "All Ashore"



tarbuck
Now hear this! Anyone who hasn't signed on, report to Mr. Stubb... Mrs. Snyder, what are you doing here?

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Mrs. Snyder
Where's the dock? Gracious me, where are we? Oh dear, my nephew was taking me around your boat and I must have not heard the all ashore call. I'm embarrassed. Do you know my nephew Calib?

Starbuck
Captain Ahab will have a fit . . .

Mrs. Snyder
Well, you just tell your Mr. Ahab to turn this boat around and take me home.

Starbuck
What are we going to do with you? Look . . . ah . . . Dragoo, come here.

Dragoo
Aye, Mr. Starbuck . . . hi, Mrs. Snyder. What are you doing on board? I didn't know we let women on board.

Starbuck
We don't. Get her a pair of pants and a stocking cap and hide her in the galley. If she shows her face before we reach port, I'll have you pinswiggled.

Dragoo
Hey, Mr. Starbuck, why do I get all the garbage details?

Starbuck
Get going.

Mrs. Snyder
What's pinswiggled, Dragoo?

Dragoo
I'm not exactly sure, Mrs. Snyder. I think it's when they wrap you up in one of the sails . . . no, they put you in a barrel . . . that's it. They put you in a . . .

[*They exit*]

Starbuck
Mr. Stubb. Is everyone signed on?

Stubb
No, Mr. Starbuck. I have a few more to go here.

Starbuck
Well, hurry it up and get this deck cleared.

Stubb
Aye, Mr. Starbuck. Next . . . Ah, you're a handsome young lad. What's your name?

rankie

Francis . . . Frank. Frank Lodge . . . Frank. It's Frank. It's Frank. Ah . . . Paper. My name is Frank Paper. And I'm a young sea-boy who's just tickled pink to be aboard, sir.

tubb

Well, pink you are, young Frankie. Step around here. Let's have a look at you . . . ah, yes . . . arms are a little thin . . . good firm thighs, though. Very good, young Frankie. Say, Frankie, do you know what nub spirlies are?

rankie

No, I don't, Mr. Stubb.

tubb

Well, young man, you just report to my cabin tonight and I'll teach you what nub spirlies are.

rankie

Oh, I can't, Mr. Stubb. Mr. Starbuck has already invited me to go to his cabin tonight. He's going to teach me how to tie knots. I'm sorry. Maybe we can do it another time.

tubb

Right . . . maybe another time . . . fine young lad, that Frankie.

shmael

Ahem . . .

tubb

What . . . what do you want?

shmael

I'm next.

tubb

Oh, yeah. All right. You're next. Name?

shmael

It's not important that we have names. I mean, we're all out at sea here and we are at a certain oneness with the ocean and the universe. To assert ourselves as individuals, we deny . . .

tubb

Hey, that's really beautiful. I never . . .

shmael

I'm not finished . . . whenever it is a damp drizzly November in my soul; whenever I find myself involuntarily pausing before coffin warehouses . . .

Stubb

Hold it. Hold it. I know what to call you. Sunshine.

Ishmael

No.

Stubb

Saltspray.

Ishmael

No.

Stubb

Sea biscuit?

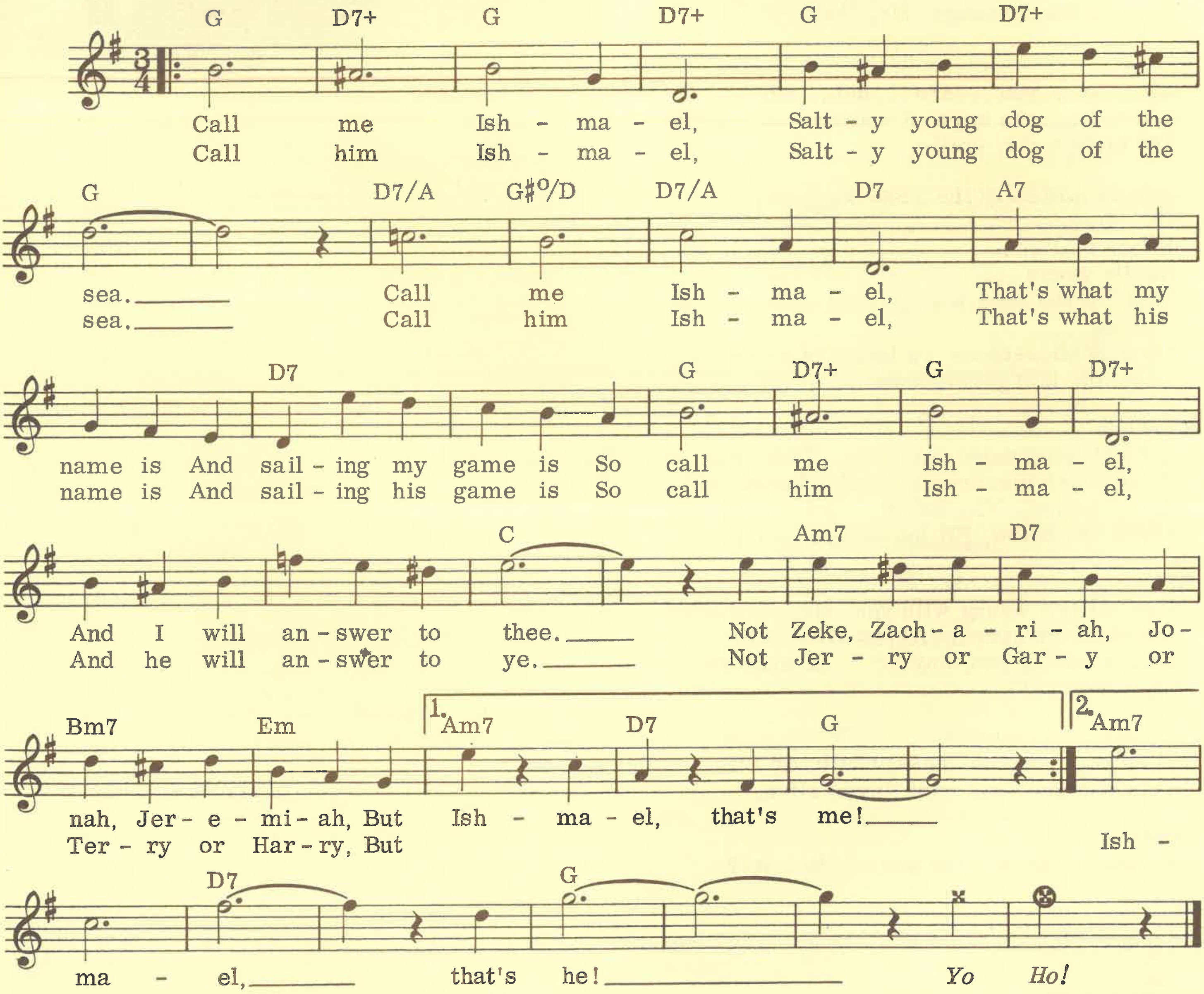
Ishmael

No.

Stubb

Okay. Okay. You tell me what to call you.

Song: "Call Me Ishmael"



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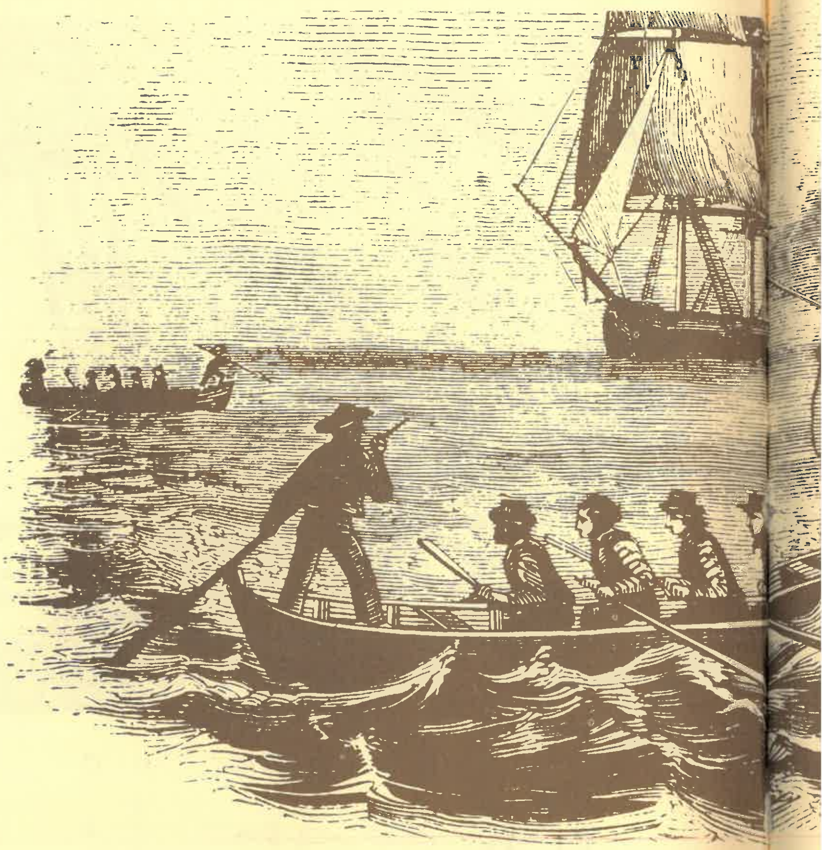
[*General congratulations as the other sailors introduce themselves*]



Voice from the rigging
Ship ahoy! Ship ahoy! Ship off the port bow!

Ishmael
Good. Oh, good. Hey, everybody. Let's go look at the boat.

Starbuck
Whose flag does she fly?

Voice
She flies the flag of Germany, Mr. Starbuck. It's the *Jungfrau*. The virgin.

Starbuck
Does she signal us, Mr. Shaker?

Shaker
Yes, Mr. Starbuck, she does.

Starbuck
What is the message, Mr. Shaker?

Shaker
Ah . . . if . . . you . . . are . . . not . . . ah . . . n-d-e-r . . . she says, if you are not wearing any underwear, smile.

Various voices of the crew respond]
Oh, no . . .
Bunch of pigs . . .
Really gross . . .
They're the ones who give all sailors a bad name . . .
Go sink yourselves, ya bunch of slobs . . .
Germany is a garbage dump!

Starbuck
Alright, pipe down, you men. Don't pay those trash mouths any heed. I want this deck cleared. Get below. And any man who's not below, I'll have flayed alive.

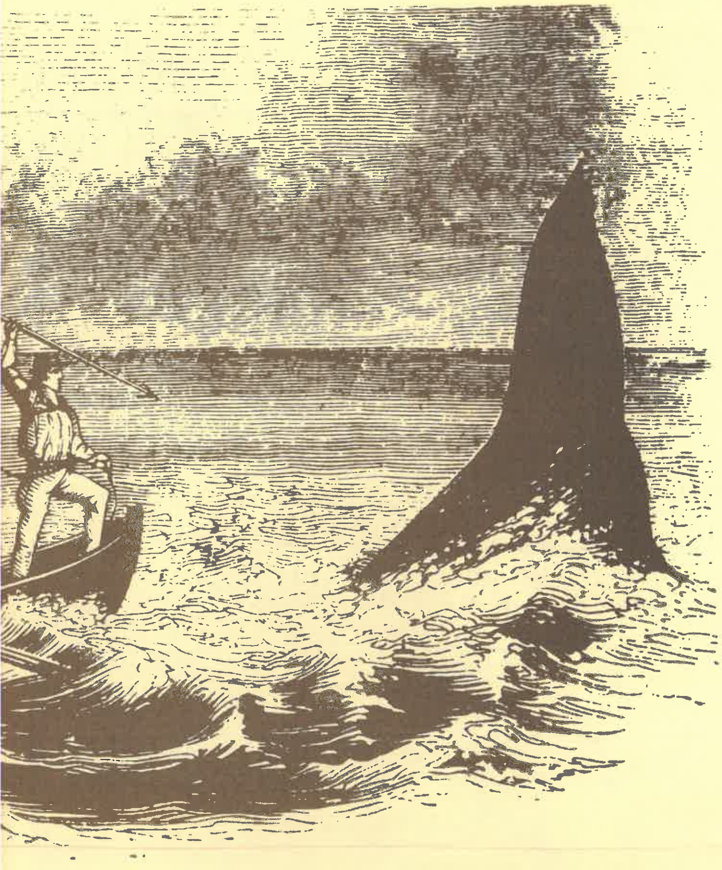
Calib
Hey, what's wrong with you, Mr. Starbuck? You'd never have us flayed alive before. What's eating you, anyway? Is Ahab riding you again?

Starbuck
Mind your own business, Calib, or I'll have you *and* your aunt flayed alive.

Calib
My aunt? Didn't she get off the boat?

tubb
Alright, men. Let's get this deck cleared.

Calib
Aunt Dorothy! Aunt Dorothy!



Starbuck
Shut that man up. Somebody.

Stubb
Everybody. Report below.

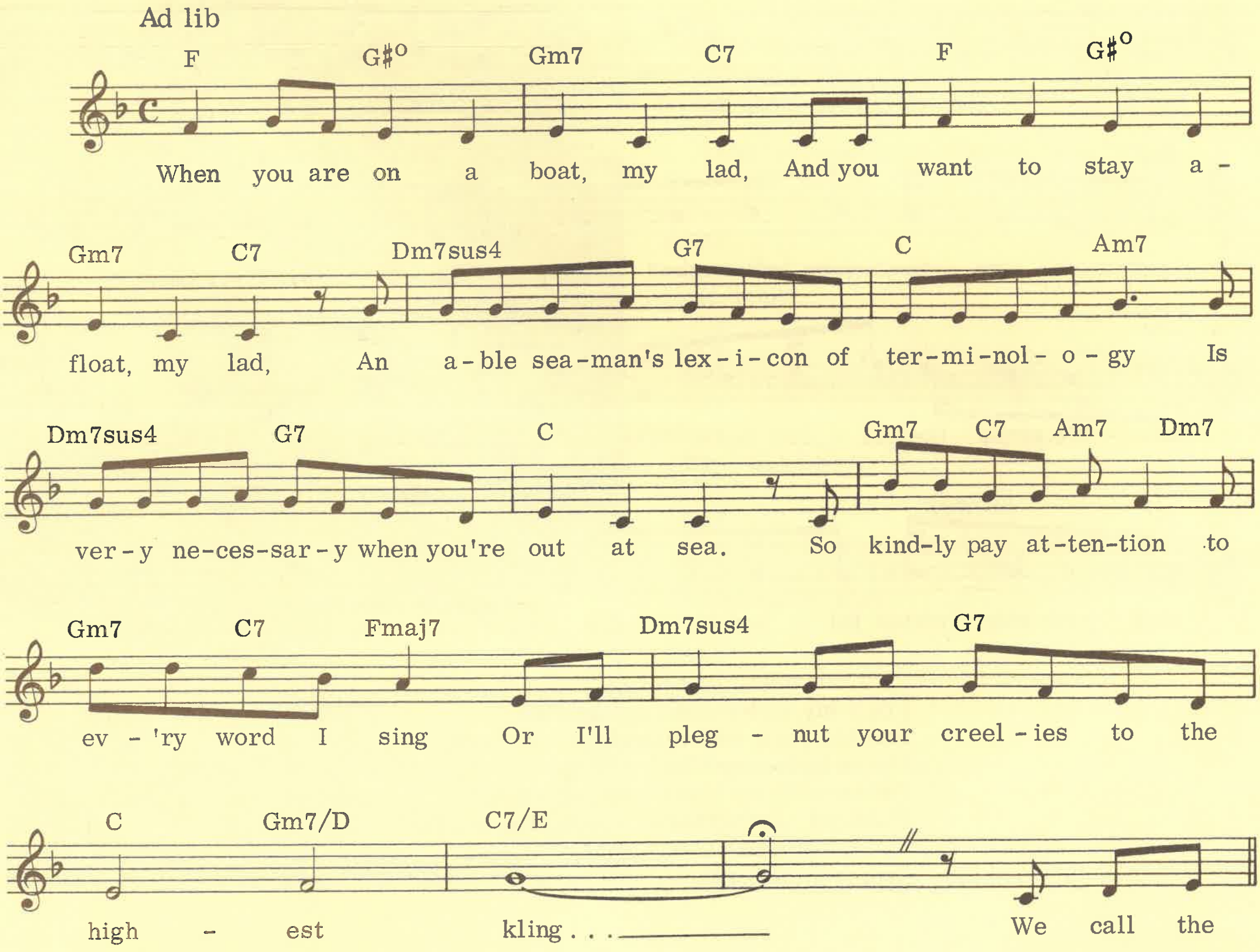
Ishmael
Come on, Queequeg. Let's bring our suitcases to our room. Hey, I wonder what time dinner is. This is exciting. Everything is so new. Excuse me, who do we see about getting a bedroom in the back of the boat?

Stubb
What?

Ishmael
And what time do they serve dinner? And where do we pick up our linens? When do we go swimming? And when do I get to drive? And where's the bathroom?

Stubb
Hold on there, lad. Just hold on . . .

Song: "Seaman's Lexicon"



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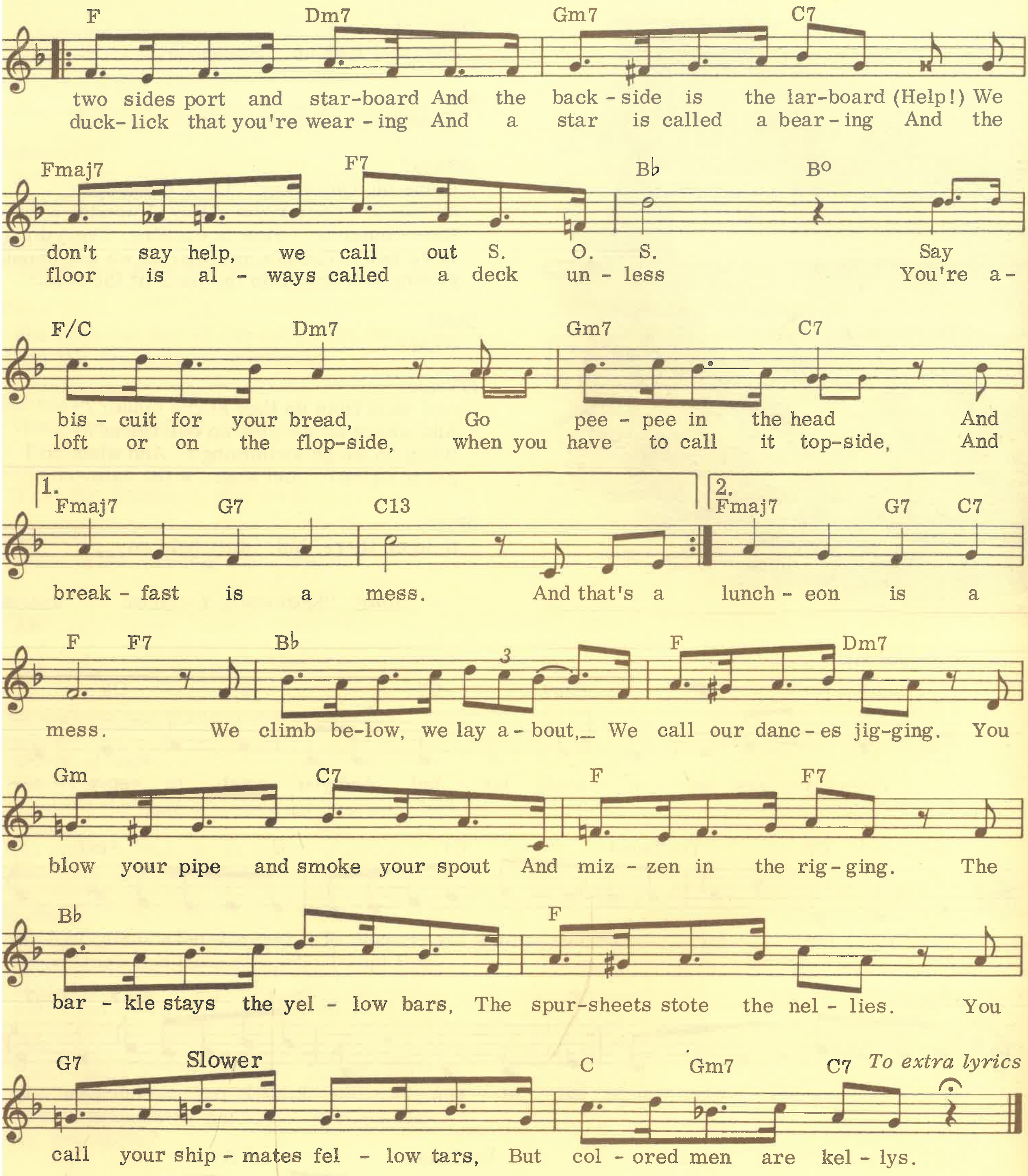


I call my underpants spitooners
And the guys with spears lampooners,
I have to loosen slack and tighten stress (Yes!)
Those sails up there are muzzles,
Slubbers, spungshafts, spuds, and fuzzles,
And supper is a mess,
Supper is a mess.

[*Ad lib congratulations from the crew to Ishmael*]

Stubb
Clear the deck, everyone. Get below. Don't make Starbuck angrier than he already is.

Calib
Why do we have to go below? It's nice up here.

Various voices
Yeah, let us stay up here.
Dark down there.
Why do we have to go below?
We don't want to go down there.
Smells all fishy.
What's with Starbuck, anyway?

Stubb
It's not Starbuck. It's Ahab. When he takes his walk, no one's supposed to be around.

Voice
Why's that, Mr. Stubb?

Stubb
Oh, I don't know. He started acting this way ever since that enormous thing bit his leg off. But orders are orders . . . so everyone clear this deck.

[*Everyone grumbles while they leave*]

Stubb
Hey, that goes for you, too. You over there, get below.

Voice
No, I'm supposed to be allowed to stay.

Stubb
No. Get below.

Voice
You have to have somebody man the helm. This thing can't steer itself. I think I'm supposed to stay.

Stubb
Get below!

Voice
Okay, okay, all right.

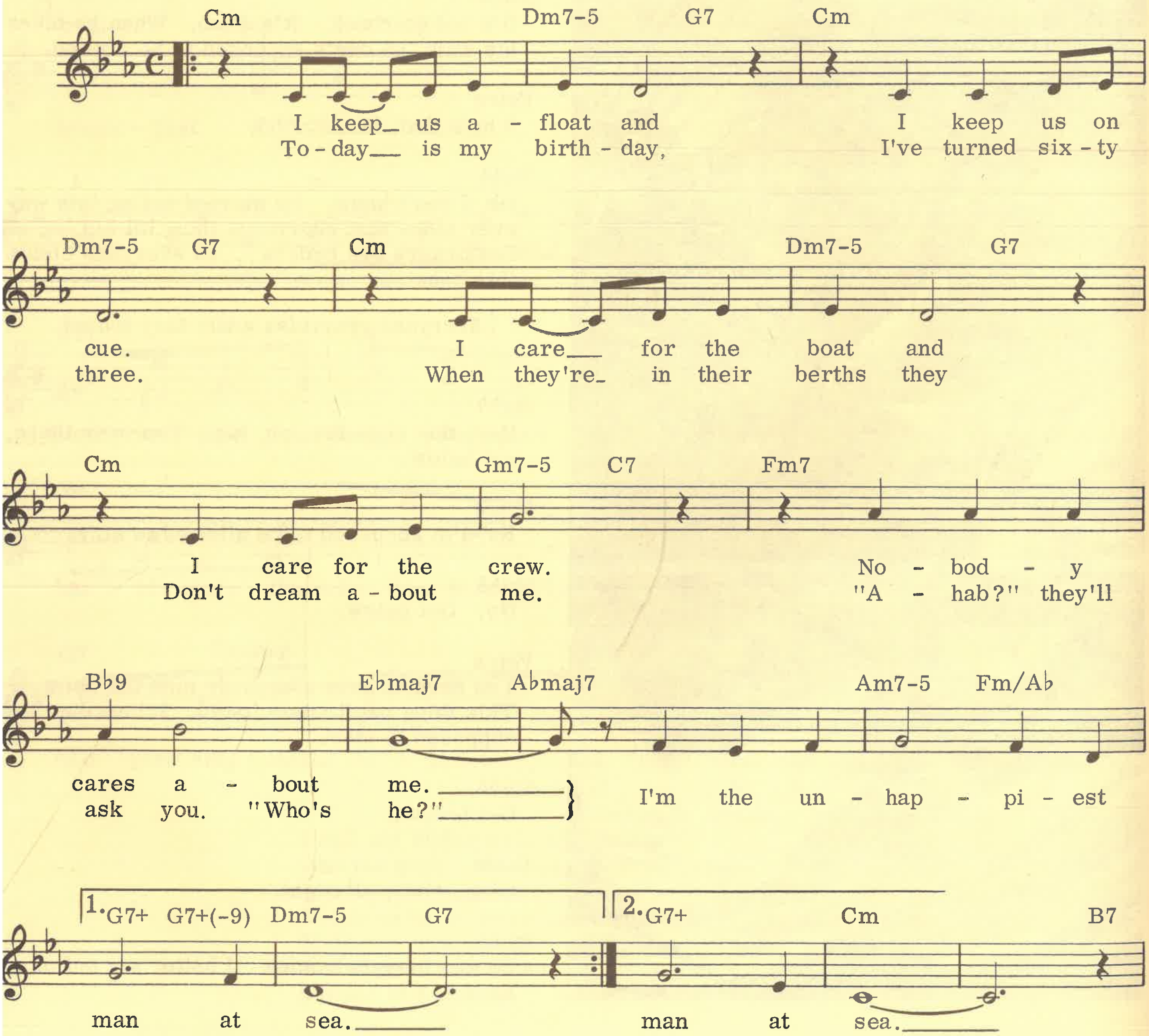
Stubb
Oh-oh, here he comes. I better get out of here.

[*Enter* Ahab]

Ahab

Hell-o, hell-o. Anybody home? Typical, typical. Every time I come on deck, there's never a soul around. They hide from me. I don't have problems enough of my own, now my own crew hides from me. This is a pretty thankless job I have, but someone's got to do it, damnit. You just can't go out to sea in a ship this size and expect everything to take care of itself. It doesn't work. But I don't know how much more I can take. And on this of all days.

Song: "The Unhappiest Man at Sea"



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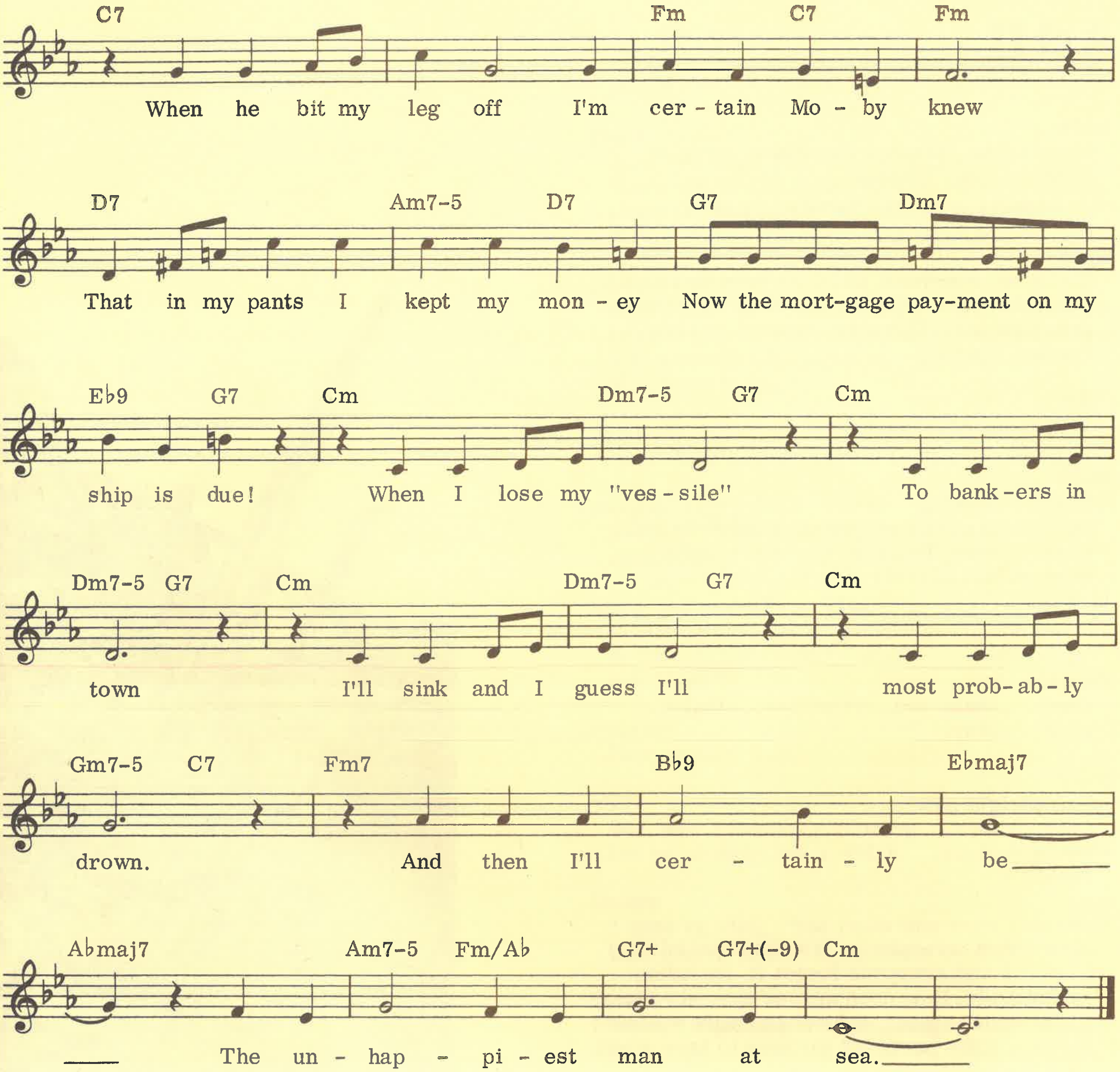


[Ahab *walks off. Some of crew who have overheard his song come onstage*]

Various voices
Did you hear that?
Yeah.
What are we gonna do?
I don't know, I just don't know.

[*Curtain*]

End: Act One

Act II

Stubb
Mr. Shaker, Ishmael, Queequeg, Dragoo Frankie. Hi, Frankie.

[*Everyone ad libs hello to* Frankie]

Stubb
Come on, everyone, get over here by these worm barrels. We have to have an important meeting. Come on, special meeting. Special meeting.

Calib
What's up, Mr. Stubb?

Stubb
Special meeting. Listen, everybody. Something pretty serious has come up and I want... here, Frankie, why don't you sit up here on this barrel. Let me help you up.

[*Others join in to help — "Up you go, be careful of his leg," etc., etc.*]

Frankie
Okay ... thank you ... I'm fine ... that's good ... okay.

Stubb
You alright now?

Frankie
Good.

Stubb
Now listen, everybody. It's the captain's birthday and everyone forgot it, including yours truly. Now, does anyone have any ideas about what we can get him? I thought we could throw a little party, but we have to have a gift.

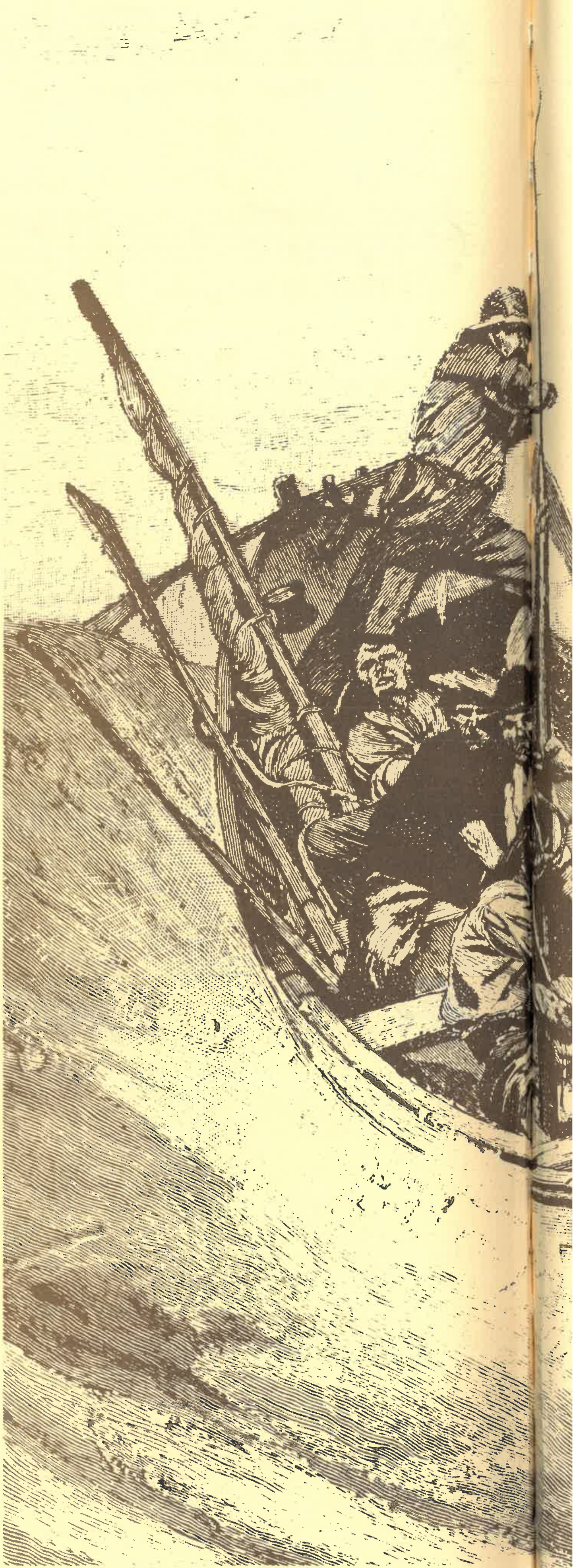
Dragoo
Wait a minute, Mr. Stubb. Wasn't his birthday yesterday?

Stubb
We have that figured out. Tell him, Mr. Shaker.

Shaker
Well, we'll just turn the ship around and go over the International Dateline and it won't be his birthday till tomorrow.

Frankie
What'll happen to today?

Stubb
Isn't he terrific? Don't worry about that, Frankie. It's all nautical and very complicated.



Ishmael
Isn't the International Dateline in the Pacific Ocean?

Stubb
Sure, we know that it's in the Pacific. But there are two of them, stupid. We're talking about the one in the Atlantic. You keep your mouth shut. Go ahead, Mr. Shaker.

Shaker
Right, the one in the Atlantic. Well, we pass over it and we buy ourselves the time to get him a really nice present. That's . . . ah . . . all I have to say.

Stubb
Now, does anyone have ideas for a present?

Dragoo
Let's get him a parrot. He's always wanted a parrot.

Stubb
Where are we going to get a parrot in the middle of the ocean? Come on, everybody, any ideas?

Frankie
How about a watch?

Stubb
See, now someone's thinking. That's good, but he already has a watch . . . anybody else?

Shaker
I have an idea. You know that huge fish that's been following us since we left port?

Stubb
Yeah. That stupid white thing. What about it?

Shaker
Well, I thought we could go out and catch it and present it to him.

Stubb
What in God's name would he want with a gigantic white whale?

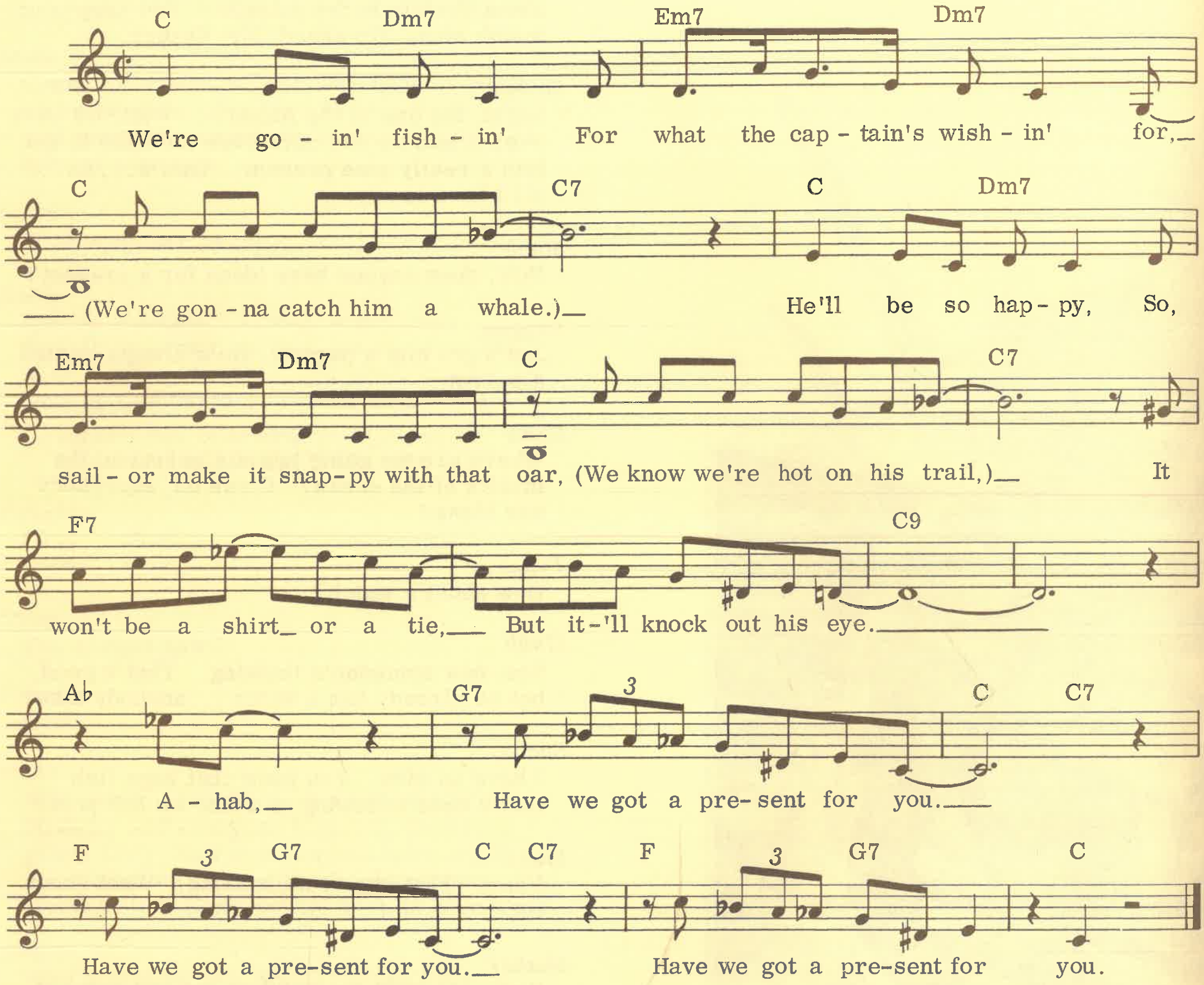
Shaker
Yeah, but it's the thought that counts.

Dragoo
Right, Mr. Stubb, we could paint it brown, he'd never know it was some freak whale. He'd think it was a regular whale.

[*All voices join in. "Yeah, let's do that, really good present, he'll like that, come on," etc., etc.*]

Stubb
Okay, let's do it.

Song: "The Present"



Stubb
Okay, you men get the paint . . . somebody bring a tape measure, it might be too big to get up on deck . . . get those boats lowered . . . and be quiet . . .

[*Ad lib "Be careful, etc. They exit helping Frankie on*]

Mrs. Snyder
Yoo-hoo, hell-o, anybody here? Yoo-hoo, anybody. Lunch. I made sandwiches for everybody. Now, where is everybody? I heard them all here a minute ago.

[*Enter* Ahab]

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Ahab
Where is everybody? Stubb . . . Dragoo . . . no one's ever here . . . they've all left me . . . what! Who are you? My crew's gone and I see a woman . . .

Mrs. Snyder
I'm Dorothy Snyder. Pleased to meet you. Say, where is everybody? I just made these sandwiches . . .

Ahab
What are you doing on my ship? What have you done with my crew? What is going on here?

Mrs. Snyder
Hey . . . calm down. I'm Calib's Aunt Dorothy. I don't believe I caught your name. My goodness, what happened to your leg?

Ahab
Calib's aunt? . . . ah . . . a whale bit it off.

Mrs. Snyder
You poor dear. That must have hurt terribly. Here, have a sandwich. I just made them.

Ahab
Oh, thank you . . . mmmmmmmmm, this is good . . . ah, Mrs. Snyder . . . ah . . .

Mrs. Snyder
It's Miss Snyder. But I want you to call me Dorothy.

Ahab
Ah . . . Dorothy . . . ah, why are you on the *Pequod*? What are you doing here . . . ?

Miss Snyder
Have another sandwich.

Ahab
Don't mind if I do. These are really good.

Miss Snyder
Aw . . . I bet they're not as good as your *wife* makes them.

Ahab
Oh, I'm not married.

Miss Snyder
You're not married? A handsome man like yourself? Well, I bet you have a lot of girl friends.

Ahab
You're kind, Dorothy . . . no, I'm afraid all that passed me by some time ago.

Miss Snyder
What do you mean?

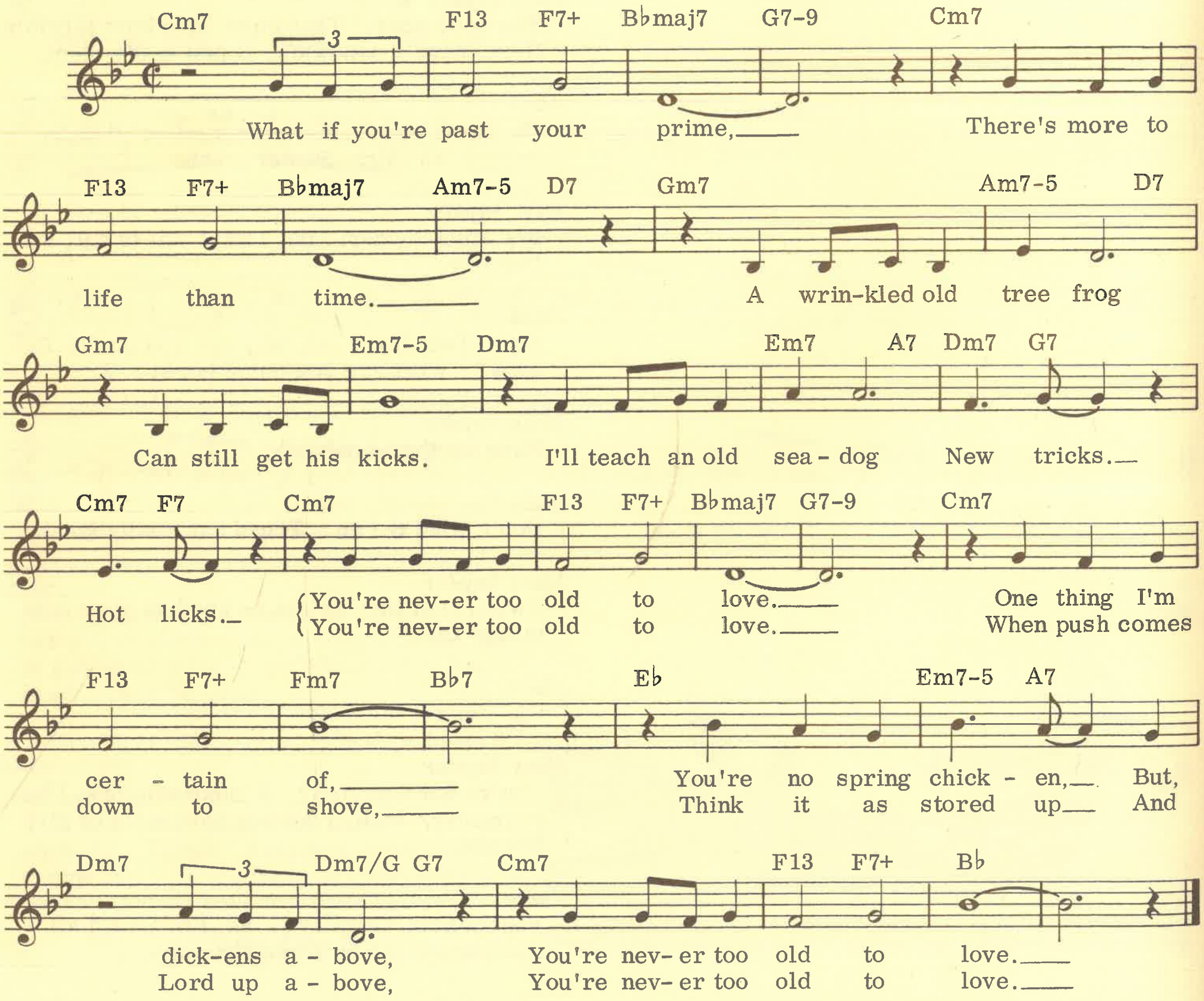
Ahab
I'm not as young as I used to be. I just had a birthday yesterday . . . and no one . . . ah, never mind.

Miss Snyder
Hey . . . cheer up. We have an expression where I come from.

Ahab
What's that?

Miss Snyder
Well, I'll tell you.

Song: "You're Never Too Old to Love"



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[*They tap dance one verse together. The song ends with them both laughing.*]

Ahab
Listen, Dorothy, you aren't supposed to be on this ship. I want you to go below and hide past the folkbutts in the rusp.

Miss Snyder
Alright. Now, you remember what I told you.

Ahab
I will. Now go on. Hurry. I hear somebody coming.

[Ahab *exits, humming "Never Too Old"*]

Dragoo
All clear. No one's around. Climb up.

[*Crew climbs back on board. They all help* Frankie, *ad lib.*]

Calib
That thing's enormous. We don't have enough brown paint.

Shaker
We'll tie it to the side of the boat and we'll paint whitecaps on its head. We have blue for that.

Stubb
We're going to have to work fast. Somebody make sure Ahab's in his cabin, then roll the worm barrel over to block his door, so he can't come out. Somebody get some scissors and cut "Happy Birthday" on the mainsail.

Dragoo
Hey . . . there's an apple in this worm barrel.

Stubb
Somebody find Aunt Dorothy and see if she'll bake a cake.

Frankie
I'll go find her.

Stubb
Ah . . . no, Frankie. I want you to stay up here . . . ah . . . I have a special . . . project . . yes, project, that's it . . . do you know what nuzzle-grummets are?

Frankie
No, I don't, Mr. Stubb.

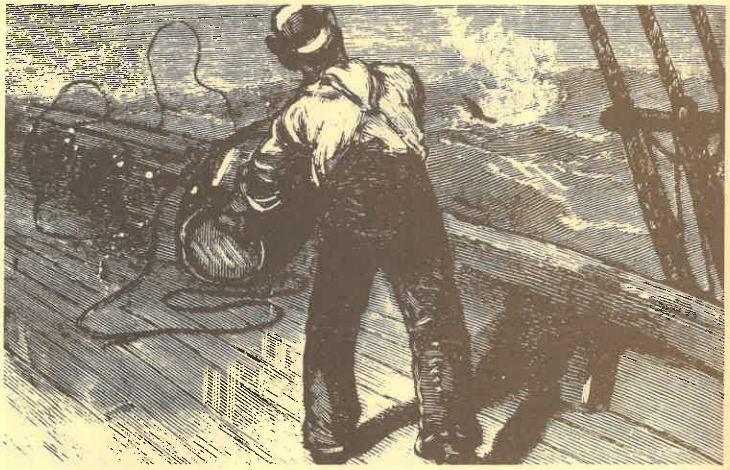
Stubb
Well, good. Let's go to my cabin and I'll show you what nuzzle-grummets are, hee hee.

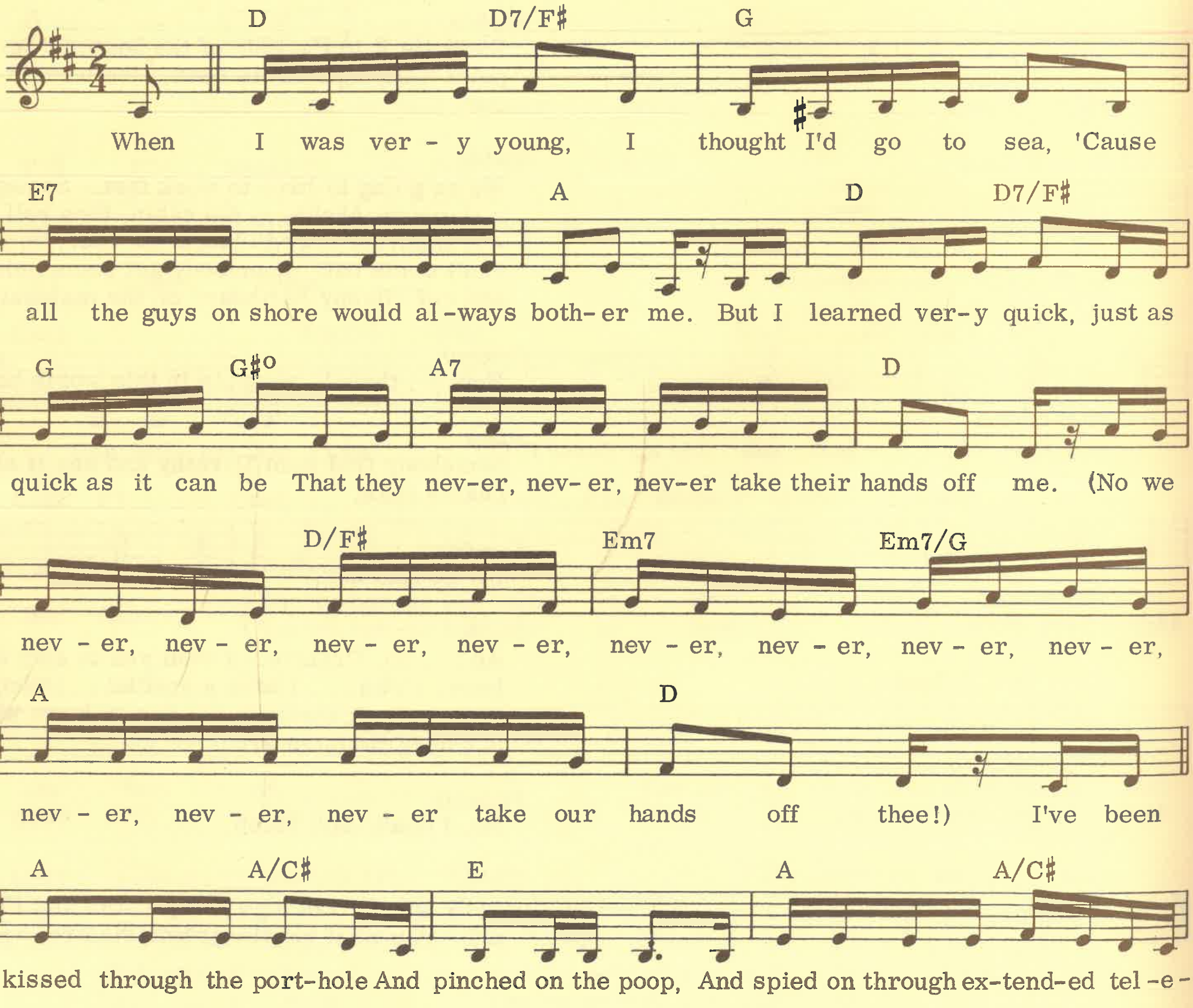
Calib
Hey, Frankie . . . let's wrestle again like we did last night in your bunk . . .

Dragoo
Frankie, let me try to carry you around again ... .

Frankie
Fellows, fellows . . . stop it, please . . . let go of me . . . take your hands off me. It's always like this. Why is it always like this ? . .

Song: "All Hands on Me"





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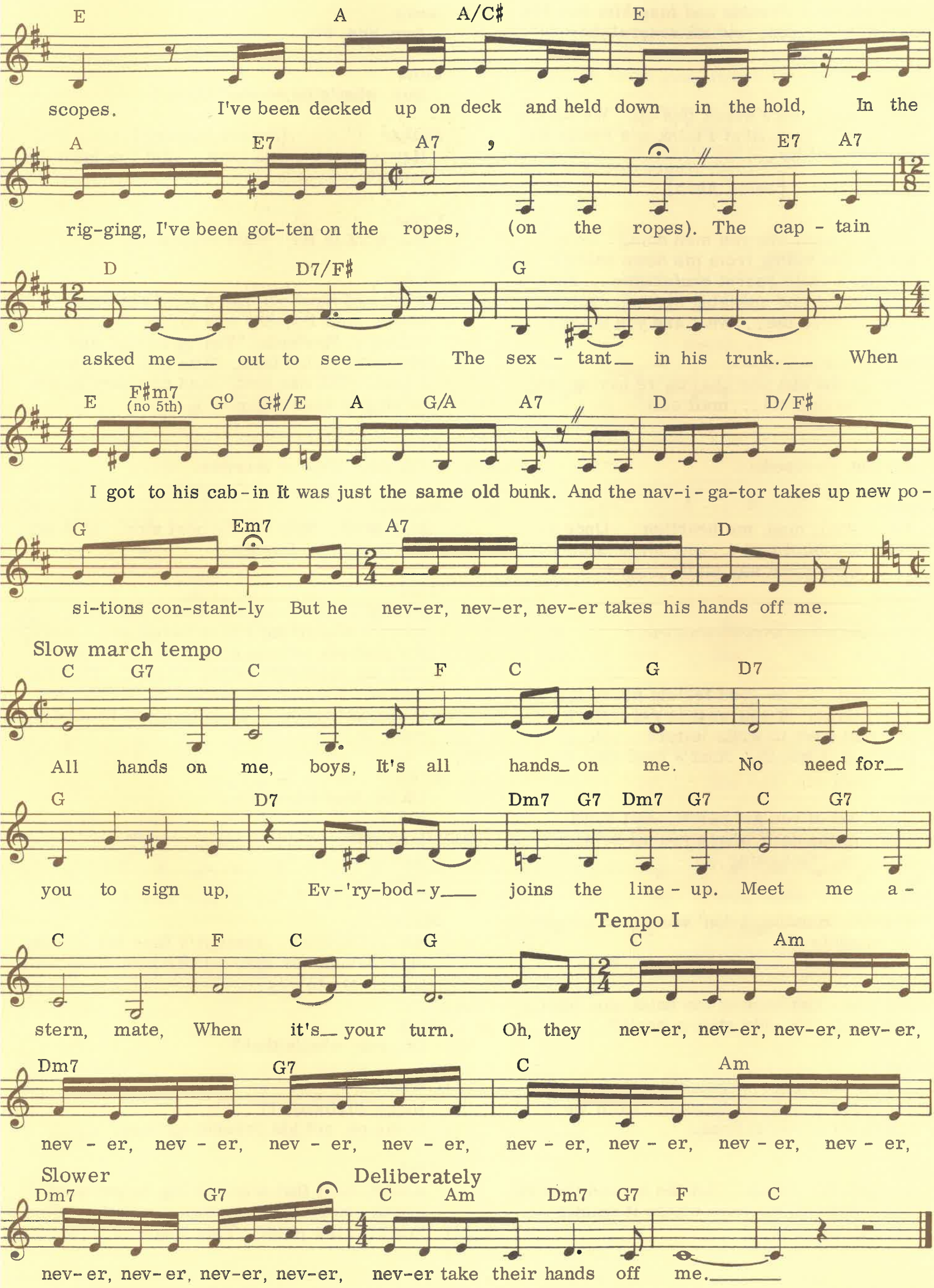

scopes. I've been decked up on deck and held down in the hold, In the
rig-ging, I've been got-ten on the ropes, (on the ropes). The cap - tain
asked me out to see The sex - tant in his trunk. When
I got to his cab-in It was just the same old bunk. And the nav-i-ga-tor takes up new po-
si-tions con-stant-ly But he nev-er, nev-er, nev-er takes his hands off me.
Slow march tempo
All hands on me, boys, It's all hands on me. No need for
you to sign up, Ev-'ry-bod-y joins the line-up. Meet me a-
Tempo I
stern, mate, When it's your turn. Oh, they nev-er, nev-er, nev-er, nev-er,
nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er, nev - er,
Slower
Deliberately
nev-er, nev-er, nev-er, nev-er, nev-er take their hands off me.

[*They all rush Frankie and toss him into the air, then hug him. Ad lib congratulations about his singing*]

Stubb
Okay, okay, let's break this up. We have a lot to do. Now, first I think it's really important that we...

[*Enter Ahab*]

Ahab
Alright, what are you men doing? Why aren't you hiding from me down below? Having a little secret conference... always whispering and sneaking around. Somebody answer me... what are you doing?

Stubb
Aba... aba aba aba aba, we're having, ah, we're having, ah... mail call.

Ahab
Alright, proceed.

Stubb
Ah... well, men, me hearties... Once again, it's mail call... and, ah... once again, nobody got any mail...

Crew
Aaaaaaawwwwwwwwwwwwww.

Stubb
No, men, it's no good feeling sorry for yourselves. If you want to get letters, you just have to write letters... ah... that's it, Captain... that's mail call.

Ahab
Okay, all of you get below. Get down there in the dark where you all belong... all of ya. Get going...

Crew
Mumble mumble, I don' wanna, do we gotta, mumble...

Ahab
Not you. Get back at the helm, you idiot. You think this ship steers itself?

Stubb
Excuse me, sir,... request permission for everyone to remain topside. Until we finish all of our chores.

Ahab
Alright, Mr. Stubb. But the second they're done, down in the dark where it smells with all of them.

Stubb
Aye, aye, sir.

Calib
Boy, what's he so mad about?

Shaker [*Enters running*]
Hey, you guys, you guys... did you hear the latest?

Crew
No, what is it? What happened?

Shaker
Ahab and Starbuck had a big fight over where Aunt Dorothy was hiding and Ahab yelled at Starbuck, "You're fired," and Starbuck yelled back, "You can't fire me, I quit," just like that. And now they're not talking to each other.

Crew
Oh, no. This is terrible.

Ishmael
Ship ahoy. Ship off the port side. Ship off the port side, Captain.

Ahab [*Entering*]
I know... I've been expecting it. Men, there's something I have to tell you. For the past six months now, I've been behind with the payments on the *Pequod*. That ship that you see coming toward us is from the finance company. They're going to repossess us.

Crew
Oh no, that's terrible.
Yuch.
Boo, boo.
Leave us alone.
Boo, boo.

Stubb
Ah... Captain... since it's time for making confessions, we have a little something we'd like to say to you...

Ahab
Oh, yes, what's that?

Crew
Happy birthday!!!
Come on, get his present up here.

Ahab
Ahhhh, isn't that nice. A big brown whale! Thank you so much... wait a minute. What's this?... It's paint. This whale is... white!!!

Moby!!!! You men over there, hold his jaw open.

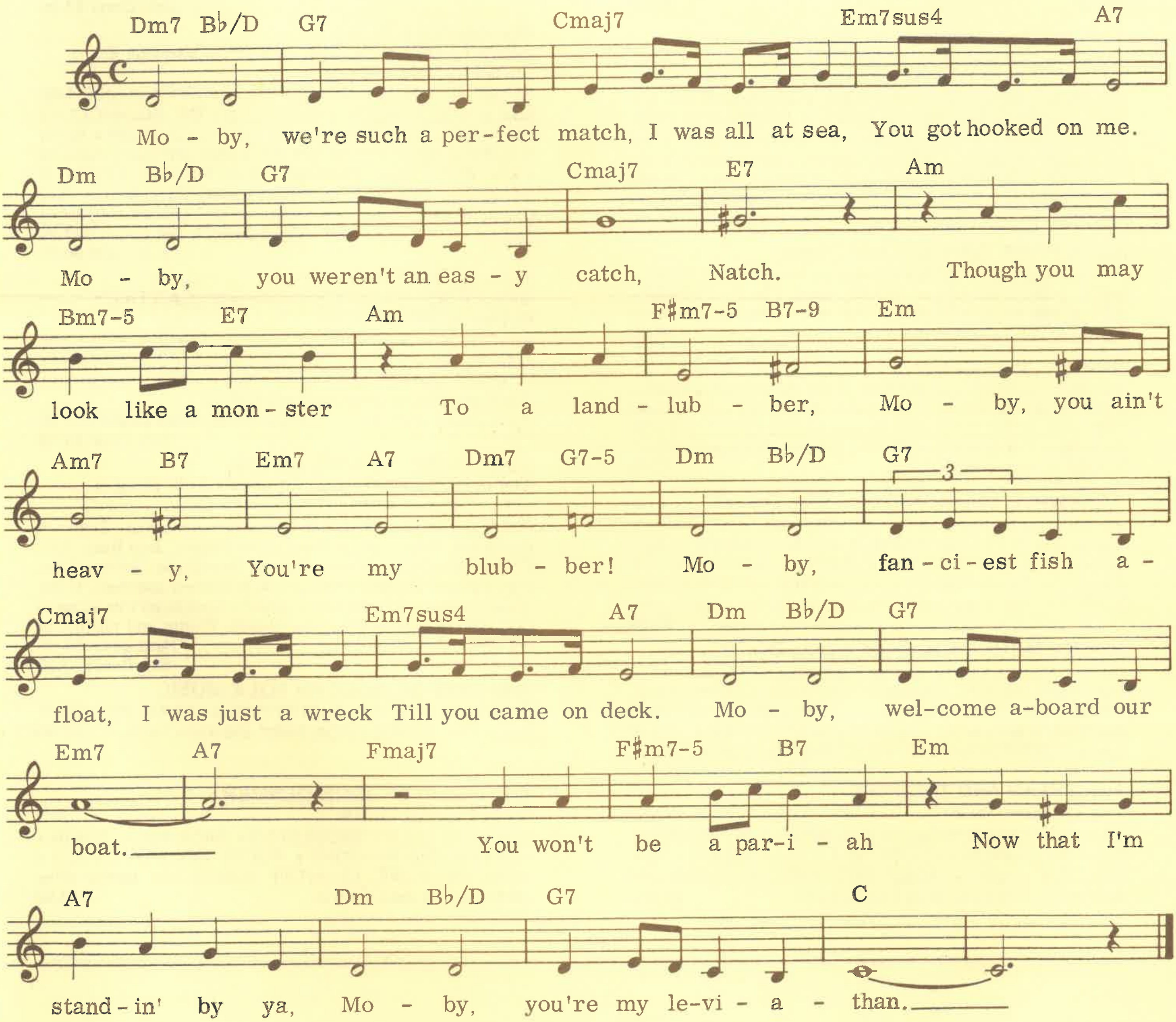
[Ahab's *voice goes into the whale*]

Where is it, where is it . . . here it is, I found it! I found it! I found my leg with the pants still on it and the money is still in the pocket. We're saved, men!

Crew

Hoo-ray, hoo-ray!

Song: "Moby" and "Never Too Old" reprise



The End

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